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Collier's

November 17, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

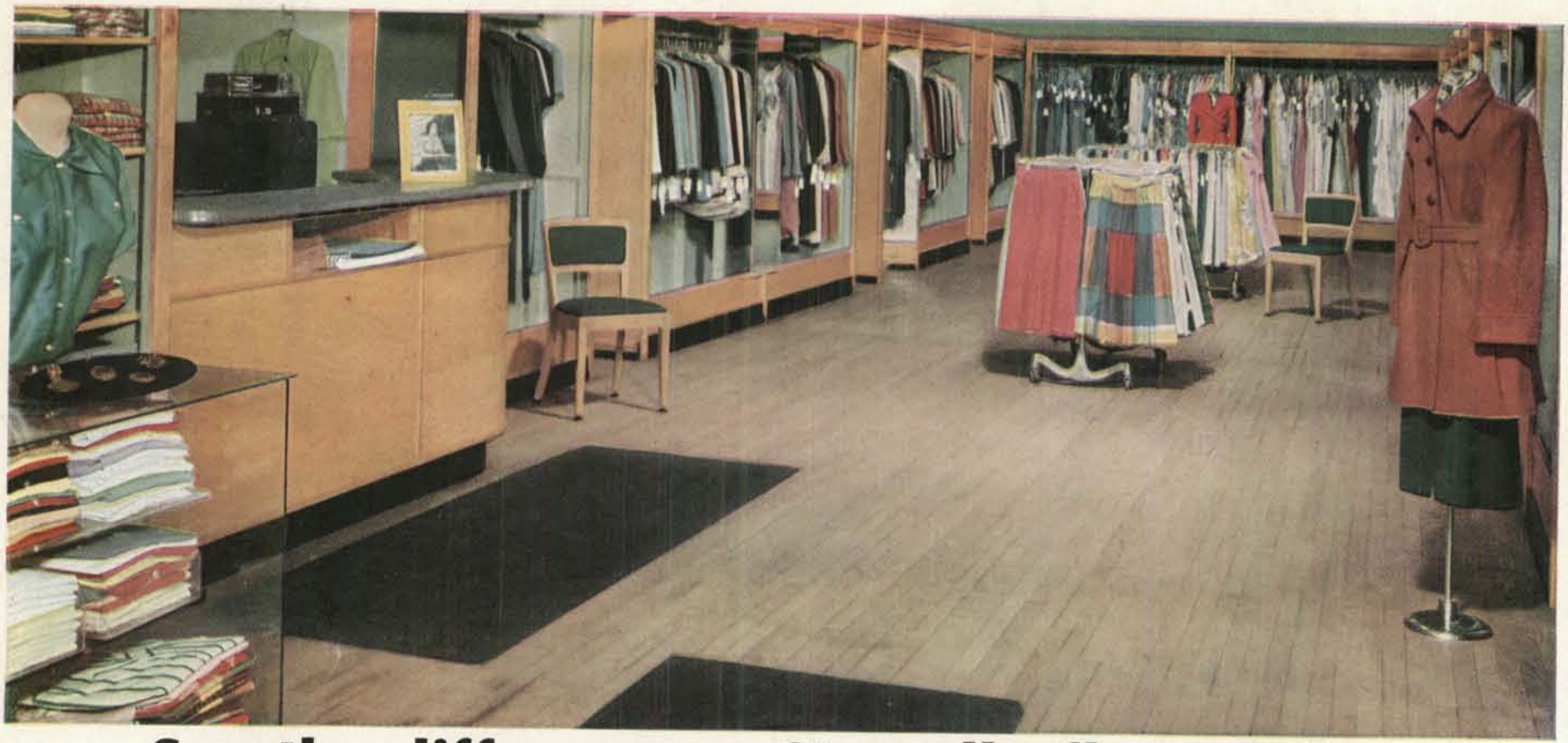
Gen. Wedemeyer Says:
LET'S DRAW THE LINE NOW

SHE BABIES GORILLAS (SEE PAGE 32)

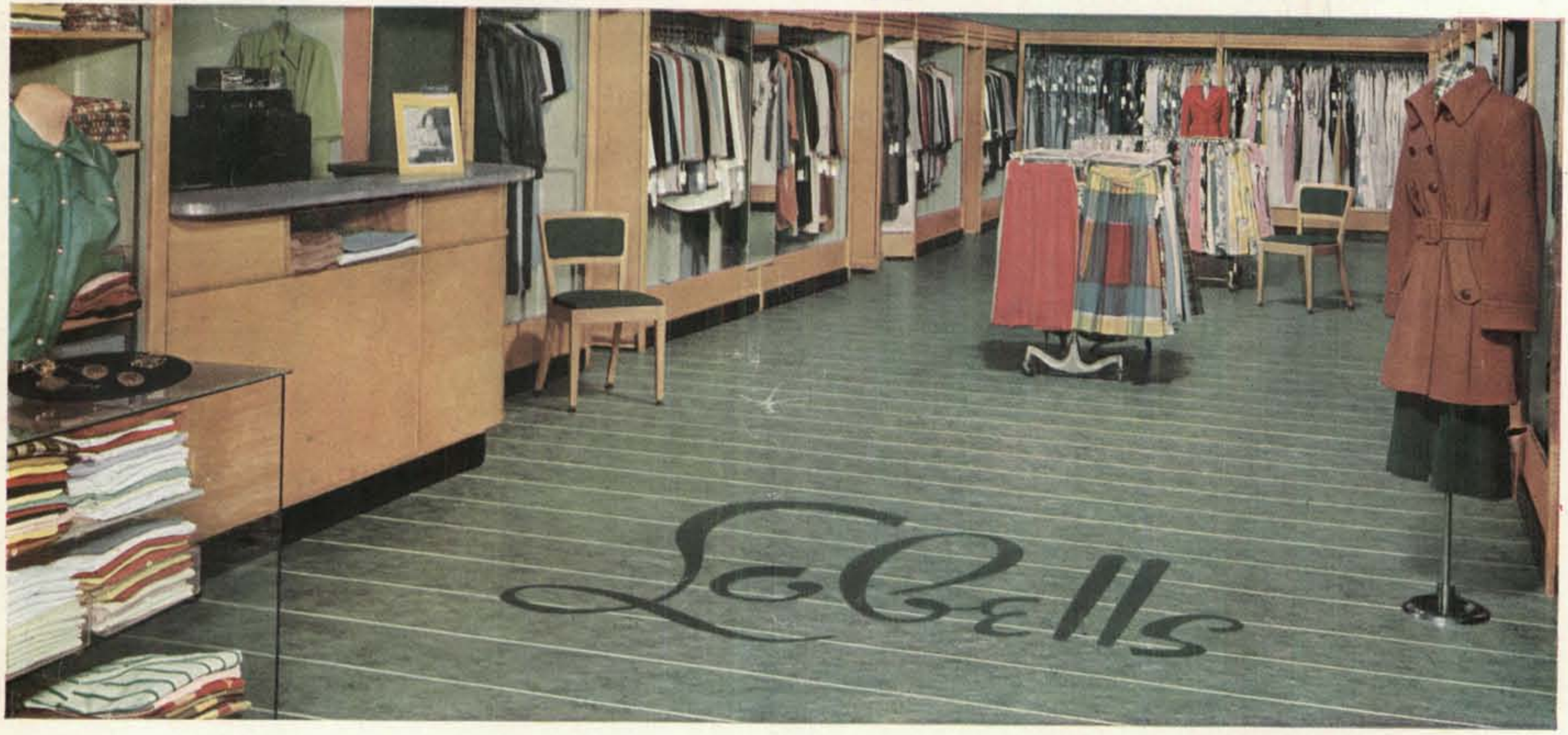
I SEE THEM KISS AND CRY

A Poignant Report on Heroes Just Back from Korea

"Oh, to B
Wit



See the difference a Strypelle floor makes



LOOK at the two photographs above and then answer this question. Do you think that the owners of this dress shop would be willing to go back to the way their store looked in the top picture? Very definitely they would not, because they appreciate the striking improvement in the store's appearance, just as you do. That improvement is due to just one change—a new floor of Armstrong's Strypelle Linoleum.

Strypelle is a new Armstrong's Linoleum styling that provides custom floor effects at a minimum cost. Striped floor designs have long been popular, but, because the stripes had to be cut in by hand, floors of this type were considerably more expensive than ordinary linoleum installations. Strypelle does away with extra costs because the stripes are built right in the linoleum at the factory.

The new floor of Armstrong's Strypelle Linoleum gives this shop decorative unity that was lacking before. The pleasing foundation of color makes the whole place look better planned, gives added appeal to the merchandise.

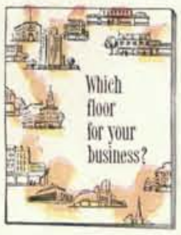
Armstrong's Linoleum was the right flooring choice for this store for a number of reasons beyond the decorative advantage of the Strypelle styling. The smooth surface makes cleaning easy, keeps maintenance costs at a minimum. Its cushioning effect makes it comfortable to stand on, reduces the clatter of footsteps. Because of the way it can be cut and fitted, it was easy to create the special inset displaying the store name.

Perhaps a new floor can improve the appearance of your place of business, too. Besides Strypelle, Armstrong makes many other types of linoleum and resilient flooring materials. Ask your Armstrong contractor to show you samples and give you cost estimates.

The new floor in this shop is Armstrong's Strypelle* Linoleum No. 1605, installed just as it comes from the roll. The trade-mark inset was specially cut in Armstrong's Plain Linoleum, Evergreen No. 21. Strypelle is made in seven handsome color combinations. Distinctive floor designs can be created merely by cutting and turning the material to change the direction of the stripes.

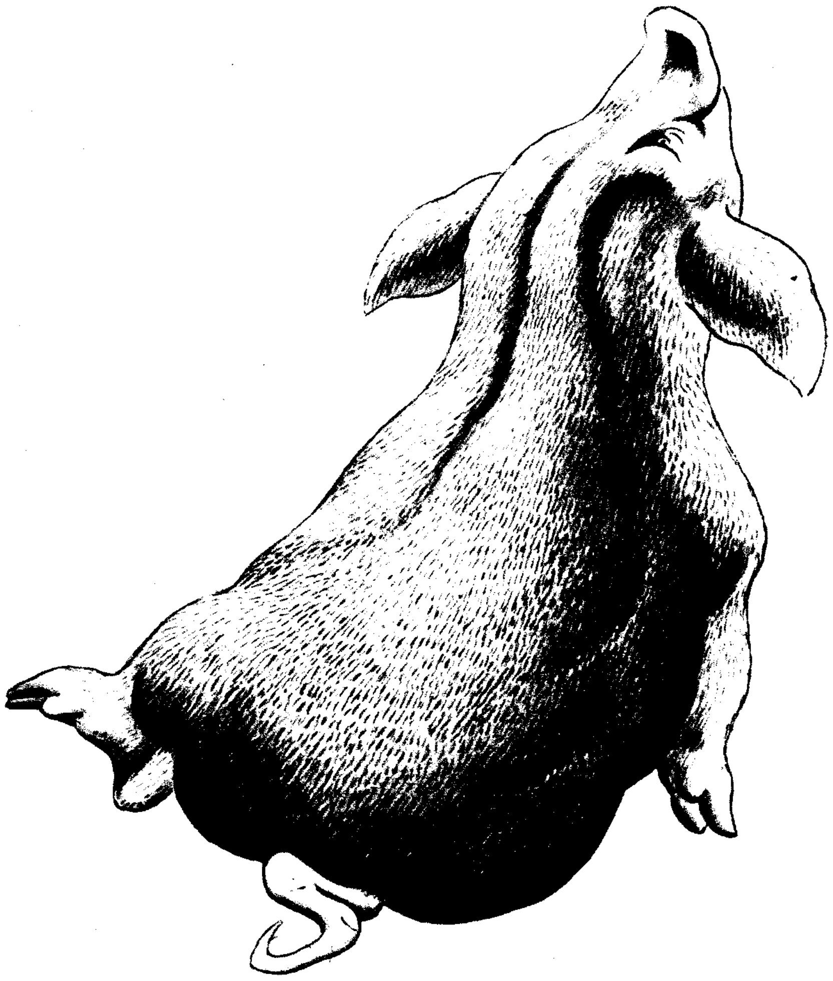
*T.M. APPLIED FOR

Send for free booklet. "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page full-color booklet, will help you select the resilient flooring best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5111 Jackson Street, Lancaster, Pa.



Strypelle

ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM



There's a big difference between a

pig . . . and a . . . fig

—and there is a powerful difference, too, between gasoline and "ETHYL" gasoline!

TRADE-MARK

ETHYL
WITH
"ETHYL"
TRADE MARK
ANTIKNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL
CORPORATION

There is nothing like "Ethyl" gasoline . . . for bringing out the top performance of a new car . . . or making an older one feel young again!

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N. Y.*

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" *trade-mark:* salt cake...ethylene dichloride...sodium (metallic)...chlorine (liquid)...oil soluble dye...benzene hexachloride (technical)

Picture OF THE MONTH

When glamorous June Allyson dons bobby sox and pinafores, who can blame Van Johnson for going frantic because she's "Too Young To Kiss"?

M-G-M's laughing love story "Too Young To Kiss" spares none of the audience's risibilities in its mirthful unfolding of a madcap mixup.

June is a talented pianist who can't get a hearing before Van because he's too busy seeking a child prodigy. June's kiddie masquerade neatly solves her problems and Van's also, but it brings on others neither could have foreseen, when Van takes June under his personal management.

At first, it's the little things that bother June. They're at dinner and Van orders a drink, lights up a cigarette. Tantalized past endurance, June distracts him on any pretext and steals a sip, mooches a smoke.

Caught in her vicious ways, she gives Van to understand it's her neglected upbringing. What does Van do but take her, protestingly, to his country estate where they can be alone, far from dangerous temptation. That's when June really rues the day she made herself "Too Young To Kiss".

June Allyson proved her artistry in such pictures as "The Stratton Story" and "Little Women". Getting her start in musicals, she progressed to dramatic roles and is now one of the screen's first comediennes. Her comic parody of a 13-year-old in "Too Young To Kiss" is perfect.

Van Johnson, the all-conquering male in "Battleground" and "Go For Broke", meets his romantic match when he encounters June and her wide-eyed wiles.

We're glad to see this young-love team together again. The setting's perfect—handsome bachelor and pretty protégée alone in idyllic surroundings. The only thing is, of course—June's just "Too Young To Kiss."

And this movie is too good to miss!

* * *

JUNE ALLYSON and VAN JOHNSON in "TOO YOUNG TO KISS", directed by Robert Z. Leonard and produced by Sam Zimbalist. An M-G-M Picture with the screen play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett from a story by Everett Freeman.

ALBERT E. WINGER, *Chairman of the Board*
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November 17, 1951

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Tiny brunette Helen Martini raises lions, tigers, leopards, apes—almost any wild animal that needs attention away from its mother. Fast-moving, tense and devoted to her work at the Bronx Park Zoo, where she joined the staff in 1944, Mrs. Martini is now engaged in rearing Mambo, a gorilla, while her husband Fred tends the park's lion house and seal pool. For additional pictures of Mambo, see page 32.

Week's Mail

Mobsters in the Spotlight

EDITOR: I want to report to you on the results of your article exposing racketeer activities in the Twin Cities (How Mobsters Grabbed a City's Transit Line, Sept. 29th). There has been a tremendous public interest in the revelations of that article. My call for a citizens' crusade for morality to clean up some of the conditions you have exposed has brought responses from all levels of society who want to do their part in the group effort. Contrary to the past passive attitude commented upon in your article, the citizens now are "excited," "worried," and want to quarantine evil forces in their society.

Your article also has had effect on public officials and leaders in the community who for some time have known of some of the racketeer activities but have never realized their real threat to our way of life. The possible invasion of private business by mobsters—especially private business affected with a public interest—jeopardizes our free enterprise system, for the only method of doing business that the racketeer knows is threats, bribery and, if necessary, violence.

Accordingly, I salute the fine work your magazine has done here and elsewhere in exposing the activities of the unprincipled few who traffic in the vices and moral weaknesses of mankind.

LEONARD E. LINDQUIST, Commissioner,
Minnesota Railroad and Warehouse
Commission, St. Paul, Minn.

. . . Congratulations on your fine article regarding the St. Paul and Minneapolis streetcar situation.

What a rimming the poor riders in St. Paul and Minneapolis are getting at the hands of the boys in charge. Please keep up the good work.

B. A. MULLIGAN, St. Paul, Minn.

Operation Hairbrush

EDITOR: My heartfelt thanks for your editorial Back to the Hairbrush (Sept. 29th). As a public-school superintendent, I have seen the end results of rearing children sans hairbrush wisely applied at the proper intervals in the quiet of the home.

Too many parents have accepted permissive rearing without frustration as the easy way out. After the error in judgment is discovered, it is usually too late for even a psychologist to do anything about the parental blunder.

May your editorial snap some parents into a reversal of philosophy on child rearing. If it does, the life expectancy of the teaching profession will be considerably increased. WARREN J. McCLAIN, Superintendent Public Schools, Woodbury, N. J.

. . . This is my first letter to an editor. I just had to thank you for your editorial Back to the Hairbrush. It has saved me from being a neurotic parent.

MRS. WILLIAM COMMINS,
San Francisco, Cal.

. . . It is high time that someone is putting into words, such as you have done, what many of us in the teaching profession have

Above the Flooded River. Poised a few feet above the swirling flood, a telephone repairman tests a cable on a bridge between Kansas City, Kansas, and Kansas City, Missouri, while his companion uses a walkie-talkie to co-ordinate repair work. In other places, telephone men were forced to take to boats.

We Are ARKANSAS TELEPHONE MEN

Meeting the Emergency. Telephone people not only worked valiantly to restore service but to keep it going. Dikes of sandbags were thrown around telephone offices. Switchboards raised above rising waters. Emergency power plants set up. Mobile radio telephones rushed to towns where telephone offices were washed out.

FIGHTING THE NATION'S COSTLIEST FLOOD

From the flooded sections of Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma have come stories of the loyalty, skill and courage of telephone people in one of the Nation's worst floods.

Many returned from vacations to help. In one town, a single radio appeal for former operators brought twice as many as were needed. Hundreds of trained telephone people from other states were rushed to the scene to help their fellow workers.

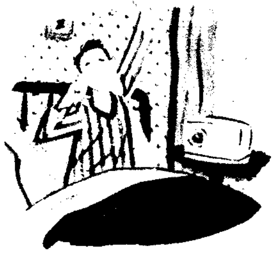
Once again the Western Electric Company — the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit — proved its value in an emergency. By plane, fast freight and truck it rushed millions of feet of cable and wire, telephones, switchboards and other needed equipment.

No one can tell when or where such emergencies will occur, but the Bell System has to be ready and able to handle them when they happen. That means financially able as well as physically able.

This points up again that it takes a financially strong telephone company, with a strong supply organization like Western Electric, to give the Nation the service it requires.

Flying to the Flood Front. Part of one hundred Long Distance operators who were flown from New York, Louisville and Chicago to Kansas City, Missouri, where a flood of calls followed the flood of waters. With traditional Bell System teamwork, they pitched in to help their fellow workers at the switchboards in the stricken areas.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Wakes you to music right on the dot!

Turns itself off after you go to sleep!

Turns appliances on or off!

AMERICA'S #1 FAVORITE!

70 65 60 5
GENERAL ELECTRIC
Model 515

CLOCK-RADIO

THE WORLD'S MOST USEFUL RADIO!

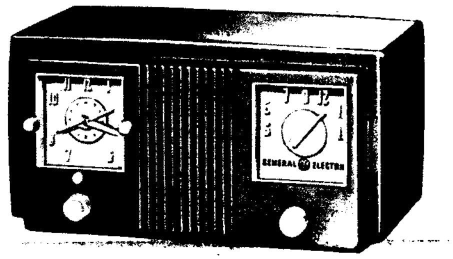
HERE'S the most amazing performer you ever saw! For tone, power and quality, it's worth its price as a table radio alone. But it's so much more than a radio—it actually *remembers* for you! This G-E Clock-Radio remembers to turn itself off after you go to sleep. Remembers to wake you to music every morning and have your coffee ready. Remembers to turn any of a dozen electric appliances on or off—all automatically. Its accurate G-E electric clock tells time even in the dark. No wonder it's America's #1 favorite—it's the world's most useful radio, outselling all other makes combined. In alabaster ivory, Persian red, Congo brown or porcelain white—all at the same low price.

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

New Super-Powered G-E Clock Radio

- More tubes, more power than ever! Has luminous dial pointer for easier tuning. Rich cordovan plastic. Ask for Model 535 shown at right.

G-E Clock-Radios start at $29.95. Prices subject to change without notice. Slightly higher West and South.



You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

long felt needed to be said. The word "no" seems in many cases to be obsolete when dealing with children. It appears that it is as true now as it ever was that one cannot give children everything they want, pronounce every act of juvenile asininity as being cute and clever, yell to high heaven when their teachers try to make them learn in school, and then expect them to grow up into well-adjusted adults.

A. G. Umbreit, Director, Muskegon Community College, Muskegon, Mich.

. . . There may have been better editorials in your excellent magazine than Back to the Hairbrush, but I cannot recall one. I extend my congratulations!

Henry Pleasants, Jr., M.D., West Chester, Pa.

. . . In regard to your editorial entitled Back to the Hairbrush, let me say with true feeling—amen, brother, amen!

Andrew Edington, President, Shreiner Institute, Kerrville, Texas

Glamor Gams

Editor: I just had to write and let you know that I simply loved Bob Landry's photograph of Ginger Rogers—the one where she's rehearsing by the pool (New Ginger on Broadway, Sept. 29th). Without half trying to, I think she looks so "coolly beautiful." Her legs look lots better at forty than most girls' legs look at nineteen or twenty.

Angie Chavez, San Antonio, Texas

Nice Start

Editor: Never in my many years of association with Collier's as a subscriber have I been so impressed by a first chapter as that in Dr. Cronin's autobiography, Epidemic at Sea (Sept. 29th). Dr. Cronin surely is in a class by himself as the famed writer he is.

Winthrop Baldwin, Devon, Conn.

Filmdom's Future

Editor: I have read Samuel Goldwyn's article Is Hollywood Through? (Sept. 29th), and I would like to say this concerning TV versus the movies:

As you probably know, we have very few TV sets in Canada. (I have never seen one!) To me a TV set would be like eating my favorite sweets, chocolates (for I'm sure I'd enjoy TV)—but too much, and I'd tire of it.

The movies are practically a tradition in America; we'd be lost without them. They mean, to homemakers, an escape from work and children, bills, etc. TV could possibly take one's mind off work for a while, but there'd always be a gentle reminder of some task. Going to a movie has been a godsend, to women, especially, and always will be, no matter how many TV sets are made and sold!

Audrey Maluorino, Penticton, B. C., Canada

. . . I would like to say that I believe Hollywood is not through. As long as movies such as I'd Climb the Highest Mountain can make me cry, and movies such as Mr. Belvedere Goes to College can make me laugh, I'll always find time and money to attend the movies.

Joyce Hayden, Bloomington, Ill.

. . . Yep, Mr. Goldwyn, you really made me laugh when you cited several pictures and asked, "Could TV duplicate these films?" Remember, sir, that the TV industry is in its infancy, yet it is walloping the daylights out of the 1913 champion that you fathered.

J. H. Greenwald, Chicago, Ill.

Our Popular Philosopher

Editor: I just got around to reading Behind the Johnson Grass Curtain in the September 15th issue. If H. B. Fox gets any better you can put me down for a contribution to a fund to be used for supplying all senators regularly with reprints.

Rev. E. J. Otto, Quincy, Ill.

Potential Snafu

Editor: This is an echo to the letter Mrs. Eunice E. Reiman wrote in regard to The Big Snafu in Europe (Week's Mail, Sept. 29th). I was married in 1947 to a Navy veteran who had signed into the naval reserve upon discharge. We have two small boys and were just about settled down when he was recalled last April. I didn't feel like sitting at home, but unfortunately the Navy's allotment to a wife and two small children forces me to.

At this point I'm ready to "throw in the towel" and become what you call a Snafu. Have a heart, we're the women behind most of those men.

Mrs. Edward Vitalos, Allentown, Pa.

Correct Approach

Editor: That was a good article by Howard Whitman on Dr. E. Stanley Jones and his Ashram (One Week with God, Sept. 29th). Not everyone seems to do a good job of reporting events such as this, but I think the article shows due regard for the sacredness of the occasion itself.

Ralph O. Grote, Royal, Iowa

She's a Cowgirl Now

Editor: Your September 29th cover of Sharon and Shirley Lucas and the article Rodeo Sisters, in the same issue, have saved my dignity if not actually my life.

You see, quite unaware of what I was asking for, I volunteered to baby-sit once a week for my two small nephews. What I did not know was that, being a girl, I could never be Hopalong Cassidy or Roy Rogers, but would have to be the outlaw who is the victim of surprise and violent attacks. Wearing blue jeans and boots didn't help. I was still a girl and had to be the fall guy—and I do mean *fall*.

But thanks to you, all is changed. Now I'm one of the gang.

Since reading to the little scamps about Sharon and Shirley I'm allowed to be one or the other and, riding Cotton-Eyed Joe, can "tear holes in space" right along with Hoppie and Roy.

Louise Randall, Fort Worth, Texas

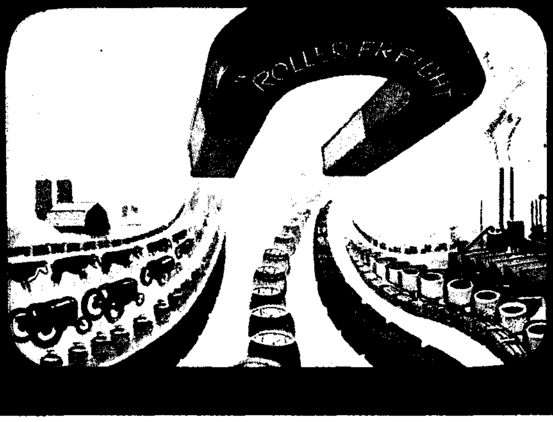
Zephyr makes breeze of 2,537 mile trip

YOU GET A POSTCARD VIEW of the Rockies clear to the top from this Vista-dome car—one of five on the crack Chicago to San Francisco streamliner, *California Zephyr*, operated by the Burlington, Rio Grande and Western Pacific railroads.

LAST WORD IN LUXURY! There's a hostess to care for your children, a buffet-lounge, music and dozens of other features to make your 2,537 mile trip comfortable and easy. You'll tell friends the trip seemed all too short!

WHETHER YOU'RE IN a coach chair or a private room, you get a fast, smooth ride on roller bearings—the big railroad improvement that paved the way for modern streamliners. Now the next great step in railroading is "Roller Freight".

Now here's the next great step in railroading!

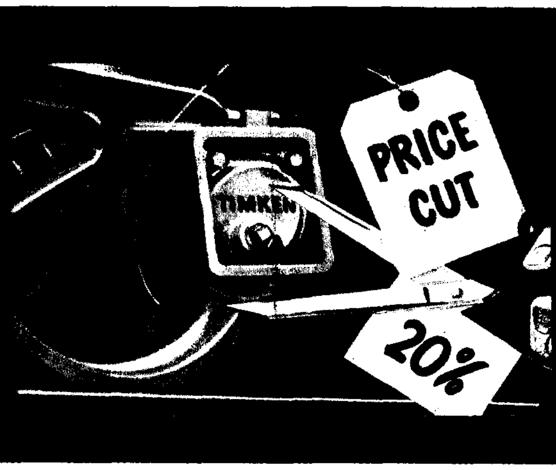


THE RAILROADS' NEW MAGNET for attracting tomorrow's freight business is "Roller Freight"—freight cars on Timken® tapered roller bearings. Freight service, now being improved with better terminals and handling, will be revolutionized!

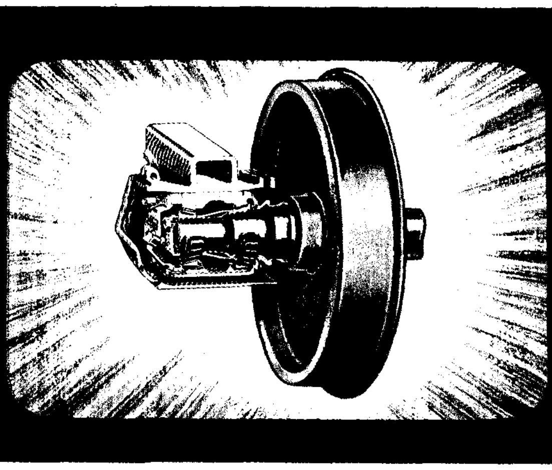
BECAUSE OF TIMKEN BEARINGS, no "hot boxes" will delay "Roller Freight"! Terminal inspection will be cut 90%—speeding up schedules. There'll be less damage to freight because Timken bearings permit jolt-free starts and stops.

ALREADY ONE RAILROAD has put a "Roller Freight" livestock train in service. Results? Running time cut in half! Cattle arrive in better condition! A 30% increase in the railroad's livestock hauling business in two years.

"ROLLER FREIGHT" MEANS SAVINGS for the railroads as well as better service for shippers. Timken bearings reduce damage claims, eliminate "hot box" expenses, reduce inspection man-hours, cut fuel costs, increase car availability and reduce in-shop-for-repair time.



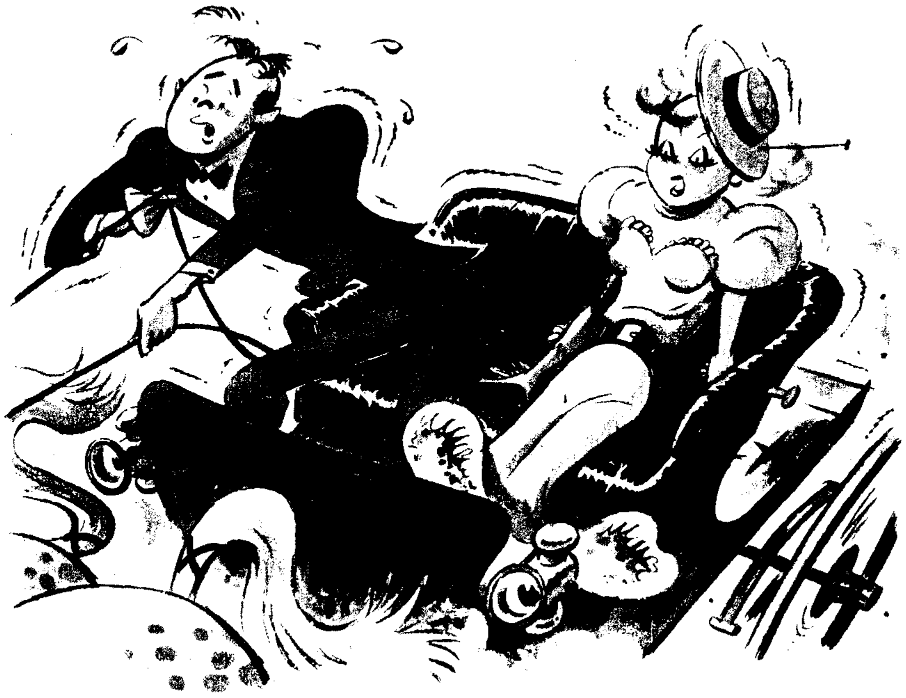
WHAT PRICE "MORE BUSINESS"? Less than you may think! Complete assemblies of cartridge journal box and Timken bearings for freight cars cost 20% less than applications of five years ago. Other products of the Timken Company: alloy steels and tubing, removable rock bits.

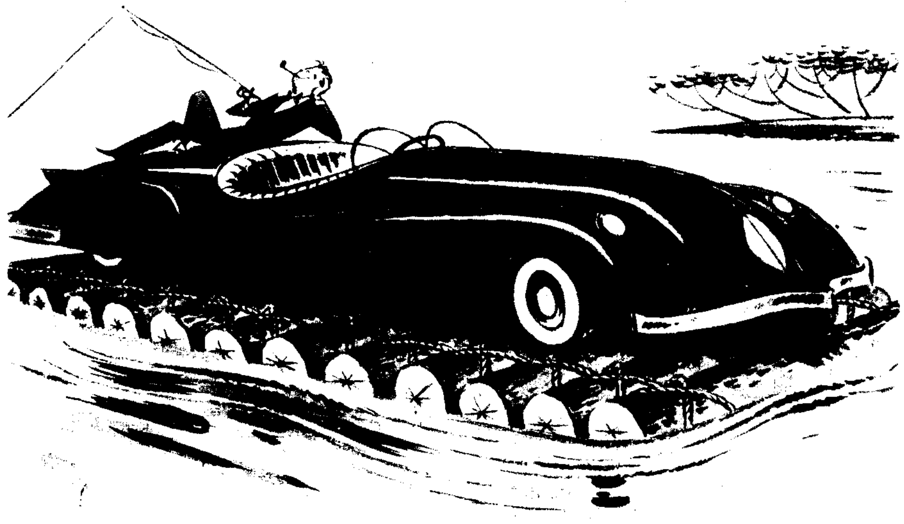


NOT JUST A BALL ○ NOT JUST A ROLLER ▭ THE TIMKEN TAPERED ROLLER ▭ BEARING TAKES RADIAL ⊕ AND THRUST -⊕- LOADS OR ANY COMBINATION -⊕-

Copr. 1951 The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton 6, Ohio
Cable address: "TIMROSCO."

Watch the railroads Go...on **TIMKEN** *Tapered Roller Bearings*
TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.





If your car feels like this...
it's time for MARFAK
chassis lubrication

That cushiony feeling
lasts longer with—MARFAK Lubrication

With *Marfak* lubrication you say good-by to squeaks and bumps for 1,000 miles or more. Bulldog-tough *Marfak* is specially made to resist jar-out, squeeze-out and wash-out. So it *clings* to vital chassis points, protecting far longer. That's why you enjoy longer lasting "cushiony" driving! Today, get *Marfak* lubrication from your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car ever had.*

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TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES
Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and in Latin America

TUNE IN: TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE on television every Tuesday night. See newspaper for time and station.

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We're rolling across the country in a very luxurious rattler bound for Los Angeles. Trip's designed to line up more sources of items for this pillar. Fellow sitting next to us in the lounge car is from Bangor, Maine. Name's Blanie. Mr. Blanie asks us what we do for a living. We tell him. Mr. Blanie says: "Well, well, well."

★ ★ ★

This Blanie says the reason things don't change too rapidly and too much down East is that Maine usually waits until it finds out what the other 47 states are doing. "Then," says Mr. Blanie, "we proceed slowly, either not to do it the same way or not to do it at all." Just to illustrate, he tells us about a state recreational program presented recently by educators to the Legislative Research Committee. Mr. William T. Kiley, of Portland, was telling the committee about programs in force outside Maine. But Representative Chase, member of the state legislature from Cape Elizabeth, interrupted him: "Just because the other 47 are doing something is no reason Maine should. They're probably all wrong."

★ ★ ★

If you insist on knowing how the 1952 elections are going, a transcontinental train is the place to ask. No guarantee that you'll get reliable information. On a train like this, chances are you won't find many representatives of the great mass vote. But as an old political fly-caster, a veteran at fishing for political opinion and occasionally landing the right answer, we listen. Campaign's already as hot as a five-dollar pistol, and the overwhelming club-car consensus is that public morals is the big issue—overshadowing taxes, war, inflation, Communism, prices, profits, party, personalities.

★ ★ ★

Finally, we hit the hay and lie there checking our notes. Almost forgot a happy assault on a fine old American tradition—Eliza crossing the ice with bloodhounds baying at her heels. From a man in Torrington, Connecticut. T. E. Sheahan's the name. Mr. Sheahan says they couldn't have been bloodhounds because bloodhounds are among the "most friendly and docile of dogs." He says: "Bloodhounds like people. Tracking people is part of their life, just as fishing is part of the life of a man who likes to fish. Enjoy it. Of course, they look mournful. If you were as misunderstood as a bloodhound, you'd look mournful, too." Bloodhounds wouldn't have harmed a hair of Eliza's head, Mr. Sheahan says. Probably fawned upon her and licked her hands. Mr. Sheahan raises bloodhounds.

★ ★ ★

Comes the dawn and a guy from Front Royal, Virginia, asks us how we know we've never eaten horse meat. We tell him we don't—and don't want to know if we have. Nevertheless, he insists on telling us about the Thursday horse auctions in his home town. Close to 200 horses sold at the Front Royal Live Stock Market every week, nine out of ten for food. Only the best and the healthiest nags are for human consumption. The old tired ones become cat and dog meat. A young horse fated to become steaks on the family table brings five cents a pound, or thereabouts. All under rigid government inspection, of course.

★ ★ ★

Mr. James T. Koerbel, of Rochester, New York, told us that his tailor had invented a pick-proof pocket. And it was all the tailor said it would be, too. Mr. Koerbel had a couple built into a new suit—one for the pocket he keeps his wallet in. Took Mrs. Koerbel to the movies. Couldn't open the patented pocket where he kept his wallet. Mrs. Koerbel hadn't any money. Had to go back home. Mrs. Koerbel fit to be tied. Mr. Koerbel very mortified. Went to the tailor in the morning. Had the pick-proofing removed. "Just another new idea that didn't work," sighs Mr. Koerbel.

★ ★ ★

And a note about a man named Amen from Little Rock, Arkansas. He wonders what village postmistresses and star-route mail carriers are going to do for reading matter, now that the price of the old penny post card is going up to two cents, with a corresponding decrease in the use of that old correspondence stand-by.

★ ★ ★

We retire to look over our mail. Sixty-six letters so far from 31 states to answer our recent question: What's become of the lightning-rod salesman? All tell us he's still traveling the country, just as we are, only he's quiet and scientific now. Doing a bigger and better business than ever, too. More than 50 letters to date about our choice of a Biblical quotation—the eighth verse of the sixth chapter of Micah. We beseech you to be patient. We'll reply as soon as we can. A gentleman from Chicago, Blair by name, drops in to talk. So we shove our typewriter aside while he glows about a new organization—The Walter Reed Volunteers. Already it's being

LOWELL HESS

(Continued on page 64)

60 Second Shaver

NATION WIDE HIT!

THE
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REMINGTON
60
INSTANT SUCCESS!
Remington
Remington
60

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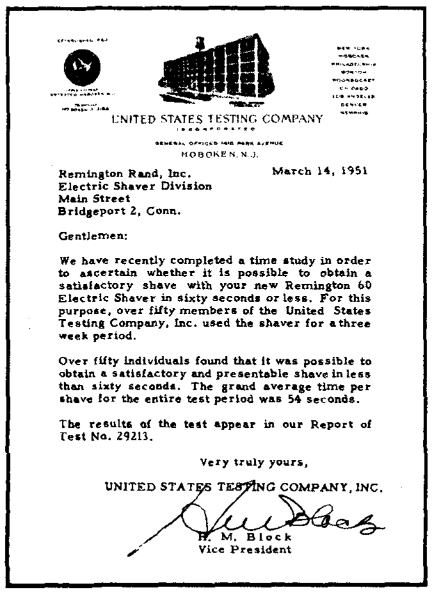

UNITED STATES TESTING COMPANY
INCORPORATED
GENERAL OFFICES 1415 PARK AVENUE
HOBOKEN, N.J.

March 14, 1951

Remington Rand, Inc.
Electric Shaver Division
Main Street
Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Gentlemen:

We have recently completed a time study in order to ascertain whether it is possible to obtain a satisfactory shave with your new Remington 60 Electric Shaver in sixty seconds or less. For this purpose, over fifty members of the United States Testing Company, Inc. used the shaver for a three week period.

Over fifty individuals found that it was possible to obtain a satisfactory and presentable shave in less than sixty seconds. The grand average time per shave for the entire test period was 54 seconds.

The results of the test appear in our Report of Test No. 29213.

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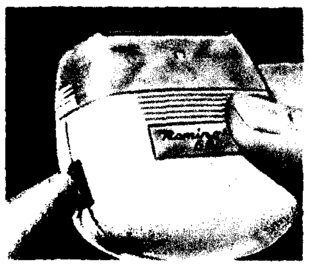
UNITED STATES TESTING COMPANY, INC.

H. M. Block
Vice President

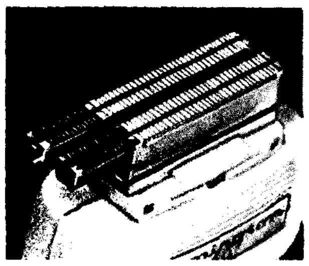
Men everywhere are talking about the amazing new sixty second shaver... and no wonder! Never before in shaving history have men removed their whiskers so easily or so quickly as they do with the new Remington 60. There's a reason, of course: 132 Diamond-Honed Cutting Blades perform over 16 million whisker-cutting operations per minute. If you have never tried a modern Remington, you owe it to yourself to enjoy one close, smooth, comfortable shave free from the mess and fuss of old-fashioned methods. Once you try it, you'll understand why the new Remington 60 is a nationwide hit, and why the Remington way is *your* way to shave. See it — try it — at all fine stores in U.S. and Canada or any of our 112 Nationwide Shaver Headquarters.

CERTIFIED PROOF! This participant and 57 others were timed over a ten-day period. Their average time: less than 60 *seconds* per shave!

A PRODUCT OF **Remington Rand**



NEW! Start-stop wheel starts the powerful new rotor-type motor with a quick, effortless flick of the fingertip.



NEW! 3 to 9 times more Cutting Blades than other shavers! Heads mounted on famous Contour Principle!

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE!

His extra precaution may save the ball game, but the precautions you take to be sure about your *brakes* may save *lives!* You can assure the *safe* performance of your brakes most effectively by frequent, periodic inspection. And, when you need new brake lining, a further precaution is to select Grizzly, famous for nearly forty years for smooth, soft-pedal, *safe* stops. *Grizzly Manufacturing Company, Paulding, Ohio.*

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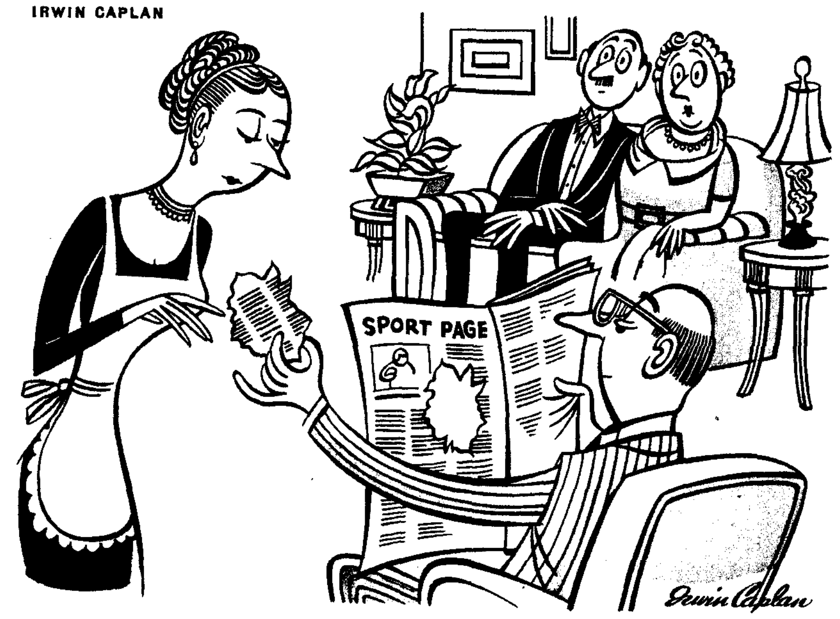
BRAKE LINING

BRAKE SERVICE
GRIZZLY BRAKE LINING

For the finest brake lining, ask for Grizzly "Syncro-Sets" for riveting . . . "Softibond" for bonding . . . "Silvertip" for heavy duty . . . or Aluminum Backed Blocks for extra heavy duty use. You'll find these linings, as well as Grizzly (S.A.E.) Hydraulic Brake Fluid, at shops displaying this sign.

IRWIN CAPLAN



He just tore the recipe out of the paper and handed it to her

The Strange Case of MATT SPRECKLES

By LEE ROGOW

THE first time I noticed that there was anything *different* about Matt Spreckles was when he came into the office one day with a piece of adhesive tape around the earpiece of his spectacles. "What's the matter, Matt?" I said. "Break your glasses?" (I'm known for the quick way I catch on to things.)

"Yes," said Matt.

"You ought to get them fixed," I said.

"I'm going to get them fixed tomorrow," he said.

Now get this. The next day, when he came into the office, his glasses were fixed.

Naturally that gave me quite a turn. Any ordinary man goes around with adhesive on a broken earpiece for at least two weeks, and I know one fellow who wore tape on his glasses for 11 years. I didn't think too much about this quirk of Matt's, however, until the next day at lunch, when Matt and I went out together. Matt happened to take a fancy to a pair of shoes he saw in the window of a shop and we went inside. When the salesman took the shoe off Matt's right foot, there was a hole in the toe of the sock. Matt looked down at the hole and I could tell he saw it. I waited and waited for him to say something. Finally I just couldn't stand it any more and I said it for him. "I'll be jiggered," I said. "I'll bet there wasn't a hole in that sock when you put it on this morning."

"Yes, there was," said Matt. "But I didn't think I'd have to take my shoes off in public today."

It's hard to remain a friend of a man as eccentric as that, but Matt and I work right near each other at the office and I tried not to notice it. Then one night the wife and I went to the Sprecklеses' house for dinner. That was the blow-off. Matt brought home an evening paper, and as we walked through the door, Henrietta, his wife, asked him if she could look at it. He just handed it over to her. I stared at him, but that's what he did. When Henrietta was through with the paper, she handed it to Matt and he started to glance through it. While he was reading the sports page, Henrietta came over and asked if she could tear out a recipe on the back of the page. Matt just tore it out and handed it to her. I almost didn't believe my eyes.

But that was only the beginning. During dinner, a telegram was delivered. You know, Mrs. Spreckles never even turned over the envelope once. She simply tore it open, read it and stuck it in the pocket of the apron she was wearing. Then she went right ahead and served the chops. Matt didn't ask what it was about, so we never did hear. I couldn't enjoy my dinner one bit.

Later that night, after the missus and I got home, Mrs. French, a friend of my wife's, called on the phone and asked what we'd heard about Ginger Rogers. Well, it turned out that Henrietta Spreckles had sat right beside Ginger Rogers for three hours on a train when she went to visit her sister the past week, and she never even had mentioned it once during dinner. Of course, my wife then called Henrietta right away and said she wanted to hear all about Ginger.

"I don't know what to tell you," said Henrietta. "Miss Rogers and I hadn't been introduced, so I didn't speak to her."

"Isn't that silly?" said my wife. "I understand she's very democratic."

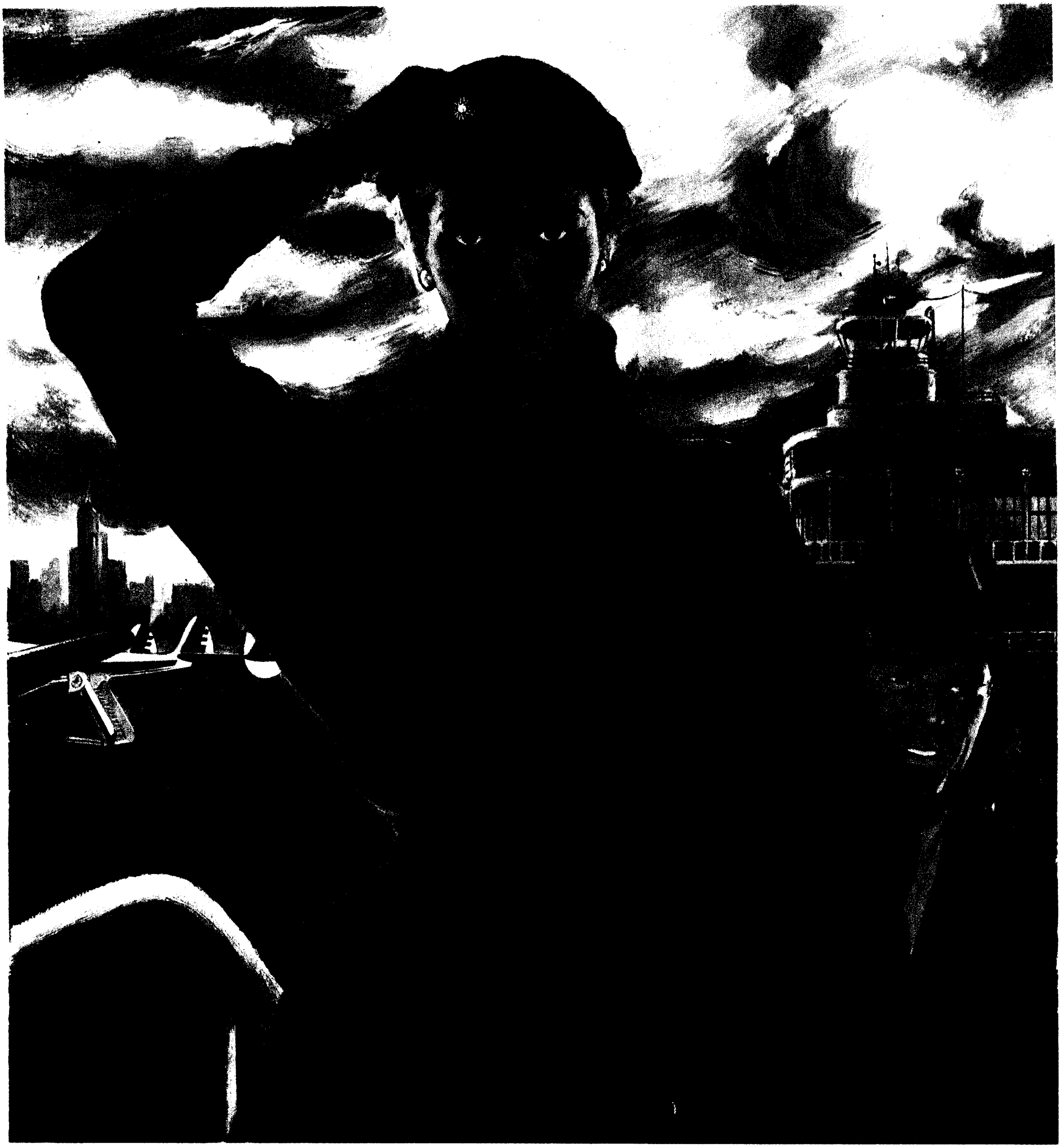
"I understand she's a Republican," said Henrietta, and hung up.

My wife and I decided to drop the Sprecklеses that night, but for business reasons I gave them one more chance. This time all four of us went to the movies together. It wasn't a bad picture, and as we walked out into the lobby I said, "Pretty good movie, but they certainly don't make pictures nowadays the way they used to."

"Oh, I don't know," said Matt. "I think I like movies more these days. The acting is better, the technical achievements are greater, the stories are more adult and I love the color."

My wife and I just stood there and looked at him; then we turned around together and walked up the street without saying good-by. From that day to this I haven't spoken to Matt Spreckles. I don't mind a man being a little peculiar, but there's such a thing as a man being so strange he gets you downright *jumpy*.

THE END



speaking of people "ON THE WAY UP"

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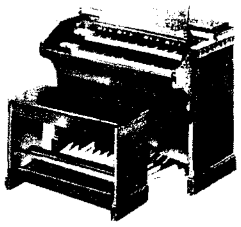

CHURCH MODEL—Hammond Organs are used in some 27,000 churches.

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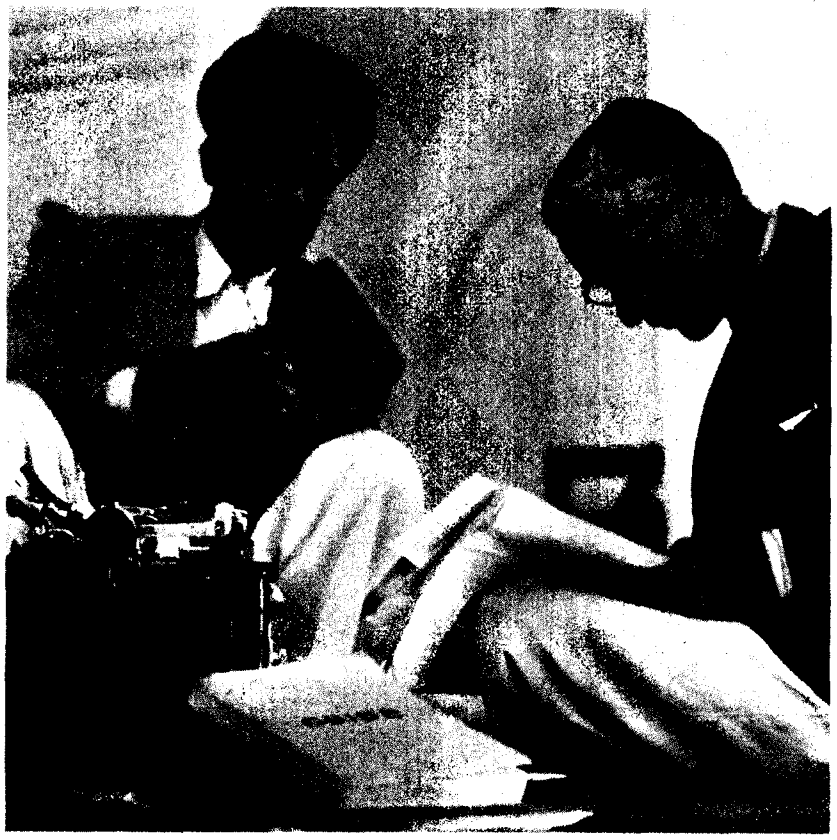


In Delhi, India, public secretary (r.) takes a letter—on sidewalk

Sidewalk Secretaries

Delhi, India

The sun-baked pavement in front of the old Delhi (India) General Post Office is crowded every day of the week with 100 or so of some of the most extraordinary career men in the world. They're professional letter writers. For less than a nickel they will write a post card to Mom for an illiterate Indian, pen a billet-doux for a lovesick one, stall the finance company for an indebted one or perform as personal secretary to a businessman for a couple of hours.

It's all very legal, too. Before a man can get a license to sit down and open a letter office, he must pay an annual fee of about $15, produce two letters attesting to his good character, and agree that any breach of confidence means immediate revocation of his license.

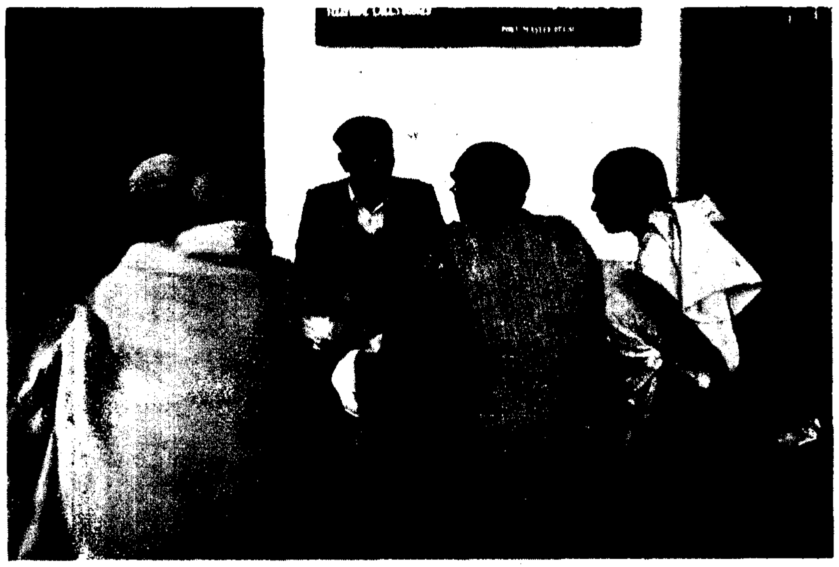
On the strictly administered government price list for letters, the most expensive item is for a letter of petition. Since most such letters are applications for jobs, the letter writers take special pains with them. And the completed epic—with stationery and advice thrown in—costs two annas, six pies, or about three and a half cents. Writing a telegram costs two annas. Filling in a money order is one anna, six pies.

Old-timer Baskhi Ram Dhan says his biggest item, since India achieved independence, has been the filling out of government forms. Fees vary with the length and intricacy of the official forms, but no mere form ever stops a professional. He knows them all. It says so in his license.

During all jobs, it's customary for clients to stand and peer over the writer's shoulder to kibitz. In a conference letter session, all parties sit in a circle before the pro, putting in their two annas' worth as the penman tries to keep up with them.

It's hectic, but it works. Sidewalk secretaries, they call the writers. Maybe it could happen in the States. But how would we get the girls to sit on the sidewalk?

BILL STAPLETON



Dictating in turns, businessmen tell Baskhi Ram Dhan what to write

THIS IS *You* IN A…

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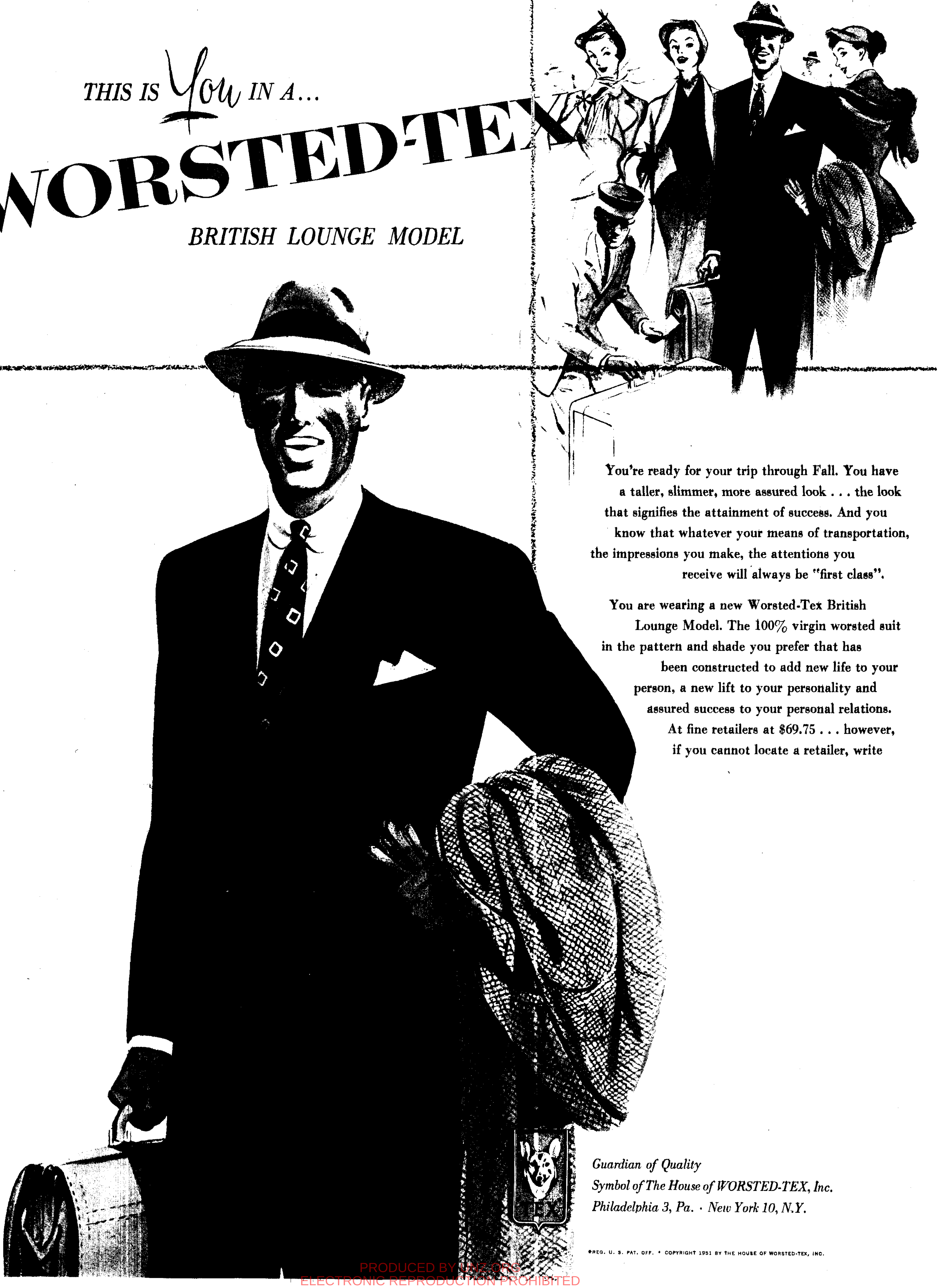
BRITISH LOUNGE MODEL



You're ready for your trip through Fall. You have a taller, slimmer, more assured look . . . the look that signifies the attainment of success. And you know that whatever your means of transportation, the impressions you make, the attentions you receive will always be "first class".

You are wearing a new Worsted-Tex British Lounge Model. The 100% virgin worsted suit in the pattern and shade you prefer that has been constructed to add new life to your person, a new lift to your personality and assured success to your personal relations. At fine retailers at $69.75 . . . however, if you cannot locate a retailer, write

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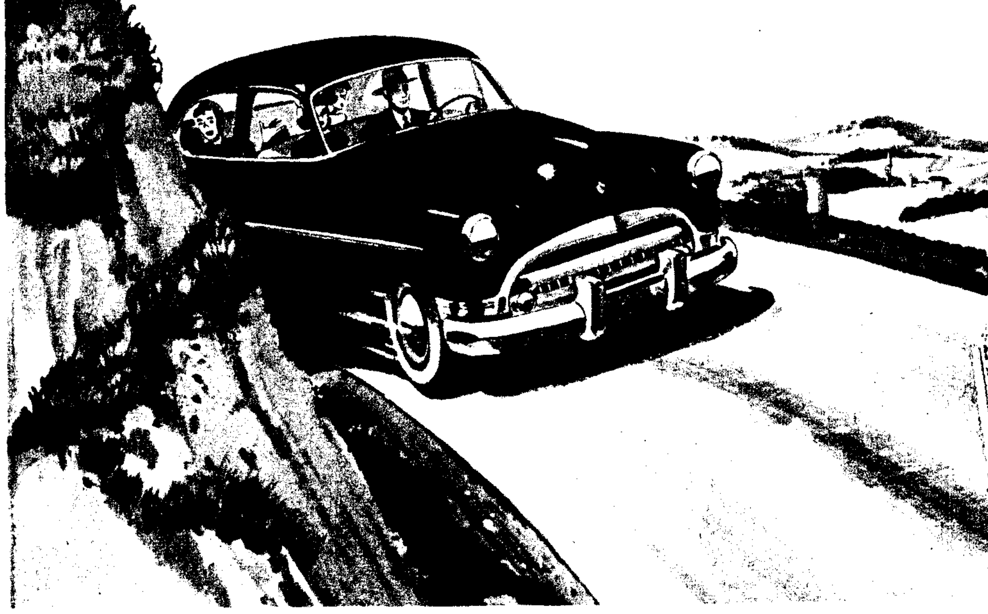

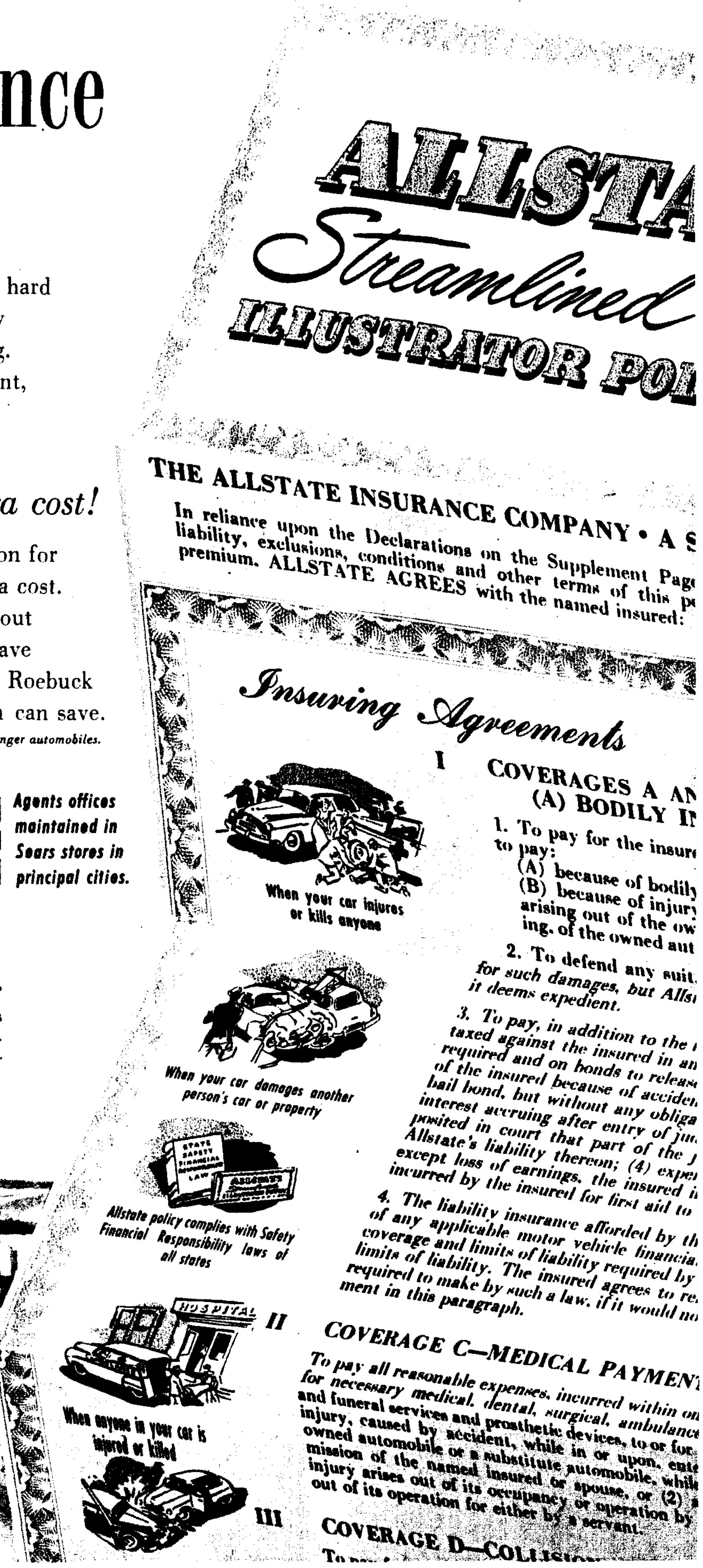

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THE ALLSTATE INSURANCE COMPANY • A S

In reliance upon the Declarations on the Supplement Pag
liability, exclusions, conditions and other terms of this p
premium. ALLSTATE AGREES with the named insured:

Insuring Agreements

When your car injures or kills anyone

I COVERAGES A AN
(A) BODILY I

1. To pay for the insur
to pay:
(A) because of bodil
(B) because of injur
arising out of the ow
ing. of the owned aut

2. To defend any suit
for such damages, but Alls
it deems expedient.

3. To pay, in addition to the
taxed against the insured in an
required and on bonds to releas
of the insured because of accide
bail bond, but without any obliga
posited in court that part of the j
Allstate's liability thereon; (4) expe
except loss of earnings, the insured i
incurred by the insured for first aid to

When your car damages another person's car or property

4. The liability insurance afforded by th
of any applicable motor vehicle financia
coverage and limits of liability required by
limits of liability. The insured agrees to re
required to make by such a law, if it would no
ment in this paragraph.

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To pay all reasonable expenses, incurred within on
for necessary medical, dental, surgical, ambulanc
and funeral services and prosthetic devices, to or for
injury, caused by accident, while in or upon, ent
owned automobile or a substitute automobile, whil
mission of the named insured or spouse, or (2)
out of its operation for either by a servant.

When anyone in your car is injured or killed

III COVERAGE D—COLLI

Collier's, November 17, 1951

Let's Draw the Line NOW

By LT. GEN. ALBERT C. WEDEMEYER, U.S.A. (Ret.)

We should tell Russia now which move we will consider an act of war, asserts a former U.S. Far Eastern commander, and hold her responsible for any aggression by her subject nations. And we must define our national aims and announce them clearly to the world

VICTORY DAY was hot and sultry in Chungking. As the commanding general of the China Theater of Operations, I had received word from the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington over the telecon that the Japanese had capitulated shortly after nine o'clock in the morning. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek phoned and invited me to join him at the Presidential palace. A few minutes later I left my quarters on Chialing Road and drove alone in my jeep down the steep, twisting road from the bluff overlooking the Yangtze River. The generalissimo's residence was two miles away, and to get there it was necessary to cross the center of the city. But as I turned into the main thoroughfare of the war-battered capital, the streets were filled with a torrent of joyous clamoring Chinese. For years these men, women and children had suffered the deprivations of war, huddling in caves to escape the ruthless Japanese bombings. Now it was over, and in a great turbulent tide they had flooded the center of the town, their cries and laughter punctuated by the explosions of firecrackers.

Pressing slowly forward in the jeep through the dense crowds, I was suddenly recognized. The next minutes were entirely beyond my control. In a great surge, the Chinese pressed around. Then, while I clutched at the seat in an effort to maintain a precarious balance, they lifted the jeep completely from the ground and carried me for three blocks in a spontaneous triumphal procession. So persistent was their display of affection—not for me as an individual but as a symbol of the U.S. forces—that I was at last forced to turn back, postponing my journey to the generalissimo's residence until some hours later when the first excitement had subsided.

The recollection of this episode crossed my mind when nearly six years later, just before the last Christmas holidays, one of my close friends, like many another American parent, received word that his son was killed in combat against Chinese troops in North Korea.

What had happened? What earthquake of history had suddenly created such an abyss between two traditionally friendly peoples? And more, by what tragic path had we descended in six brief years from a position of leadership among the victorious free peoples to that of a nation fighting for survival?

It seems to me that between those twin events lies the history of a portentous failure. Because we went too far in propitiating our wartime ally, the Soviet Union, because we perhaps trusted her too far, we did not anticipate flagrant violations or the distortion and misapplication of "democracy" and "agreements" made in good faith. We failed to anticipate a brutal expansion (following a plan of world-wide conquest) which today has involved us and all free peoples in a massive struggle with the Soviet Union and Communist puppet states along a front that extends around the world. Between those twin events lies also the measure of what we have lost and what we must regain for the security of the United States and of free nations allied with us. But thus far, at least, we are still losing—not because we have become suddenly powerless, but because through indecision and lack of direction we have forfeited the advantages of our great strength.

General Wedemeyer urges pulling our ground troops from Korea, equipping Asiatic forces to meet aggression

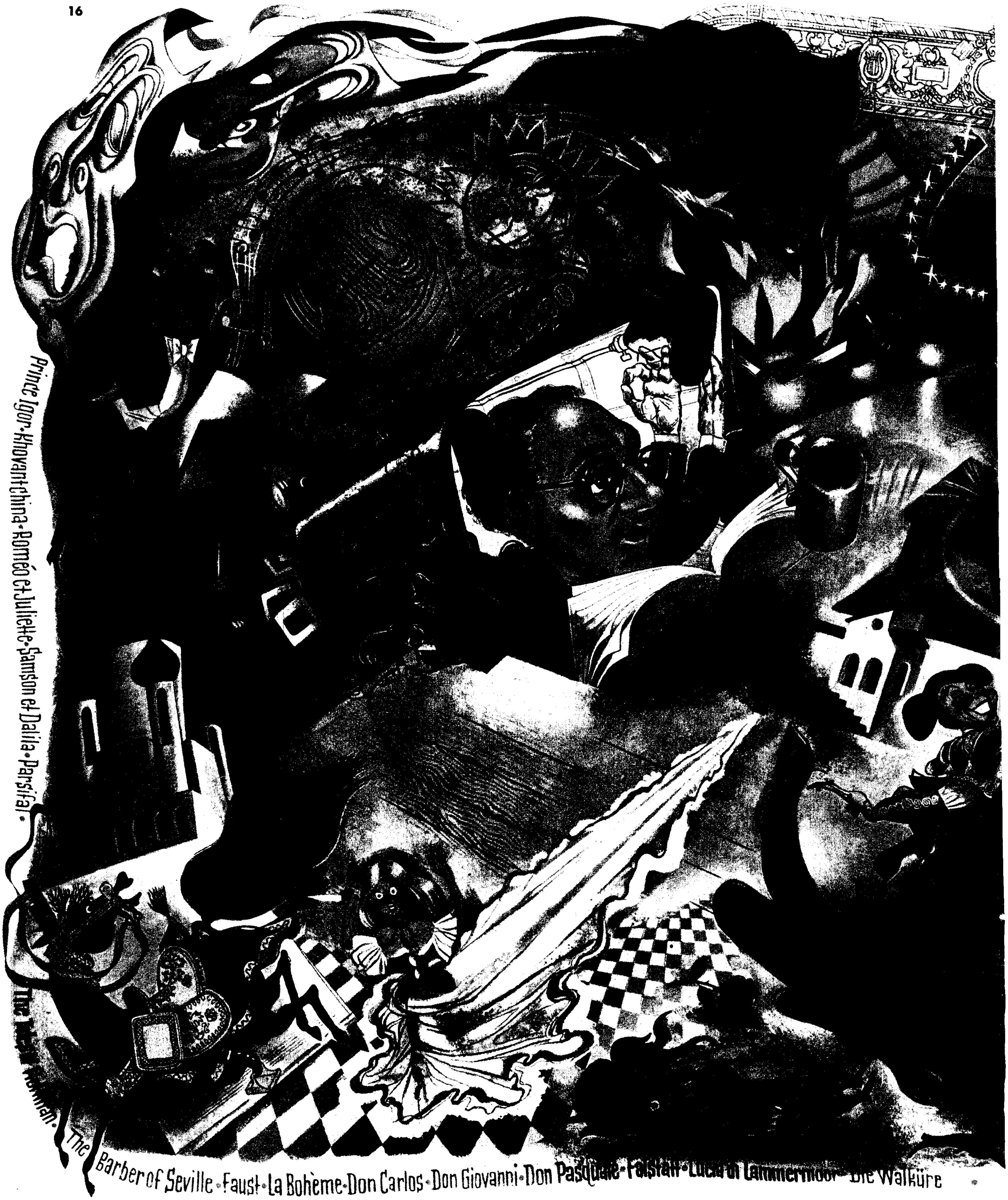
In 351 B.C., Demosthenes admonished his countrymen in an indictment which has poignant application to our position today:

> "Shame on you Athenians . . . for not wishing to understand that in war one must not allow oneself to be at the command of events, but to forestall them. You Athenians are the strongest of all the Greeks, in ships, cavalry, infantry and revenue, and you do not make the best of them.
>
> "You make war against Philip like a barbarian when he wrestles—if he suffers a blow, he immediately puts his hand to it. If he is struck again he puts his hand there too, but he has not the skill or does not think of parrying the blow aimed at him or of evading his antagonist. You, likewise, if you hear that Philip has attacked at Chaeronea, you send help there; if he is at Thermopylae, you run there; and if he turns aside you follow him to right or left, as if you were acting on his orders. Never a fixed plan, never any precautions: You wait for bad news before you act."

We, likewise, have allowed the Soviet Union to wrest from us the strategic initiative. We, the most powerful nation on earth, have been forced into a pattern of defensive expediency in which we are kept continuously off balance. If the Soviet strategists exert pressure in the Balkans, we obligingly run to resist them. Having lost China, we rush precipitously to block the Reds when they attack in North Korea. No doubt if they incite trouble in the Near East, we probably shall attempt to "contain" and localize that disturbance rather than strike at the source. The result of continuing such a disastrous policy can only be a further deterioration of our position, and, ultimately, our submission.

It is, therefore, imperative that the United States and its Allies regain the global initiative in the shortest (*Continued on page* 38)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MASON WEYMOUTH


Prince Igor • Khovantchina • Roméo et Juliette • Samson et Dalila • Parsifal •
The Flying Dutchman •
The Barber of Seville • Faust • La Bohème • Don Carlos • Don Giovanni • Don Pasquale • Falstaff • Lucia di Lammermoor • Die Walküre

Hänsel und Gretel · Boris Go
Otello · Rigoletto · Carmen · Hamlet · Lakmé
adama Butterfly · Pagliacci

Phantom of the Metropolitan Opera

Otello Ceroni, unsung hero of the renowned company, is "the Toscanini of all the prompters." He loves his job, but finds it can be dangerous

By MARTIN ABRAMSON

THE soaring strains of an aria from Don Giovanni rose from the orchestra pit and rolled out across the glittering tiers of New York's Metropolitan Opera House. From the stage came the booming voice of the basso, while at his side the lovely young soprano, Patrice Munsel, stood motionless, waiting her turn. Suddenly, just as Miss Munsel was about to sing, her face turned marble white and her eyes took on a dazed, glassy look.

The attention of the conductor and of the audience which crammed the vast auditorium still was riveted on the basso, who sang serenely on. But Miss Munsel's plight didn't go entirely unnoticed. From a dusty little hole at the edge of the stage, a pair of fingers darted out and with a sharp snap brought the singer out of her state of nervous shock. Then a soft, encouraging voice whispered the words of her first line and sounded the proper musical pitch. Color returned to the star's face and a moment later her crystal-clear soprano was ringing across the opera house.

Throughout the performance, the furtive figure in the hole continued to guide Miss Munsel in both her movements and her singing. But so far as the audience was concerned, the musical story of Don Giovanni, as produced at the Met last season, unfolded without a hitch. Only Miss Munsel knew that the performance had been saved from calamity by the beloved phantom of the opera—stocky, white-haired prompter Otello Ceroni.

"I'm rather nearsighted and often use contact lenses on stage," Miss Munsel explained recently. "That night the liquid in these lenses suddenly went haywire and a lot of little bubbles formed in front of my eyes. For a moment I couldn't see a thing. Then I began to see the rest of the cast in duplicate and triplicate, while the conductor and his baton vanished completely. All during the performance, Ceroni had to be my eyes as well as my ears. Without him—well, you can just imagine what would have happened."

Patrice Munsel is only one of a staggering list of world-famous singers—among them Lily Pons, Beniamino Gigli, Ezio Pinza, Lawrence Tibbett, Rosa Ponselle, Risë Stevens, Jussi Bjoerling—who, during the past 20 years, have regarded Otello Ceroni as one of grand opera's great heroes. Yet his name never appears in any program, he isn't mentioned in newspaper write-ups, he has never taken a bow or received a single round of applause. Since the cramped opening where he posts himself each night is covered by a periscopelike hood, he is unknown and unseen by the audience.

Again, during performances in the Metropolitan's current season, Ceroni will descend deep into the catacombs of the opera house, mount a steep flight of iron steps and crawl into the little rabbit hole, over the entrance to which is painted the legend *"In bocca al lupo."* Translated literally, this means "In the mouth of the wolf." Traditionally, among opera people, it means "Good luck."

Ceroni climbs up on his stool, places his score on the ledge, and sets a glistening convex mirror, which is attached to a metal frame, on the edge of the stage in front of him. For, while the prompter is the chief of staff at each performance, the conductor behind him is still the commander in chief, and Ceroni needs the mirror to pick up orders from the commander, even as he directs his soldiers on stage. After each performance, the mirror is carefully polished and stashed away in a cardboard box.

Kindly, cherub-faced Ceroni is not in the least perturbed by the aura of obscurity which shrouds his job. "So what if I never get applause and people know nothing about me?" he asks, in gently accented tones. "I am in the best position to hear the wonderful music each night and I have the honor to take charge of greatest artists in whole world. When I go home at night, my soul is satisfied, my heart is full. That is all that counts, is it not?"

The opera prompter plays an infinitely more important role than the prompter on the legitimate stage. Unlike the spoken theater, opera cannot pause if a performer gropes for a forgotten phrase. The orchestra and chorus are proceeding full blast, other singers may be singing at the same time, and the necessity for synchronizing every note and for having voices and instruments finish at the same moment is paramount. The prompter must prod the befuddled, flag down the overanxious, hurry the slowpokes, and, in general, keep the operatic traffic smoothly regulated.

He must do even more. An opera singer may perform 10 different roles during a season, but the prompter is supposed to know as many as 7,000 words for *each* role, in addition to all the intricacies of the music and the details of staging. As part of his business, Ceroni can't trust anybody to remember anything. He must keep an eye on every principal and chorister on stage to cue them with the proper words, and usually the proper musical pitch, *in advance* of their turns. This requires the hair-line precision of a high-wire dancer and an incredible fund of musical knowledge.

When operas which had not been heard in America for decades were inserted in the Met's calendar last season, as part of the "new broom" policy of general manager Rudolf Bing, it created no unusual problem for Ceroni. For, over the years, the prompter has packed his memory with a personal repertoire of 182 operas—which must be some kind of world record.

"A head that is full of musical scores has no room for silly worries," says Ceroni. "Music in your head makes you gay and happy. It is the best thing in the world—so much better than drinking champagne."

In his role as the opera singers' guardian angel, the prompter often has to untangle difficulties which have nothing to do with the musical score. When Dorothy Kirsten was singing the leading role in Madama Butterfly last year, her toe (unprotected by the open sandal she wore) caught in a crack in the Met's stage floor. As she yanked it loose, a bone was fractured and, even though she continued singing, she winced from the excruciating pain.

Ceroni, wide-awake and realizing that Miss Kirsten's part called for her to leave the stage for only a few minutes at that time, deserted his prompter's post to flash the S O S. A

(Continued on page 74)

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

The Day He Got Fired

By ROBERT LOWRY

"You wouldn't have come back to see me tonight," she said, "if you didn't think it could have been different. It could have been, Boyd. It could have been better"

YOU don't seem very excited about it," Carol said. "And Prim worked so hard on it, too." He looked up defensively from his soft-boiled egg, knowing that she meant the new tooth.

"Of course I'm excited," he told her. "I'm all for it." To prove it, he turned to Prim, bibbed and buckled and enthroned in her high chair, a dab of cereal on her chin which, in the excitement of the discovery, Carol had neglected to wipe off. "I extend my congratulations to Miss Primrose Hays for the magnificent feat of sprouting her second tooth."

"She'll never have a second tooth again," Carol said. "She may have a third and a fourth and a fifth tooth, but never a second one."

"That's something to think about, all right."

He kissed the baby on the cheek and kissed Carol, to her surprise, square on the mouth. "Take that, both of you," he said, and went out the side door into the garage, where he found the car as dead as stone. That damn' battery—he'd noticed it was low, but he'd put off having it charged.

"I'll have to take the bus," he said to Carol's surprised look, when he came back into the kitchen. "Which means I'll miss the seven thirty-two. The battery's dead," he added, when her look didn't change. "Call up Bud and ask him to see what's wrong, will you?" And he was gone.

His lateness made him feel uneasy on the train. For two solid years—ever since he and Carol had given up their apartment and moved out here—he had been catching the seven twenty, a local train made up in South Norwalk, and this was the eight eighteen, which came from New Haven and, of course, carried an entirely different cast of characters. Take Mike Krebs, studying his Times in that seat across the aisle, for example. Although he lived right down the street, Boyd hadn't seen him in four or five months. Probably caught this late train every morning, being a man of position in the wholesale grocery business. I guess the trains we take, Boyd thought, staring unseeingly at his Tribune, are a pretty good index of what we amount to financially. Maybe what I'm really working for, besides the mortgage, is the privilege of someday taking the eight eighteen every morning, like Krebs here.

Harry Tremel's secretary greeted Boyd with raised eyebrows when he got off the elevator.

"Mr. Tremel has been calling you all morning," she said, in that all-knowing voice of hers.

"What do you mean, 'all morning'?" Boyd demanded, bristling. "It's only nine thirty-five, you know."

She smiled, going into her Miss-Irresistible-of-1951 act by lowering her lids and sliding her eyes coyly in his direction. "Tem-puh! And so early in the day!"

He didn't weaken. "Anybody in with him now?"

"No, he's all alone—waiting for you."

Boyd went into his own office, hung up his coat, and fanned out the stack of morning mail on his desk, looking for anything there he ought to know about before he saw Tremel. There was the architect's estimate for the new wing on the plant (he read it quickly and shoved it into his pocket) and there was a really nasty letter from a wholesale house in Pittsburgh, claiming their shipment had come so badly packed that only half of it was usable. He stared at the polished desktop for a moment, wondering what Tremel could have on his mind, then went out, past Miss Irresistible's desk and into Harry Tremel's office.

They both had another drink. "We forgot to toast anything with the first one." She touched her glass to his. "To the ruins"

"Oh, hello there, Boyd," Harry Tremel said, glancing up and then staring down again at the papers on his desk. "I was just asking about you."

"Car wouldn't start, so I missed my train," Boyd said. "I'm going to have to shoot it in the head and get a new one, I guess."

Harry didn't smile. He just said, "Yes, those things are bound to happen when you live in the country," and went on giving Boyd a look at his bald spot.

Two minutes later, Harry surprised him by saying to his papers, "How's that baby of yours—get over her cold?"

Boyd didn't get it, this sudden interest in his family, although now he did remember mentioning the baby's cold a couple of weeks ago. "Yeah, we got out of that all right," he said. It sounded kind of flat, so he added, "She even gave us a little bonus this morning—a new tooth."

"Oh, a new tooth, eh?" Still Harry didn't look up. "First one?"

"Second," said Boyd.

As Harry raised his head and took off his horn-rimmed glasses, his round blue eyes, the size of Ping-pong balls, met Boyd's for the first time.

"Sit down, Boyd. You know better than to stand in this office."

But when Boyd sat down, Harry Tremel stood up, came around from behind his desk, and leaned against it. "Boyd, you kind of got us into a little trouble signing us up with that new outfit down in Philadelphia, didn't you?"

"H. & S. Glass? I thought they were giving us plenty of business."

"That's right," Harry said. "About eleven thousand, two hundred and fourteen dollars' worth, to be exact. I believe you were the one who wanted to okay their credit even though we got that bad report on them, weren't you?"

"Didn't we both decide on that?"

"I don't think so, Boyd. I remember I took your word for it. And I don't think I'm going to want to take your word on these matters any more. They filed for bankruptcy yesterday."

BOYD felt a cool breeze touch his forehead. Whether Harry would admit it or not, *he* was the one who'd put the final okay on the Glass account.

"Of course, we might be able to get some of the stuff back, but that's not the point. We're going to lose dough on this, Boyd—more dough than we like to lose." He looked toward the window, then stuck a forefinger into his pocket and brought out a cigar. Boyd thought for a moment Harry was going to offer it to him; but he bit off the end.

"I'm going to fire you for this, Boyd."

Boyd didn't move. He looked at Harry's pink face and waited for him to say more.

"I guess we better consider this two weeks' notice, okay? And I'll give you a month's severance pay. How's that?"

Boyd didn't answer him, and Harry sat down at his desk again.

"You've had a serious job, and you've been helping to make serious decisions. I think you probably made the mistake of taking all this pretty much for granted."

"All right," Boyd said. "I won't need the sermon, Harry. You and I both know you got the whole story about the Glass account and then put your own okay on it."

Harry blew out a cloud of smoke. "I don't intend to argue with you about this, Boyd. You'll have to agree I'm being pretty generous with you."

Boyd said, "What do you want me to do here for the next two weeks?"

"I want you to do just what you've been doing," Harry said. "We'll just go along as if nothing had happened, and in the meantime you'll probably find yourself another job."

Boyd started to go, but stopped sidewise to hear Harry say, "Incidentally, you don't have to tell people the real reason you're leaving here. Why don't you just say you quit? Look better all around."

Boyd nailed the mealymouthed pig with a long stare. "The truth is good enough for me, Harry."

MISS IRRESISTIBLE smiled wisely at him as he went past her desk, but he didn't return her smile. He closed his office door behind him, unlocked his desk drawer, took out an unopened pint, opened it, and had himself a drink. Then he had himself another drink.

First he thought: Wait'll Carol gets the news. She and Prim will start wearing black immediately. Black diapers for that girl from now on.

Then he thought: The nerve of that soft-soaping pig, asking about my baby's cold.

He locked up the bottle and sat down and looked at his calendar: three appointments in the office and one across town at eleven thirty, plus a lunch date. It was going to be a hard day to get through.

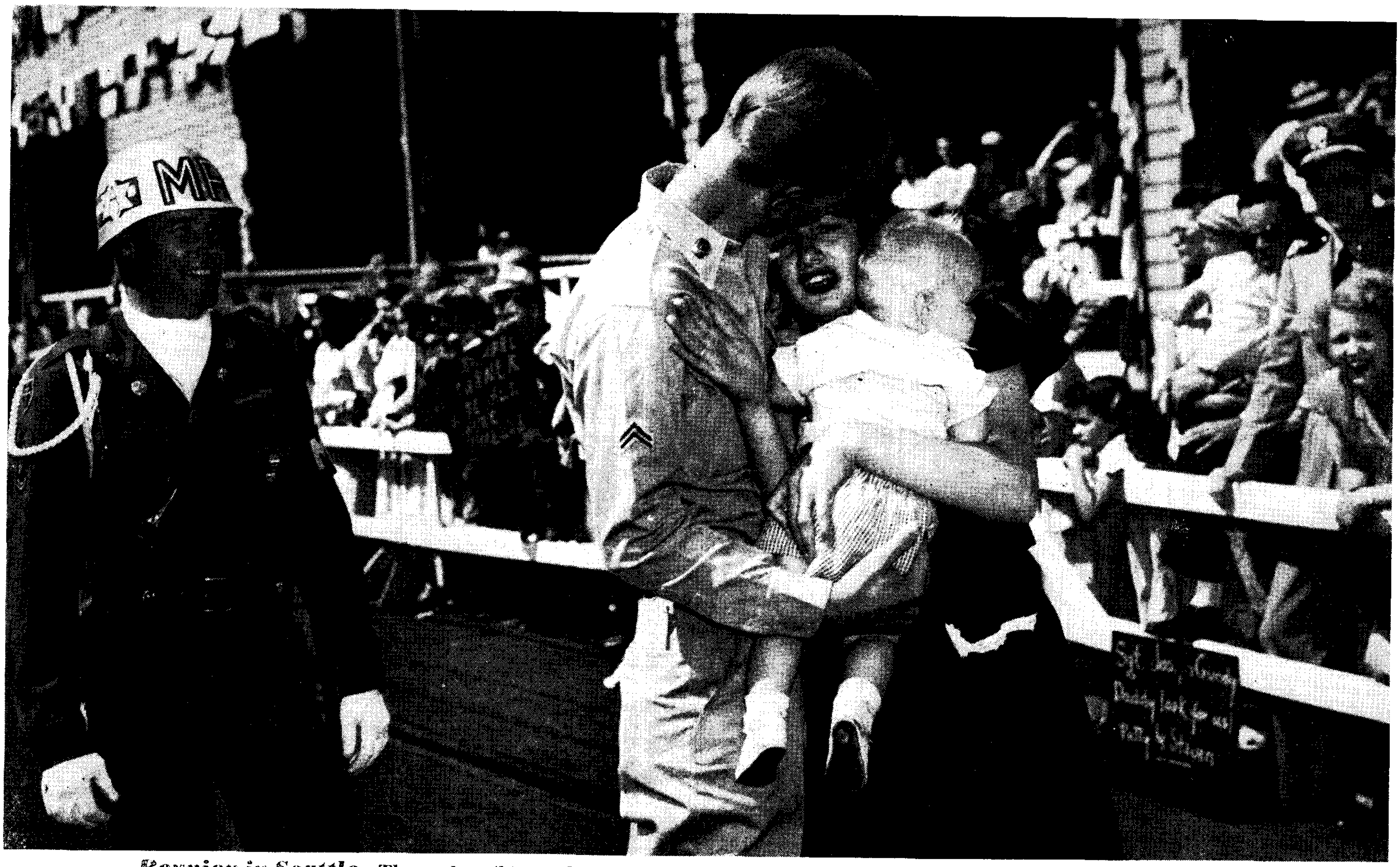
But he got through it—aided by a couple of extra Martinis at lunch and the cool automatonism that he had taught himself since he had come to work for Harry Tremel. At five twenty, as on any other day, he turned the corner at Forty-second Street, heading for Grand Central and the train he'd been getting almost every evening for the past two years.

But he wasn't the same. The steady swarm of faces bobbing toward him and past him from the other direction seemed etched and stark and real in a way they never had before; and he was conscious of their eyes on him, as if just today he had become real for them, too. These purple buildings, spangled with more and more rectangles of light as the New York autumn night came alive, became again for him, momentarily this evening, the tall, foreign cliffs they had seemed half a dozen years ago when he had brought his Army discharge papers and a couple of dreams here from Ohio.

Remembering himself as he was in those days before he had met Carol, before anyone like Prim had come into his life, before he had had lunch that first time with Harry Tremel and taken the job, he suddenly saw that he had been a better man then; a freer man, a man to whom the fact of a lost job would mean nothing. This man he had become—this anxious commuter walking automatically toward the station with all the boredom and defeat of his life dogging his heels—was someone he would have

(*Continued on page 70*)

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG



Reunion in Seattle. **The author (l.) watches emotional meeting between Cpl. Donald Liedhal, Tacoma, and family**

LARRY DION

I See Them Kiss and Cry

By SGT. DONALD STRINGFELLOW with PAUL B. LOWNEY

Women sob and battle-hardened men weep as Korea vets march off the ship at Seattle. This MP is supposed to keep them apart, but "my job seems to get swept away in a sea of tears and laughter"

SOMETIMES I think I have the toughest job in the world. I'm a military police sergeant at the Seattle Port of Embarkation. That's where many of our troops leave from when they're on their way to Korea, and where they catch their first good look at U.S. soil on their return from combat. Nowadays, with a rotation program under way, the traffic is pretty heavy both ways.

But it's the returning soldiers I want to talk about first, because it's they who make my job tough. Or, rather, it's their wives and their mothers and fathers, and all the other relatives who are on hand for that emotional, soul-stirring meeting.

I'm supposed to keep the men moving off the ship and into convoy trucks. At the same time, I'm supposed to keep their relatives behind the little white fences which inclose the visitors' area. But when the eyes of those on the pier meet the eyes of their returned loved ones, I simply give up.

My job seems to get swept away in a sea of joy, kisses, tears and laughter.

An MP sergeant is supposed to be tough, but this situation is a little special. These men getting off the Navy transports are not just ordinary soldiers. They are the ones who slugged it out along the Naktong River; the ones who fought bitterly at Taegu; who grimly held on the toe of the peninsula near Pusan; who suffered from cold and enemy mortars in the retreat to Hamhung. These are the men who stormed the beaches at Inchon; who were clobbered by the North Koreans and Chinese near the Chosen Reservoir at one time, and then turned around at another time and annihilated thousands of the enemy. These were the first men in the fighting, the men who held on until the nation gathered its strength.

And down on the pier are the people to whom these soldiers belong, waiting impatiently for a chance to get their arms around the boys who made it back.

What can I do?

Most reunions at the port are between husbands and wives, and if you ever lose faith in love and marriage, I recommend that you come to the port and watch a troopship unload. I think I have had to break up some of the tightest clinches, the sobbingest hugs, the most tearful reunions ever performed in public in broad daylight. Sure, I break them up. I just can't hold up a line of troops burning to get to Fort Lawton, and processed, and on their way home. But it isn't easy.

Perhaps at other ports of embarkation there are wives who are calm and in complete control of themselves when they greet their husbands. But not the ones I see. The ones I see have come racing across the country by car, bus, train and plane, from Georgia, Texas, New York, and practically every other state in the Union; at the dock they come charging over the little white fences, past the helpless military police and into the arms of the soldiers struggling down the gangways with their cumbersome barracks bags. I have stopped trying to halt them, and so have most of the other MPs. All we do now is keep down the clinching time when the men are moving to the convoy trucks.

One wife I will never forget was a girl I first noticed one day last summer shortly before the United States Naval Ship Private Joe P. Martinez docked. She was a brunette, about twenty-two years old, wearing a white knit dress, and she looked strikingly beautiful, standing there in the bright sunlight with her face lifted toward the ship, while the port band blared behind her and bare-legged baton twirlers pranced up and down the pier.

Her eyes kept searching the troops along the ship's rail for the face of her husband. Then she scanned the faces of the soldiers as they stepped off the gangplank and hurried past her. After scores had debarked, her look—a mixture of impatience, hope and fear—began to haunt me. She stood there in a world of her own, completely oblivious of the surrounding excitement and din, and long after the other wives and relatives had found their loved ones, she kept watching intensely.

I, too, began to worry. Her husband's name—Sergeant John Marshall of Wakefield, Massachusetts—was on the passenger list, but he hadn't answered when he was paged over the loud-speaker.

Finally, nearly every soldier was off the ship. Outwardly, Helen Marshall appeared calm, but inside I knew she must be going crazy. By that time, half a dozen Army and Navy officials on the pier—plus a few newspaper reporters—were running around trying to find the sergeant. No luck.

Then, so suddenly it was breath-taking, the fear vanished from her face, and she became a radiant picture of joy and happiness. Down the gangplank, the very last man off the ship, came Sergeant John Marshall.

She hit him like a bolt of lightning and smothered him with arms, kisses and tears. The impact knocked off her earrings, and I went looking for them on the pier. I never did find them, possibly because I wasn't seeing so well. At that moment, neither was anyone else.

That was an exciting meeting. But perhaps the greatest emotional wallop, sort of a double jolt, comes when a soldier walks off the ship to greet his wife—and a child he has never seen. I don't recall a single ship arrival that hasn't had one of these scenes, and they're really something to see.

The pattern is generally the same in all cases. The husband first embraces his damp-eyed wife, and then, thoroughly self-conscious, waits for her to make the introductions to his child. After a rather curious and disbelieving inspection, accompanied by the usual remarks ("My, isn't she big?" or, "I think he looks a little like me") he gets to hold the infant. Maybe it's the way they hold them or maybe it's something else, but as often as not the infants burst out crying.

On the arrival of the USNS Marine Phoenix not long ago, an Austrian war bride, Mrs. Clement R. Rondeau, of Seattle, went racing past the little white fence with her three-weeks-old baby, Robert, never seen by his father. At her heels hurried a Tacoma woman, Mrs. David Ewing, with her infant, Donald, whom *her* soldier husband had never seen. At the foot of the gangplank, they all flew into one another's arms. It was a heart-rending moment of confusion: sobbing, smeared make-up, laughter, clutching arms.

That same day, the whole theme of these arrivals was summed up by a little girl about as well as it can be done. While the Phoenix was being made ready for debarkation, I heard a family discussing greeting priorities for a home-coming soldier, Sergeant First Class Roy L. McCracken, of Portland, Oregon. Of course, when the sergeant got down the gangway, priorities tumbled. He was mobbed. But it was the sergeant's little niece, Jeannie McCracken, who stole the show. She grabbed him and kissed him repeatedly—all the while chanting, "Kiss, kiss, kiss . . ." She had got the idea perfectly.

Meetings of fathers with children they've never seen are, as I've said, a pierside commonplace. But how about a meeting of mother and son who are strangers to each other? I saw it happen, and I'll never forget it.

The son was a nineteen-year-old combat soldier fresh off the USNS General M. C. Meigs from Korea, Private Donald Lee Sportsman, of Petaluma, California. His mother, Mrs. LaVetta Day, of Seattle, had spent nearly 17 years looking for Danny after he had been taken away at the age of two and one half by her estranged husband. The divorce decree had given her custody of the child, but she had never been able to find him.

Finally, a paternal aunt had disclosed that the boy was in Korea, had suffered frostbite, and was due back soon. Eagerly, the mother had every passenger list checked, and eventually her son's name turned up. She came to the port and waited impatiently on the pier.

After the ship docked, (*Continued on page 52*)

SEATTLE TIMES

[illegible] came from Montana to see Pvt. Rudolph Comesup off to Korea. Rules said no, but . . .

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

[illegible] greet M/Sgt. Harry Lister, of Herington, Kan., as he meets wife and son

SEATTLE TIMES

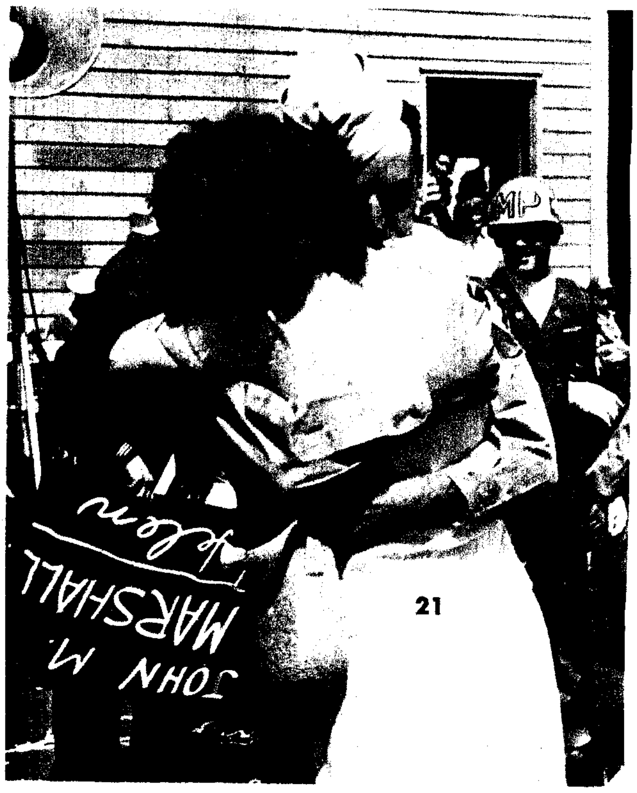
"[illegible]" chants little Jeannie McCracken, and she suits the action to the words as she welcomes her uncle, Sgt./1c Roy McCracken, of Portland, Ore., home from Korea. His wife is at right

Mother and son meet after 17 years: Pvt. D. L. Sportsman, of Petaluma, Calif., and Mrs. LaVetta Day

DICK CAMERON

Delayed greeting. Sgt. John Marshall, Wakefield, Mass., debarked late, scared wife

SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER



ALBERT
DORNE

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

Father had spoken and, so far as he was concerned, the subject was closed. Martin Quinlan was a dangerous radical and a rascally Irishman, and Clara was never to see him again

By FREEMAN PHILLIPS

MY SISTER Clara's wedding to Martin Quinlan is still clear in my mind today although it took place a little over half a century ago. I was eleven then. I can still see my father and Martin Quinlan, two big men, glaring at each other out of the corners of their eyes as though only the fact that there were women and children present was keeping them from coming to blows.

And I can see my sister standing between them at the altar, serenely oblivious to the scandalized hum of conversation that went on all through the ceremony. Clara was twenty-eight and the general opinion was that she was very lucky to have acquired a husband at that age, regardless of how. But I knew that luck had had little to do with bringing the wedding about. The credit for that went to my mother. . . .

My mother was a gentle woman, with smooth brown hair only lightly touched with gray, and a warm, quiet smile. Although she had a great deal of poise, she was always a little shy with strangers, perhaps because of the sheltered life she led. She had married when she was seventeen and left the home of one strict, domineering man for that of another.

She hated arguing or wrangling of any sort, and in most matters, in order to maintain peace, she deferred readily to Father's wishes. However, on the few occasions when she found it necessary to oppose him, she displayed an iron determination which was more than a match for his own. One of those occasions was when Clara wanted to go to work. That was shortly after her twenty-seventh birthday.

Clara was pretty enough—she had thick blonde hair and blue eyes—but she was also strong-willed and independent, and this had discouraged most of the young men who came to call on her. She was bored with staying at home and she wanted to get a job in a business office.

Father, of course, was dead against it, but Mother sided with Clara, I suppose because she hoped that in the business world my sister would meet a man who suited her. At any rate, in her quietly determined way, she went to work on Father and, after a stormy week, she got his permission. Clara went to secretarial school for a few months and then Father got her a job with Webster and Webster, an accounting firm which he considered to be reliable. It was there that my sister met and fell in love with Martin Quinlan, an occurrence which permanently shook my father's faith in the Messrs. Webster.

With a bland smile, Father would pleasantly lead a witness straight into a trap. Then he would pounce, waving his forefinger like an avenging sword under the victim's nose

Our first meeting with Martin Quinlan was a memorable one.

The evening before it, Clara had announced that she'd invited a young man to call. I remember the look of hopeful interest that came into Mother's eye as she said with studied casualness, "That's nice, dear. Is it anyone we know?"

"No. I met him at work. He's a client of ours," Clara said. That was all she said, but they must have had some other way of communicating, for presently Mother went to the kitchen and began making a fruitcake, which was her specialty and reserved only for special occasions.

Quinlan arrived at our house the next evening at eight. He was a big, roughhewn man with a mop of shaggy red hair and the heavy, broad shoulders of one who'd labored with his hands and back. He looked baffled, a little angry and acutely uncomfortable.

He had started the evening off with what must have seemed to him a horrible blunder. In his full baritone he had said, "Good evening, Mrs. Roper. I'm Martin Quinlan," to Katie, our maid, when she opened the door. Then, when he saw my mother and realized his mistake, he flushed painfully and even Mother's gentle smile couldn't quite put him at his ease.

His distress melted Mother's usual reserve with strangers. "Good evening, Mr. Quinlan. I'm so glad you could come. This is Mr. Roper, and Theodore—Mr. Quinlan."

He shook hands stiffly with Father and me.

"Clara!" Mother yoo-hooed prettily up the stairs. "She'll be down in a moment, I'm sure. She's still busy with her hair, I'm afraid." She motioned him to the sofa and he sat down carefully, placing his big hands on his knees. "My, hasn't it been warm these past few days," she said.

"Yes, very warm." There was a trace of an Irish brogue in his speech.

"Today was especially lovely, I thought. Although I'm always afraid when it gets warm so early in the season that it only leads to colds. Don't you think so, Mr. Quinlan?"

"I very rarely catch cold."

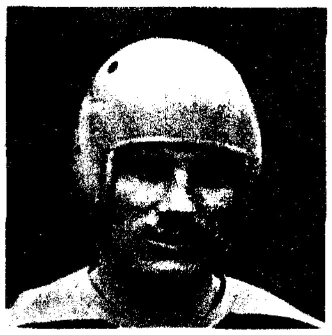
"Oh, you're *so* fortunate, Mr. Quinlan," Mother cried passionately. "My family has always been very susceptible to colds." *(Continued on page* 43)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT DORNE

The Best Pros I Ever Saw

In a decade of coaching Philadelphia's Eagles, the famed mentor saw many great players—and picking 11 wasn't easy. But here they are, and the author also reveals how he got his team ready for games, the inside story of TD plays and his grid philosophy

POS.	PLAYER	PRO TEAM	SCHOOL
LE	*Don Hutson*	*Packers*	*Alabama*
LT	*Arnie Weinmeister*	*Giants*	*U. of Wash.*
LG	*Danny Fortmann*	*Bears*	*Colgate*
C	*Mel Hein*	*Giants*	*Wash. State*
RG	*Garrard Ramsey*	*Cardinals*	*Wm. & Mary*
RT	*Stan Mauldin*	*Cardinals*	*Texas*
RE	*Tom Fears*	*Rams*	*UCLA*
Q	*Otto Graham*	*Browns*	*Northwestern*
LH	*Steve Van Buren*	*Eagles*	*LSU*
RH	*George McAfee*	*Bears*	*Duke*
F	*Joe Muha*	*Eagles*	*VMI*


Don Hutson

Joe Muha

Arnie Weinmeister

George McAfee

Danny Fortmann

Steve Van Buren

Mel Hein

Garrard Ramsey

Stan Mauldin

Tom Fears

Otto Graham

With an exciting account of his decade as coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, Alfred Earle (Greasy) Neale ends the story of a football career which began more than 40 years ago, when he starred for his high-school team in Parkersburg, West Virginia. Fans will find thrills in his stories of great games and players—and deep interest in his report on how he was dismissed by the Philadelphia pro club

III

PROFESSIONAL football was in the horse-and-buggy stage when I received $75 for playing my first game with the Canton Bulldogs in 1917. It has now progressed to the point where I'm being paid $15,000 for *not* coaching the Philadelphia Eagles this fall. I have seen the pro game expand from an informal sport to one of the most exacting of them all.

John Kellison, my teammate with West Virginia Wesleyan and my assistant in almost every football coaching job I've ever had, used to tell the Eagle squad stories of our early playing days with Canton and I don't think the players ever believed pro football was such a hit-or-miss sport at any stage.

Pro football players in those days often didn't see one another from Sunday to Sunday and weren't always in condition. I recall one Sunday morning when Jim Thorpe, one of the greatest of them all, lined up the Canton squad in a hotel room in Akron and asked us how much of the game we thought we could play. Most of us were coaching football at different schools and the general answer was, "Put me down for a half, Jim," or, "I think maybe I can go 40 minutes."

When Thorpe asked Kellison how long he would play, Honest John replied, "Sixty minutes, Jim. That's what I came over here to play and that's what I'm being paid to play."

The big Indian always had a soft spot in his heart for Kellison. After one of John's early games with Canton he was wandering around and Thorpe noticed his worried look. He learned "Kelly" wanted to get paid and get back to West Virginia.

"Jim will take care of that," said Thorpe, reaching into his pocket and peeling off five $20 bills.

"It's too much," protested Kellison. "I agreed to play for $75. I'm just small-fry."

"Here's twenty-five more," said Jim, boosting the ante to $125, "you were the best damn' player on the field."

Although the players weren't drilled and weren't in very good shape, don't think those old pro games weren't rugged. I recall one in which Kellison, playing tackle, was holding the end all day so he couldn't get downfield for passes. Fred Nesser, one of six brothers who played football around Columbus, was in a rage at Kelly's tactics.

"I'll massacre you when this game is over," grimly threatened Nesser.

Concluding: FOOTBALL IS MY LIFE By GREASY NEALE with TOM MEANY

"I reckon I'll still be here when it happens," promised John.

When the game ended, Nesser started at Kellison and John stood his ground, although Nesser was about 240 and built like a heavyweight fighter which, as a matter of fact, he was. Instead of the expected clout, Kelly saw the onrushing Nesser's extended right hand.

"Put it there, kid," said Fred. "That's the way to play the game."

Thorpe remained a good player long after he left Carlisle, which was in 1912. In one game in 1919, I saw him get off two 75-yard punts. And the amazing thing about the kicks was that each was taken by Tuffy Conn, who ran them back through the entire Canton team until he caught up with Jim, who had to make the tackle in each instance.

In addition to playing with Canton, I also had two professional coaching jobs before I came to the Eagles. I played and coached the Dayton Triangles during World War I and had an unbeaten season, and in 1930 I coached the Ironton, Ohio, Tanks, who beat both the Bears and the Giants in exhibition games. It was with the Tanks that I first saw the Chicago Bears' T-formation of George Halas. We played a seven-man line against it and stopped it fairly well.

I didn't know it at the time but that was one of the few times I was to have the satisfaction of beating Halas, one of the best coaches in the game. I can console myself with the knowledge that nobody beats George very often. The Eagles while I was there only beat the Bears once, in 1948 when we won our first championship. And the next year, George came back and beat us in the only game we lost out of a 12-game schedule.

Before the Man-in-Motion Rule

When the Tanks used a seven-man line against the Halas T in 1930, the man-in-motion had not yet been added to the attack. Red Grange and Bronko Nagurski were in the Bears' backfield, but were outgained by our two stars, Glenn Presnell of Nebraska and Keith Molesworth of Monmouth, in Illinois. And when we beat the Giants, Presnell outpassed Benny Friedman, the former Michigan star.

Using the name of Mitchell, because I didn't want my wife to know I was playing, I played one game with Ironton against the Portsmouth Spartans. I was then just a few weeks short of my thirty-ninth birthday but I was in fairly good shape, as I had played the outfield all summer for the Clarksburg, West Virginia, club of the Middle Atlantic League, which I managed.

The decision to play grew out of a combination of a player shortage and my own stubborn pride. When I told Nick McMahon, the manager, I was going to play, he looked at me as if I were out of my mind. I finally bet the manager and a friend of his, Jack Welch, who managed boxers in Akron, $100 that I'd play, another hundred that I'd play the entire game, still another hundred that we'd win and $50 that I'd score a touchdown. I collected all bets but the last and, although I ached in every joint, the only wound I brought out of the battle was a mouse under one eye. It was the first thing my wife saw when she met me a few days later.

"Earle," said Genevieve accusingly, "you've been fighting."

I assured her that I hadn't.

"Then you played in that game in Portsmouth the other night," she said. "You're a bigger fool than I thought you were."

I shudder to think what would happen today if a man approaching his thirty-ninth birthday, who hadn't played football in years, attempted to horn into one of the National Football League games. Or the debacle that would result if a pro coach gave out assignments on the morning of the game, as Thorpe used to do with us back in Akron. In the 10 years spent coaching college football after leaving Ironton, I still followed the pros and noted their improvement.

When I first met Alexis Thompson, a wealthy young sportsman, for dinner in Mori's in New Haven in 1940, when I was coaching under Raymond (Ducky) Pond at Yale, I hadn't the faintest idea of who he was or why he wanted to see me. It came as a complete surprise when he told me he planned to buy a National Football League franchise and had been advised to hire me as coach.

I told Thompson I wanted a three-year contract at $12,000 a year and he offered me $10,000, but we settled on my figure with a minimum of bickering. It was about the only financial discussion we had in our association. Thompson was an ideal boss. He took financial losses and defeats on the gridiron in stride and it was a source of great satisfaction to me that I was able to give him the championship he desired before we parted.

Thompson had options on the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh teams (he was undecided which to take up), and he told me he would pay my expenses to as many pro games as possible that fall so I would have a line on the personnel of the National League. I saw two games that fall which made a deep impression on me: the Bears beating the Giants 37-21 at the Polo Grounds, after leading them 30-0 at the half, and the Bears slaughtering the Redskins 73-0 in the play-off at Washington.

These games made me decide to use the T-formation with the pros, although I didn't know a single block from the T. Presnell, who had played for me at Ironton, was assistant coach at Nebraska, which played Stanford in the Rose Bowl that year. He gave me as many tips on Stanford's T as he could. Stanford was coached by Clark Shaughnessy, who assisted Halas with the Bears. And, through a great stroke of luck, I was able to get a print of a newsreel film of the Bears' rout of the Redskins. Some of the high lights had been edited out but there was enough for me to study.

And study those films I did. It's a miracle I haven't got klieg eyes today, because I spent from five to six hours a day for five months going over those pictures in the Manhattan apartment of Lex Thompson. I got so I could even tell which way Sid Luckman bent his knee when he got down to take the ball from center.

I've often said that I never had to coach until I went into the National Football League. That, of course, is an oversimplification, but in the pros you run across such specialists as Luckman, Don Hutson, Sammy Baugh, Otto Graham, Tuffy Leemans and Don Waterfield, and it becomes necessary to build an entire defense against them. Ordinary pass-defense systems, for instance, meant nothing against a receiver as gifted as Hutson or a passer like Baugh. I thought Sammy was the best I had ever seen until I saw Graham of the Browns. Graham runs better than Sammy and is a better T quarterback, in my opinion.

It was difficult getting started with the Eagles. For one thing, after Thompson had paid $160,000 for the franchise, the Philadelphia Eagle and Pittsburgh Steeler squads were pooled by their former owners and then redistributed. This meant we not only had a group of players who were strange to the coaching staff but players who were strangers to one another. It took time for these men to adjust themselves to new methods and personalities.

Best Player and Biggest Headache

After the club was purchased, I attended my first draft meeting. I had some help from Wellington Mara, son of Tim, the founder of the Giants, and from Steve Owen, the Giant coach. Of our 18 draft choices, we signed 13, among them Vic Sears from Oregon State, a big tackle who is still with the Eagles. We had ceded our first draft choice to the Giants in exchange for Len Barnum, a former West Virginia quarterback. Our best player and, at the beginning, our biggest headache was Tommy Thompson, who had been with the Steelers in 1940 and who today is one of the best quarterbacks in the league.

Tommy was a hard boy to know in those days. He was a problem to teach quarterback play early in our acquaintance. The first time I ever saw Thompson, who had played at Tulsa, get under a center, I knew I had a great quarterback in the making but he resisted my every effort to get close to him. At a team party after the season, he calmly told me he'd never play for me again, due to a fine I had imposed upon him. Tommy got married that winter, and his wife, Dodie, helped a great deal in improving my relations with him. A raise in pay didn't do any harm, either.

I am a firm believer in the theory that a coach should know his players off the field as well as on. The once moody Thompson, for instance, became a frequent golfing opponent of mine. With the assistance of Kellison, who rejoined me with the Eagles, and my wife, we managed to make the squad pretty much of a family affair. I golfed with the players and played bridge with them while Kelly played gin rummy

(Continued on page 58)

They coached the Philadelphia Eagles: Charles Ewart, backfield; Neale; John Kellison, line

ACME

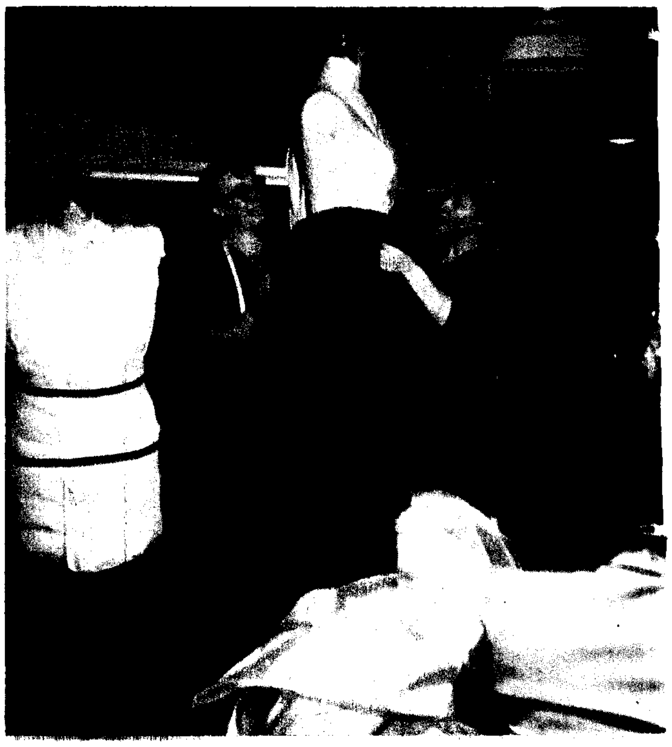
EAGLES
EAGLES
EAGLES

"Oh, to Be Naked in Bergdorf's

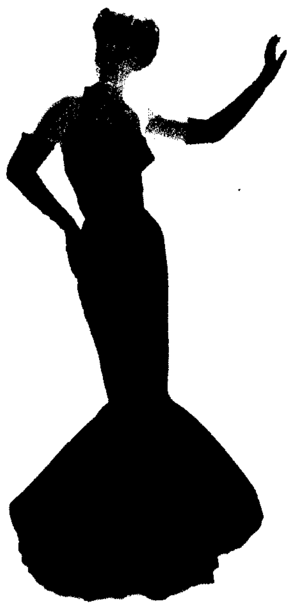
Bergdorf's models wearing gowns created by its designers for store's 50th anniversary ball last month. Proceeds went to a cancer fund

Bergdorf sells merchandise for men, too. The men's corner of the Five-in-One Shop, on the main floor, however, is patronized chiefly by women, who buy for their husbands and friends

Miss Esther (l.), who uses no last name, and Adele Landsberg, fitters in custom department



-with a Checkbook!”



That's the deep-down dream of many a fashion-minded woman, dazzled by the sight of $295 nighties and $40,000 furs. In this swank New York store there is no high sales pressure, but lots of elegance and pampering

By BOOTON HERNDON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD BEATTIE

IN THE square at Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City's plushiest corner, stands one of the most self-conscious statues in the world. Situated right by the imposing nine-story marble edifice which houses Bergdorf Goodman, the famed women's specialty store, it is indeed a forlorn-looking figure of a female.

You can see why immediately: the poor creature, though titled the Fountain of Abundance, is cowering without a stitch on—and within a mink-stole's throw of one of the ritziest operations in the world of fashion.

Daily, the subway-riding little girls in Bergdorf's credit department on the fifth floor shuffle cards marked Astor, Du Pont, Ford, Hutton, Rockefeller and Vanderbilt; and the names of the Duchess of Windsor, Madame Chiang Kai-shek and the former Queen of Spain are also no strangers to them.

On October 16th just past, the store celebrated its fiftieth birthday with a Golden Anniversary ball at the swank Hotel Plaza. The list of customers invited read like a cross between the Social Register and an income tax collector's dream, and the place was jammed with people who paid $50 per plate (turned over *in toto* to the New York City Cancer Committee, a division of the American Cancer Society) to help a worthy charity and, perhaps incidentally, to prove to the world that they had a charge account at Bergdorf's.

Unless you happen to be up to your neck in rubies at the moment, you may have difficulty imagining just how much money some ladies manage to drop per annum at Bergdorf Goodman. Several individual accounts have hit $100,000 a year; dozens exceed $50,000. One of the really big accounts is a lady who raises poodles. The only social functions she attends—garbed from skin to mink and tip to toe in Bergdorf Goodman exclusives—are dog shows. Well doused in a Bergdorf-exclusive perfume, her approach can be detected by the least keen-scented canine in the show while she is still far away—and upwind, too. Another lady had an ensemble dyed to match her dog; and another had her car repainted to match her ensemble.

Most of Bergdorf's top-bracket customers shop in a well-bred, unspectacular way, and the store cooperates by avoiding any suggestion of "pressuring" its patrons. Take Mrs. William E. and Mrs. Edward F. Hutton, socialite wives of the Wall Street brokers, and the latter's daughter, Mrs. Edward Patterson. During the seasonal showings of exclusives in the custom *salon* on the fourth floor, where prices range upward from a minimum of $395 for a simple dress, all three come in unobtrusively to see the showings, make a little list of what they want and order them, as simply as that.

One day recently Miss Ethel Frankau, the cool and confident director of the made-to-order department and a lady who can *out-grande-dame* nine tenths of her customers, had to drop everything and dash to the rescue of Mrs. Patterson. Andrew Goodman, son of the owner and president of the firm, had struck up a conversation with the young lady. Fortunately, before he had a chance to commit the indescribable blunder of trying to sell a customer something, Miss Frankau arrived on the scene and sent the boss packing.

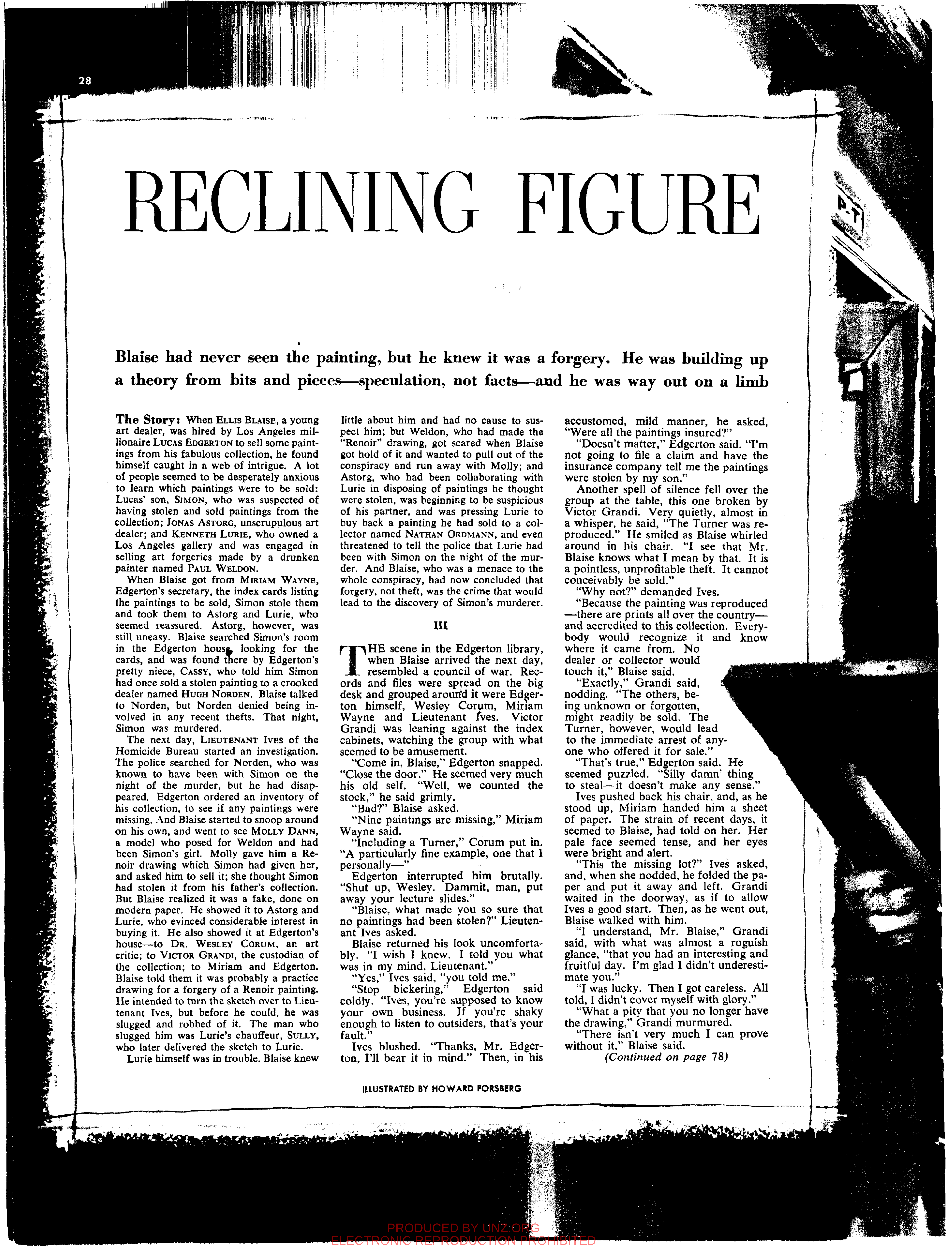
As taxes have bitten deeply into the incomes of Bergdorf's customers in recent years, the number of big spenders has dropped. Joseph Rothenberg, the store's bustling financial manager, figures that many of the ladies who spend $60,000 or so a year on clothes must be dipping into their capital to do so. These people can't go on like that forever, and Bergdorf is making a deliberate effort to get people of what it calls moderate incomes ($10,000 a year and up) into the store.

The real characters of years gone by have mostly disappeared from the B-G customer roster. There was the germ-conscious lady who was always accompanied by a footman bearing a spray gun loaded with germicide, which he squirted vigorously on friend and foe alike. There was the motoring multimillionaire who had installed solid gold fixtures on his limousine; he had Bergdorf make up his lap robes in fine mink. There was the dowager who kept one entire group—the head fitter and a dozen girls—busy the year around making hats for her, and her alone. And there was the heiress who once bought

(Continued on page 65)

Standing, l. to r.: Sally Freed, cosmetics; Dorothy Bank, lingerie; Ann Farber, consultant; Helen Walker, custom manager; Dorothy Abbott, sports buyer; James Feldman, furs; Mae Griffin, mail order; and Murray Singer, furs. Seated: Ethel Frankau, custom directress; Mae Miller, accessories; Edwin Goodman, board chairman; Joe Rothenberg, financial manager

Doorman Frank Frizell helps a customer into her car. Frizell's duties include fetching a floor manager to wait on a woman who does her shopping while sitting in her limousine



RECLINING FIGURE

Blaise had never seen the painting, but he knew it was a forgery. He was building up a theory from bits and pieces—speculation, not facts—and he was way out on a limb

The Story: When Ellis Blaise, a young art dealer, was hired by Los Angeles millionaire Lucas Edgerton to sell some paintings from his fabulous collection, he found himself caught in a web of intrigue. A lot of people seemed to be desperately anxious to learn which paintings were to be sold: Lucas' son, Simon, who was suspected of having stolen and sold paintings from the collection; Jonas Astorg, unscrupulous art dealer; and Kenneth Lurie, who owned a Los Angeles gallery and was engaged in selling art forgeries made by a drunken painter named Paul Weldon.

When Blaise got from Miriam Wayne, Edgerton's secretary, the index cards listing the paintings to be sold, Simon stole them and took them to Astorg and Lurie, who seemed reassured. Astorg, however, was still uneasy. Blaise searched Simon's room in the Edgerton house, looking for the cards, and was found there by Edgerton's pretty niece, Cassy, who told him Simon had once sold a stolen painting to a crooked dealer named Hugh Norden. Blaise talked to Norden, but Norden denied being involved in any recent thefts. That night, Simon was murdered.

The next day, Lieutenant Ives of the Homicide Bureau started an investigation. The police searched for Norden, who was known to have been with Simon on the night of the murder, but he had disappeared. Edgerton ordered an inventory of his collection, to see if any paintings were missing. And Blaise started to snoop around on his own, and went to see Molly Dann, a model who posed for Weldon and had been Simon's girl. Molly gave him a Renoir drawing which Simon had given her, and asked him to sell it; she thought Simon had stolen it from his father's collection. But Blaise realized it was a fake, done on modern paper. He showed it to Astorg and Lurie, who evinced considerable interest in buying it. He also showed it at Edgerton's house—to Dr. Wesley Corum, an art critic; to Victor Grandi, the custodian of the collection; to Miriam and Edgerton. Blaise told them it was probably a practice drawing for a forgery of a Renoir painting. He intended to turn the sketch over to Lieutenant Ives, but before he could, he was slugged and robbed of it. The man who slugged him was Lurie's chauffeur, Sully, who later delivered the sketch to Lurie.

Lurie himself was in trouble. Blaise knew little about him and had no cause to suspect him; but Weldon, who had made the "Renoir" drawing, got scared when Blaise got hold of it and wanted to pull out of the conspiracy and run away with Molly; and Astorg, who had been collaborating with Lurie in disposing of paintings he thought were stolen, was beginning to be suspicious of his partner, and was pressing Lurie to buy back a painting he had sold to a collector named Nathan Ordmann, and even threatened to tell the police that Lurie had been with Simon on the night of the murder. And Blaise, who was a menace to the whole conspiracy, had now concluded that forgery, not theft, was the crime that would lead to the discovery of Simon's murderer.

III

The scene in the Edgerton library, when Blaise arrived the next day, resembled a council of war. Records and files were spread on the big desk and grouped around it were Edgerton himself, Wesley Corum, Miriam Wayne and Lieutenant Ives. Victor Grandi was leaning against the index cabinets, watching the group with what seemed to be amusement.

"Come in, Blaise," Edgerton snapped. "Close the door." He seemed very much his old self. "Well, we counted the stock," he said grimly.

"Bad?" Blaise asked.

"Nine paintings are missing," Miriam Wayne said.

"Including a Turner," Corum put in. "A particularly fine example, one that I personally—"

Edgerton interrupted him brutally. "Shut up, Wesley. Dammit, man, put away your lecture slides."

"Blaise, what made you so sure that no paintings had been stolen?" Lieutenant Ives asked.

Blaise returned his look uncomfortably. "I wish I knew. I told you what was in my mind, Lieutenant."

"Yes," Ives said, "you told me."

"Stop bickering," Edgerton said coldly. "Ives, you're supposed to know your own business. If you're shaky enough to listen to outsiders, that's your fault."

Ives blushed. "Thanks, Mr. Edgerton, I'll bear it in mind." Then, in his accustomed, mild manner, he asked, "Were all the paintings insured?"

"Doesn't matter," Edgerton said. "I'm not going to file a claim and have the insurance company tell me the paintings were stolen by my son."

Another spell of silence fell over the group at the table, this one broken by Victor Grandi. Very quietly, almost in a whisper, he said, "The Turner was reproduced." He smiled as Blaise whirled around in his chair. "I see that Mr. Blaise knows what I mean by that. It is a pointless, unprofitable theft. It cannot conceivably be sold."

"Why not?" demanded Ives.

"Because the painting was reproduced—there are prints all over the country—and accredited to this collection. Everybody would recognize it and know where it came from. No dealer or collector would touch it," Blaise said.

"Exactly," Grandi said, nodding. "The others, being unknown or forgotten, might readily be sold. The Turner, however, would lead to the immediate arrest of anyone who offered it for sale."

"That's true," Edgerton said. He seemed puzzled. "Silly damn' thing to steal—it doesn't make any sense."

Ives pushed back his chair, and, as he stood up, Miriam handed him a sheet of paper. The strain of recent days, it seemed to Blaise, had told on her. Her pale face seemed tense, and her eyes were bright and alert.

"This the missing lot?" Ives asked, and, when she nodded, he folded the paper and put it away and left. Grandi waited in the doorway, as if to allow Ives a good start. Then, as he went out, Blaise walked with him.

"I understand, Mr. Blaise," Grandi said, with what was almost a roguish glance, "that you had an interesting and fruitful day. I'm glad I didn't underestimate you."

"I was lucky. Then I got careless. All told, I didn't cover myself with glory."

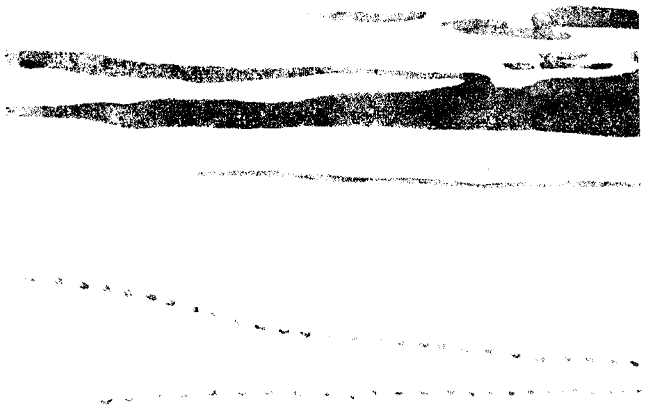
"What a pity that you no longer have the drawing," Grandi murmured.

"There isn't very much I can prove without it," Blaise said.

(Continued on page 78)

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG

"I don't think Simon had anything to do with the missing paintings," Blaise said. "They were removed to hide the forgery"



MULLINS and The Pretty Dumb Huntress

Amy found it was uphill work to court a man in duckhunting season —especially for a city girl whose intentions were better than her aim

By NORD RILEY

ONE afternoon, Barry Mullins, the editor of the weekly Richmoor Sentinel, a large, affable, and somewhat shaggy young man with the relaxed manner of an old union suit, met Mrs. Hazel Hansen at Mabel's Café for pie, coffee, and a half column of personals. Mrs. Hansen was a shapely divorcee upon whose ears local news items collected like iron filings on a magnet. For her news service there was no charge. Ever since Mr. Hansen, her ex-husband, had bitten the legal dust, Hazel had been stalking the editor.

On this, the day before the opening of the duck season, Barry had recorded most of Mrs. Hansen's gleanings when Tom Benson, sheriff of Watson County, limped over to their booth.

"Afternoon, Hazel." The sheriff was cheerless. "Been lookin' for you, son. Got a little item for the Sentinel."

The sheriff, a big, gray man with habitually sore feet and a paunch that fitted him like a bulb on a thermometer, was a sound friend, and Barry was happy to make room for him in the booth.

"What I come to tell you, Barry, is that last night some low cuss backed his truck up to Frank Humber's pile of wheat and swiped near four hundred dollars' worth of grain." The sheriff was pained. "Frank is snortin' like a boar with a toothache, but worse'n that, Billy Hofer was in a while ago hollerin' at me that he lost three hundred bushel night before last same way."

The editor looked at him with interest. "Any leads?"

"No leads. Nothin'. There'll be more of this stealin', too. With this big crop and nowheres near enough boxcars to haul it off, the farmers got to leave their wheat in the fields. Anybody with a truck, a shovel and ten itchy fingers can help hisself. Beggin' your pardon, Hazel, it's been a hell of a hard situation for me. Election comin' up next month. People houndin' my tail to nab the crooks. Tell you, boy, I been rackin' my skimpy brain to a whey." He glanced at Barry. "Take it easy on the God-fearin', crime-bustin' old sheriff in your newspaper, will you, son? Your daddy and me used to hunt prairie chickens together from a democrat."

Barry assured him the press was loyal, and the sheriff padded off painfully to the courthouse. Barry got up to go. This story meant he had to make over his front page. Hazel put her hand on his. "Isn't that terrible about the stealing? I'm glad I've got my crop in a granary." She smiled. "Dinner tonight, hon?"

He shook his head. They'd known each other since high school, when Hazel, an early ripener, had been precociously cuddlesome. But while Barry was spending four years in college and three more on some hot, moist islands in the Pacific where he and some strangers hid in the bushes and shot at one another at all hours, Hazel, back in Richmoor, was picking over the 4Fs for a live one. She latched onto a farmer Barry had never met, a thin young man with asthma and a three-hundred-and-twenty-acre farm. His name was Earl Hansen and he was doing nicely by Hazel until the Border Patrol caught him with his tail gate down, unloading hogs he'd smuggled across the nearby Canadian border. Earl got two years, and Hazel, in a divorce, got the farm.

After his release from the clink, Earl stayed away from Richmoor, and Hazel bloomed like a prairie bower. She bought a yellow Buick and took to serving wine at supper. A handsome woman of luxurious curves and basic attractions, she was established among local appraisers as the choicest thing in town. Though it was apparent that Hazel had decided to make Barry her creature, right now the young man was declining her invitation to dine.

"You forget I've got to put the paper to bed tonight, Hazel. Let's make it tomorrow night and I'll blast us a couple of mallards to feed on. Okay?"

Hazel squeezed his hand and they parted. The editor hustled back to his office and began pecking out his piece on the wheat rustling. He was fiddling with the lead paragraph when two young women came in. Marilyn Tobey, wife of Doc Tobey, his long-time hunting companion, crooked a finger at him through the glass wall of his office. Barry went out.

"Marilyn, you look so tasty standing there I'm going to kiss my pal's wife square between the eyes." He bent his large, bony frame across the counter and planted one on Mrs. Tobey's pink forehead. "This paper aims to keep its subscribers happy. Who is this pretty woman watching us?"

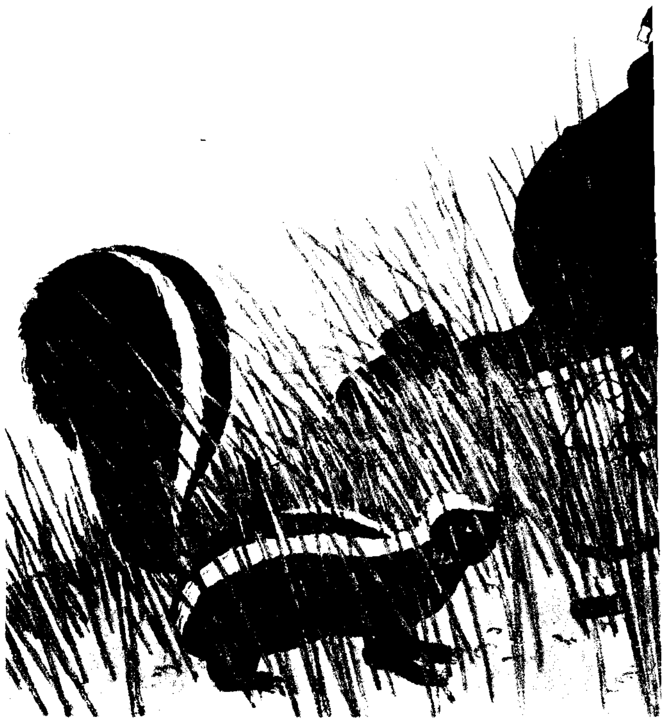
"I want it put in the paper that my kid sister, Amy Hannegan, is visiting me for a month."

"Hello, Mullins," Amy said.

"Let me look at you." She was taller, more lissome, and the owner of larger blue eyes than her sister. There was a faint puckishness in her expression. "As my own society editor I got to write this down. Where you from, big-eyed Amy?"

"St. Paul."

"One of them city gals. Probably smoke tobacco." He grinned widely. "Bet you don't know a shoat from a heifer, Amy."



Ambling toward them, munching a cricket, was a

A glint appeared in her eyes. "If I were a shoat and couldn't tell another shoat when I saw one I'd be nervous. As it is, the problem isn't worrying me."

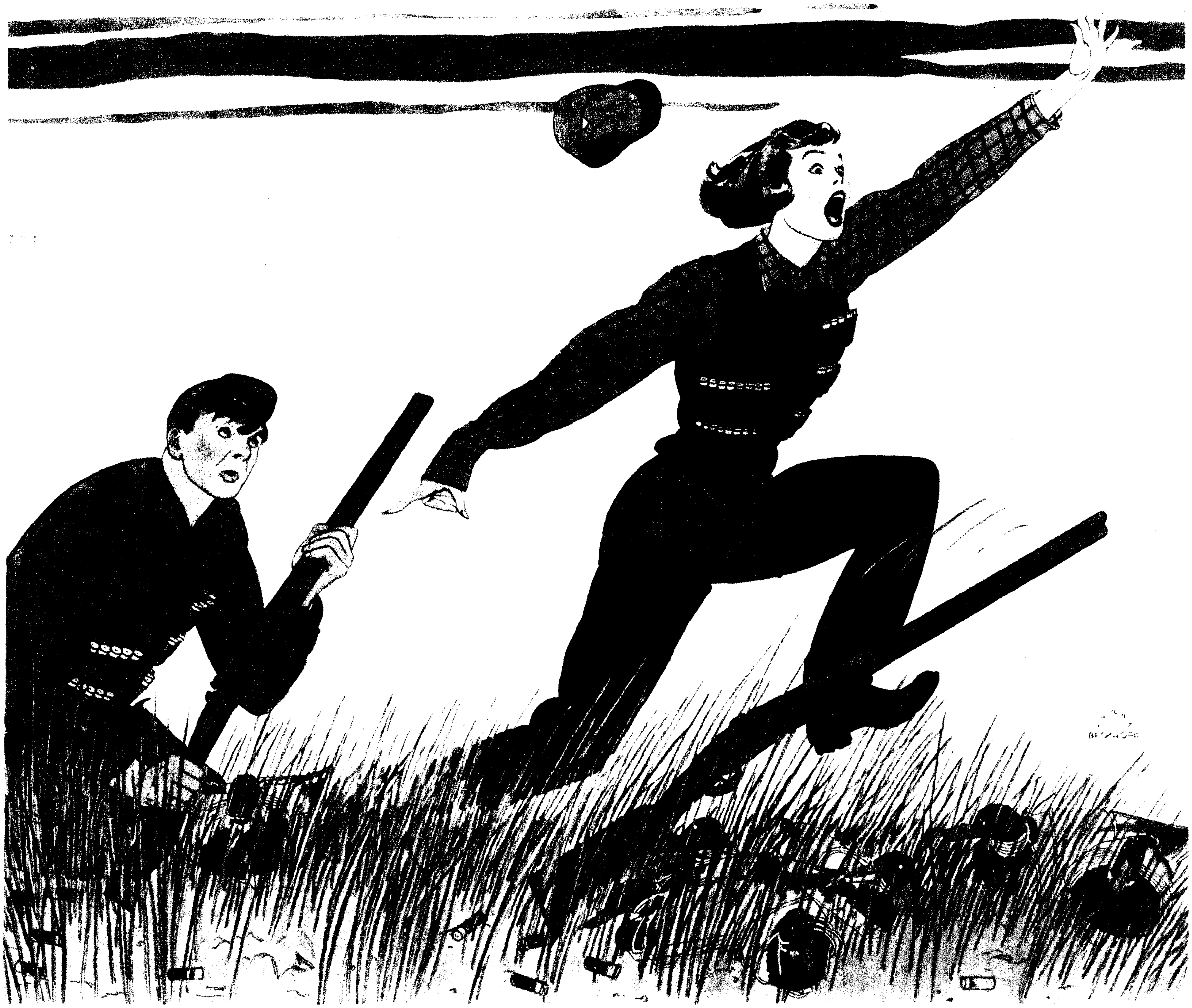
"She just graduated from college in June," her sister said. "How can you expect her to know anything?"

Something about this big, smiling man with the mussy haircut was getting Amy's goat. "Beneath that Saint Bernard exterior," she said with some heat, "I detect an agricultural snob. Can I help it I never had to call a hog?"

"Marilyn," the editor said, chuckling, "this blue-eyed firebrand is St. Paul's contribution to central heating." He looked deep into Amy's eyes and Amy felt funny. "Girl as lovely as you has no business being familiar with a shoat anyway. I beg your pardon, Amy."

Aware of burning cheeks, Amy shook his wide hard hand.

"Amy's a landlord now," Marilyn said. "You know the quarter section where you and Doc plan to hunt tomorrow? That was Daddy's, but when Amy graduated this summer he deeded it over to her as a present. She hasn't seen it yet, but she's



low-slung beast with a stinking reputation. Amy shot to her feet. "Skunk!" she shrieked. "Run, everybody!" The little skunk was appalled

hanging around until her crop's sold. The kid's going to be lousy with gold."

"Gee, look at me," Amy said, "the only dirt farmer in the state trained at Vassar."

"If you'll promise not to get mad at me again," Barry said, "I'd like to drop over some evening to sell you a subscription and fondle your grain checks."

The ladies agreed they'd like that and departed.

THE editor, toiling late that night to get out his paper, was thankful the season for shooting waterfowl did not open until noon of the following day. By 10:00 A.M. he was up and had hung assorted seedy garments about his person, pulled on rubber boots, and loaded his senile convertible with gear. He tooled over to pick up Doc Tobey. When he had banged on the back door a while, Amy opened it. The girl was a sight. Topside she wore a man's shirt that fitted her slender torso like a pup tent; below, immense duck pants, pursed at the waist like a drawstring poke. Astern, Amy drooped.

"My, my, is that you in there, Amy? Shall I call the Red Cross?"

Amy sat down in a kitchen chair and nervously crossed her hip boots. "Trouble with Doc's hunting outfit is he outweighs me ninety pounds. He phoned from the hospital a while ago and said a Mrs. Swanson is having more babies than anyone expected. He can't leave until she stops."

"Mrs. Swanson must be an outsider. No local woman has the nerve to have a baby the day duck shooting starts."

Amy's cheeks were pink and she appeared embarrassed. "Doc said if you didn't put up too much of a squawk I should take his place. It'd give me a chance to see my land, too."

He unfurled his slow smile, and inside her awful clothes Amy shivered. "Ever hunted ducks, Amy?"

"No, sir, but I am advised to state in case you got stuffy that I can quack like a lonesome girl duck on a two-bottom nest."

"It is a sportsman's adage that a woman on a duck hunt is less useful than the common wart; however, anyone can see you are a superior woman, so take up the slack in your britches, Amy, and we'll shove off."

They sped over dirt roads across the rolling plain until Barry turned off through a ditch into a stubble field and parked. "These are your diggings, Amy," he said. "We'll hunt a couple of sloughs up ahead. They should be full of mallards lying on their backs burping from your expensive food. See that durum over there? That's yours. I'd say about two thousand dollars' worth of free lunch for the birds. The ordinary duck eats like a horse, too."

"Ducks don't worry me," Amy said, "but this morning I heard Doc say somebody has been swiping the produce of us hard-working farmers. Is that a fact?"

BARRY said it was, and Amy said if anyone bothered her grain she'd trail him down and stomp him to death with Cuban heels. They alighted then and turned their attention to hunting.

"Brace yourself, girl," Barry said and heaped cork decoys, shells and a shotgun upon Amy. He loaded up similarly, plus lunch box and Thermos bottle. When they had clomped through the field a way, he said, "Now we crawl."

Already puffing, Amy sank to her knees.

"Keep your behind down," he advised earnestly. "Don't get dirt in your muzzle."

"All right. I'll breathe through my nose," Amy said. "Yes, sir."

(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Bringing Up MAMBO

Uncertain, Mambo posed stiffly for picture with Mrs. Martini when he was 20 months old

ONCE upon a time, according to the nursery rhyme, there was a woman who had so many children she never knew quite how to cope with them. Mrs. Helen Martini has a great many youngsters to care for, too, but she's young and she knows what to do. She puts them in cages: for this extraordinary lady is keeper in charge of the nursery at New York's Bronx Park Zoo. In her care at the moment are more than 20 marmosets (small monkeys), four tiger cubs, a red howler monkey and a woolly monkey. She hand-feeds them, nurses them through sniffles, watches their weights, fills them with vitamins and gently prepares them to accept the tensions of limited living in one of the busiest zoos in the U.S.

But Mrs. Martini's special pride, joy and headache these days is Mambo, a two-year-old gorilla with a face like a lopsided basketball, a penchant for being pampered and a royal future. Mambo arrived in the Bronx last May, when he was imported from Africa to replace the popular Makoko, a ten-year-old male gorilla who fell into a moat surrounding his play yard and was drowned. Makoko's death was a heartbreaking blow to the zoo. He had been raised with a young female, and the zoo had hopes of breeding them to produce the first gorilla born in North America. Makoko was king of the simians in Bronx County. Today the crown waits for little Mambo.

Fully aware of the destiny of her charge, Mrs. Martini sees to it that the bright-eyed orphan, who was separated from his natural mother at a tender but undetermined age, enjoys a life comfortably composed of eating, snoozing, playing and eating.

Each morning he has four eight-ounce bottles containing a rich mixture of eggs, milks, cereal and vitamin concentrates. For lunch he has half a head of lettuce, half a head of cabbage, an orange or two, several bananas, a bunch of grapes and other fruits in season. These he crams daintily into his mouth, using only one hand at a time, and taking care to wipe his fingers on his soft brown fur. After lunch he may nap or play with his yellow Teddy bear, his rubber ball or his pink baby blanket. When he was younger, he spent a great deal of time in his play pen, rhythmically waving a rattle. Now he likes to climb, swing on the trapeze in his cage, chatter to himself and make faces at Mrs. Martini. But best of all he loves to sit in Mrs. Martini's arms while she sings to him.

In the afternoon he gets a snack of half a loaf of bread and a glass of orange juice with cod-liver oil. Just before bedtime, he drinks four more bottles of the eggs-milk-cereal-vitamins formula. This winter, juicy horseburgers will be added to Mambo's diet—something he never would have enjoyed in his native jungle.

The great apes are herbivorous by nature, do not eat meat of any kind except for occasional insect grubs. But Mrs. Martini and zoo veterinarians find that they thrive on it in captivity.

Though Mambo is currently no bigger than a man-child of his age, weighing 30 pounds and being two feet tall, by the time he is twelve he will weigh well over 500 pounds, stand close to six feet and be one of the strongest animals in the world. Right now Mambo would rather be pampered.

This youngster, who is worth something like $5,000, doesn't know when he's had enough. When he's put down or left alone, he cries and whimpers. If that doesn't help, he may work himself up into a full-fledged tantrum.

Mrs. Martini lets him holler. "But," she says, "after a while I usually pick him up. How can you let an infant cry?"

Cute and cocky as he is now, Mambo is nevertheless not slated for mental brilliance. Although as a gorilla, he represents the apes which most closely resemble man physically, his cousins, the chimpanzees and orangutans, have it all over him mentally. Dr. Robert M. Yerkes, the animal-psychologist, says that "compared with chimpanzees and orangutans of like age [the gorilla] is remarkably slow in adaptation and limited in initiative, originality and insight." Mrs. Martini hasn't told Mambo about this conclusion—and chances are he wouldn't much care if she did. Someday he's going to be a king in the Bronx. Who could ask for anything more?

EDMUND BURKE

Because Bronx (N.Y.) Zoo's nursery keeper, Helen Martini, is careful never to startle him, the gorilla, at two, now has perfect self-confidence, will climb anywhere, except into bath

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY
BURKE-BEAUJON

Four months ago, Mambo sat quietly in play pen with a Teddy bear he loved. When he discovered how to get out, there was no holding him

Halfway up his climbing stand, two-year-old gorilla seems to wonder about quitting. Public can't see such antics: he is not exhibited yet

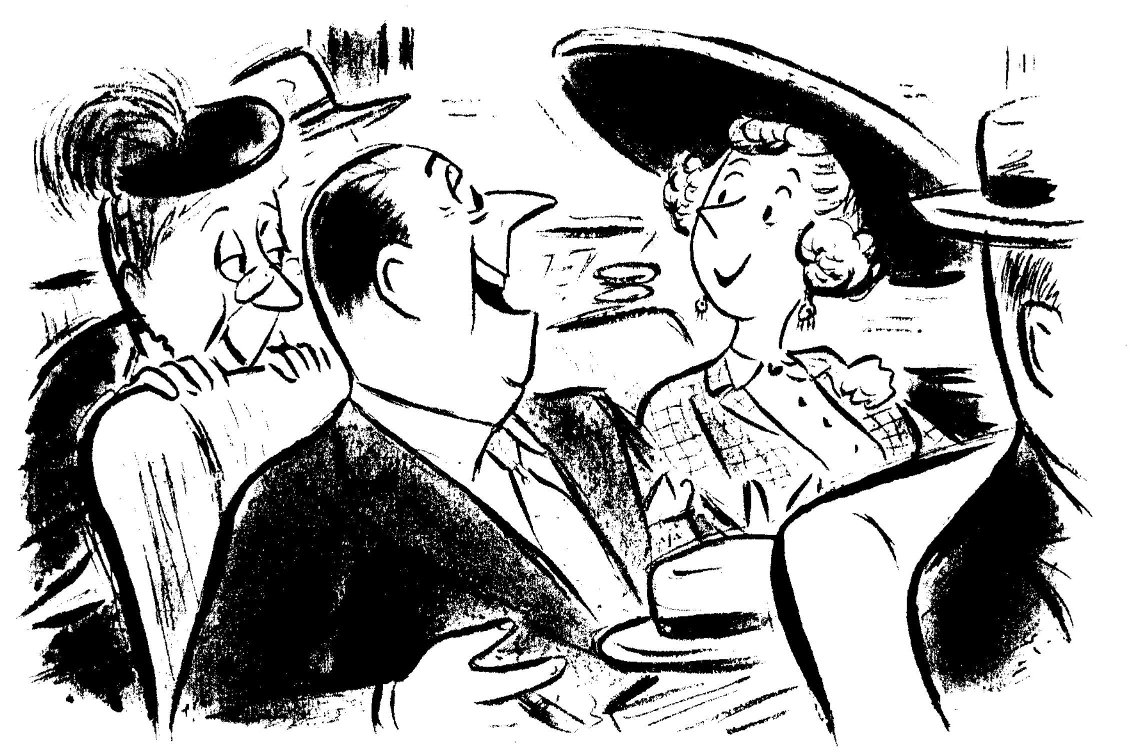
Like a pampered child, Mambo has everything. Here he is at bottom of his personal climbing rig in nursery, thinking about starting up

Obviously the pride of the zoo, Mambo has reached the top of the rig here. He hasn't perfected the blasé look yet, but he's working on it

Female Bureau of Investigation

By HENRY GREGOR FELSEN

If J. Edgar Hoover wants to know what's going on, here are the people who can tell him



Mrs. Pulsey happened to overhear my polite story about the zebra

A COUPLE of days ago I met a young lawyer who told me he was signing up as an FBI agent. I asked him how he managed to qualify for the job, and he told me they wanted young men with a legal or accounting background who were of good moral character, in perfect physical condition, and of unquestioned patriotism.

Well, at that moment I began to worry about the security of the nation. I hate to criticize the FBI in these troubled times, but I'm afraid J. Edgar has the wrong idea, and is wasting money by hiring boys to do a woman's job. If Mr. Hoover really wants to know what's going on in this country, I can introduce him to several ladies who can pick up more confidential information in two hours under a hair drier than his bright young boys can collect in two weeks of sleuthing in canvas shoes.

The other night I came home from the office and sat down to dinner. As my wife brought in the soup she asked what kind of a day I'd had.

"Same as usual," I replied with a weary sigh. "I went to work, I worked, I came home, and here I am. Please pass the crackers."

I was struggling with a cracker when my wife said casually, "I hear you had an interesting ride on the train this morning."

"What's interesting about commuting?" I asked. "Say, this soup is delicious!"

"Mrs. Pulsey phoned me this afternoon," my wife went on. "She said she saw you sitting with that blonde divorcee who lives on Elm Street, and the two of you seemed to be having a very good time. Mrs. Pulsey said she sat right behind you, but *you* didn't see *her*."

"Oh, I saw her," I said, wondering how I'd ever missed. "I was putting on a little act for the old gossip. My, these salty crackers certainly are tasty, dear."

"Mrs. Pulsey told me everything," my wife said. "Everything."

"What could there be to tell?" I demanded. "There was one vacant seat in the car, and it happened to be next to a woman who takes the same train I do every morning. Do you expect me to sit next to someone I know slightly and be rude, just because she's blonde and a divorcee?"

"No, dear," my wife said understandingly. "I expect you to do just what you did. To tell her that polite story about the zebra."

"Would you please pass me another salty cracker?" I asked quietly. "They certainly do make them tasty these days."

My wife sighed and shook her head. "I don't know," she said hopelessly. "If you won't take any responsibility for keeping your health . . ."

I looked up, wondering.

"Don't try to look so innocent," my wife said. "Mrs. Darfnich happened to look in the restaurant window when you were having your mid-morning coffee, and she saw you take three spoons of sugar. You know you're only supposed to take one."

"Well," I admitted, "I did cheat a little on my diet. But what's one teeny-weeny deviation going to do to hurt me?"

"One teeny-weeny deviation," my wife repeated. "What about lunch? Mrs. Loctherver saw you drink three highballs, and you swore that you would never touch liquor again. You promised on your knees after what the doctor told you."

"I had to," I explained. "It was a business lunch, and I had a very important customer who . . ."

"Who told you he was switching his business to your biggest competitor," my wife broke in. "And what did you say to that? You smiled at him and insisted that you pay for the lunch. And when he tried to take the check you wrestled it away from him. Twelve dollars and thirty-five cents to buy lunch for a lout who is taking his business away from you."

"I'll have another cracker, please," I said, wondering where Mrs. Loctherver had been sitting. If she was close enough to see and hear everything about me, why hadn't I seen her? She weighs almost three hundred pounds, and I have 20/20 vision.

"If you don't care for the man," my wife said coldly, "why don't you stay away from the window? Do you have to be a clown?"

I swear I was at the window for only a second during the parade, and dumping the wastebasket was the work of a moment. With everyone shouting and screaming and looking down at the parade, who . . . I was ten floors up! . . . *who* had seen me?

"Mrs. Gipfelberges was at her dentist's today," my wife said. "And when she sat in the chair, it faced your office across the street. She had three extractions and four fillings, and she couldn't have an anesthetic on account of her heart, and she said the black-haired filing clerk slapped your face when you joined her at the window."

"Slapped nothing," I chuckled. "She was applauding very hard, and didn't hear me coming."

"That explains the first slap," my wife said. "But the second?"

"There was no second."

"Mrs. Gipfelberges is a woman who always tells the truth."

"Nonsense," I said. "She was imagining things."

My wife said nothing for a moment as she poured the coffee. Then she began to cry. "It's not only that we can't afford to have you lose twenty-seven dollars in a poker game on the train coming home," she sobbed. "But to know that you lost it trying to buy a pot from Charlie when you had a bobtail straight and he held four kings! I heard the whole story."

"I'm sure you did," I said shakily, putting a pinch of sugar in my cup.

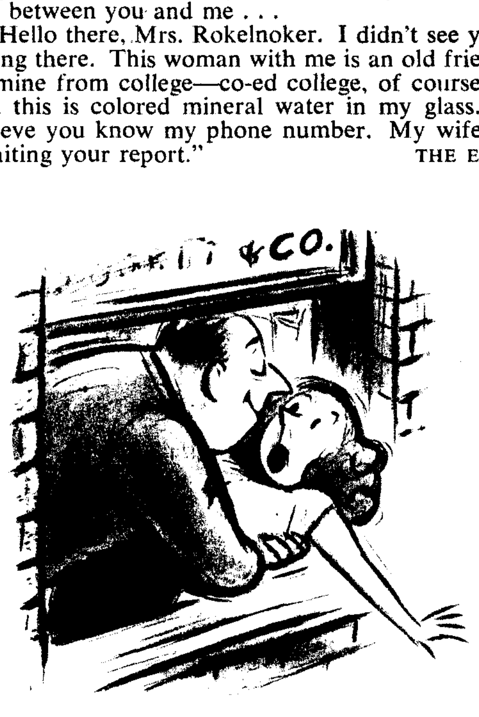
"And furthermore," my wife added, "Mrs. Kruplit said you were reading the Evening Tribune on the train instead of the World. And you cheated on the crossword puzzle. You needed a five-letter word meaning . . ."

"Excuse me, dear," I said. "But did you happen to notice where I left my pipe?"

"How would I know that?" my wife asked angrily. "Don't you think I have anything else to do around here but keep track of you?"

Well, you see what I mean. Young lawyers and accountants are all right in their places, but when it comes to detective work I'll put my money on Mesdames Pulsey, Darfnich, Loctherver, Gipfelberges and Kruplit. Why, confidentially now, and just between you and me . . .

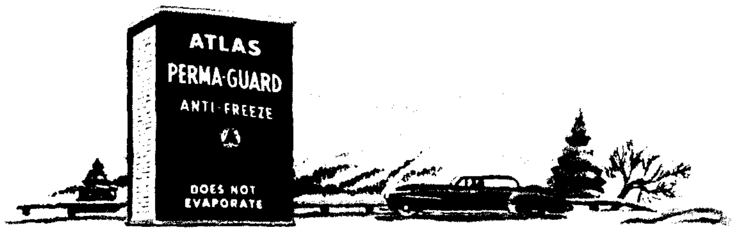
"Hello there, Mrs. Rokelnoker. I didn't see you sitting there. This woman with me is an old friend of mine from college—co-ed college, of course—and this is colored mineral water in my glass. I believe you know my phone number. My wife is awaiting your report." THE END



Who could have seen me at the window?

ILLUSTRATED BY WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

One fill lasts all winter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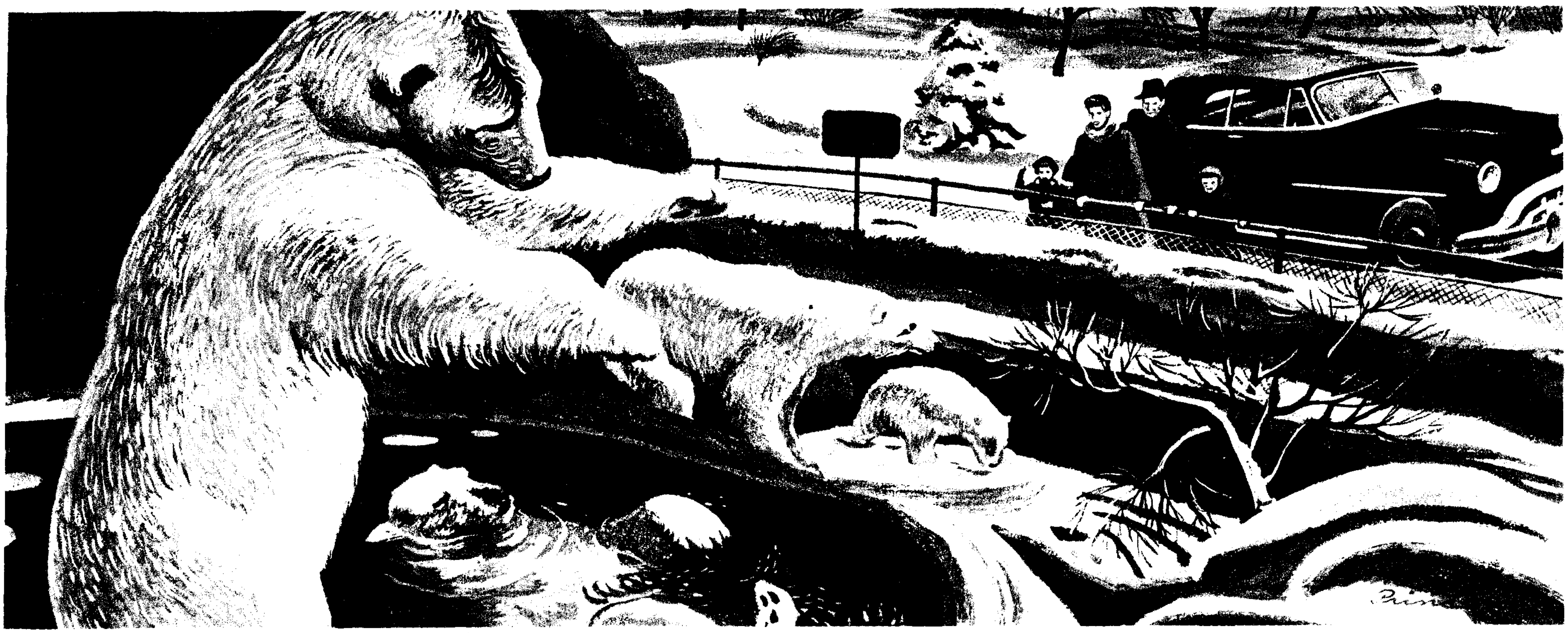

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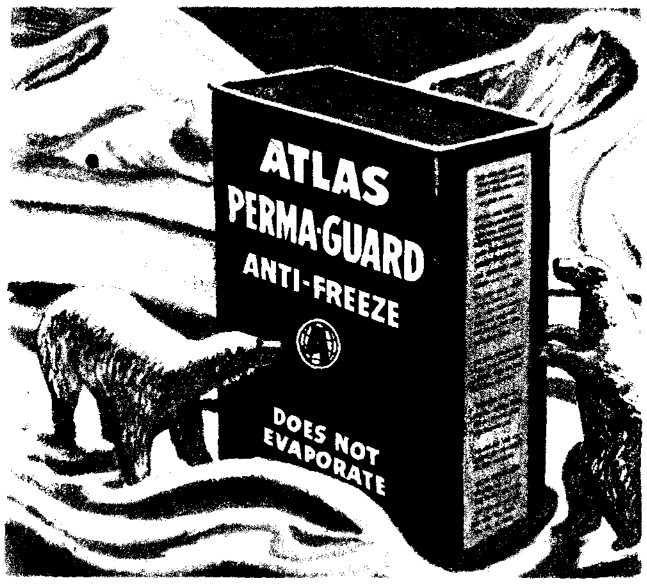
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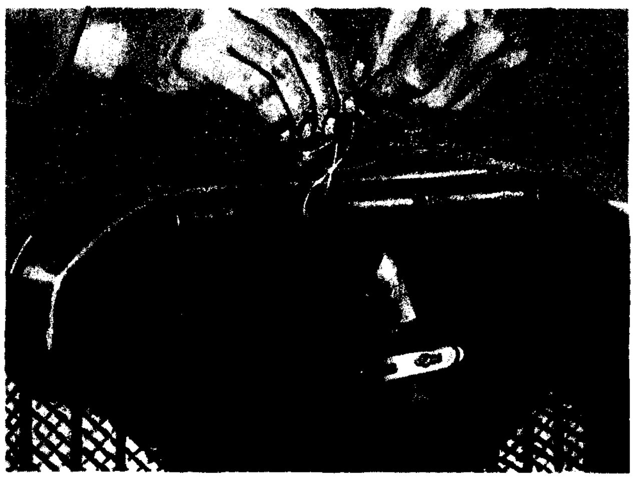

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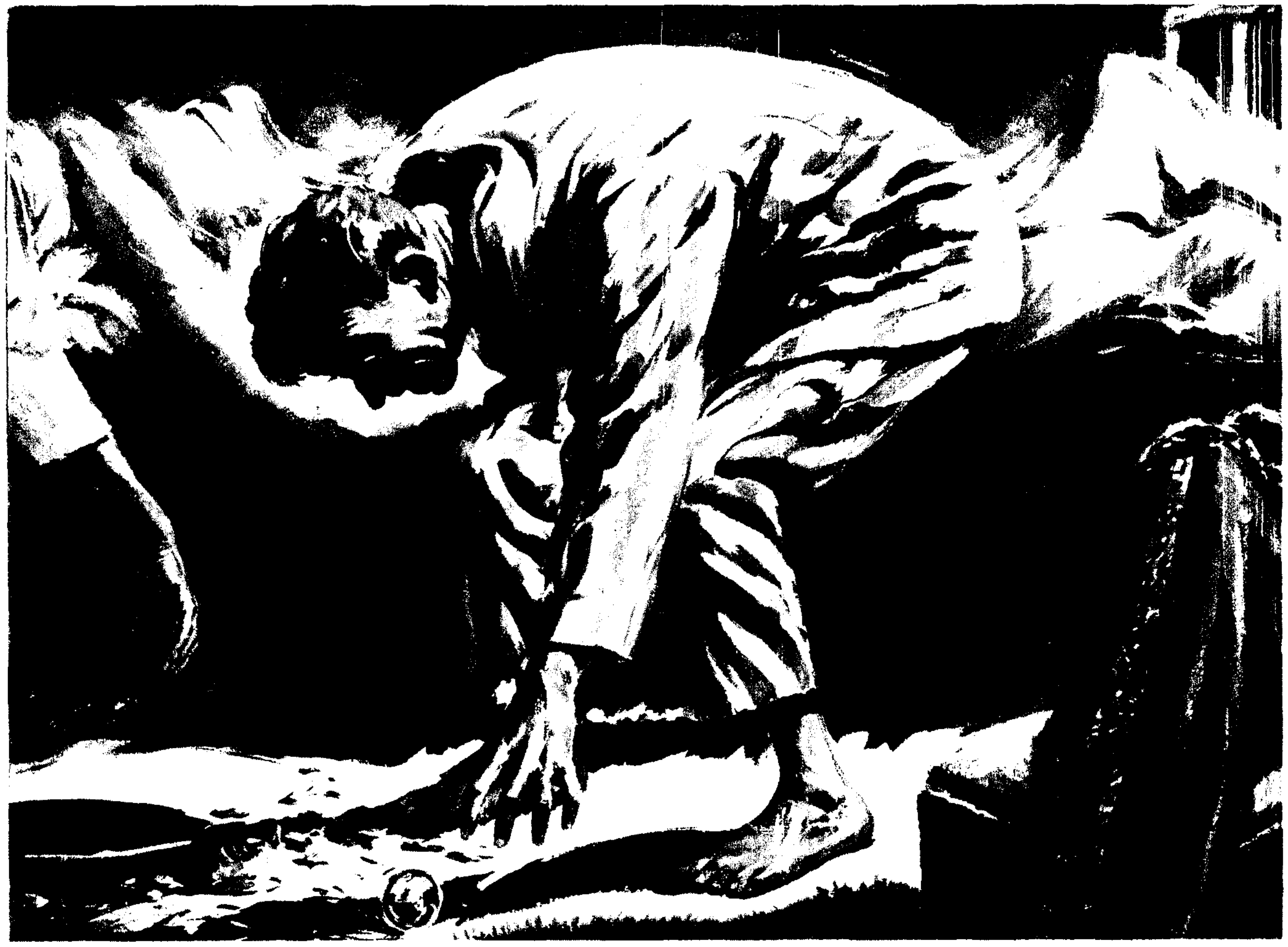

HENRY LUHRS

Byers jumped, the glass slipped from his hand and shattered on the floor

Take Your Medicine

By MURIEL MARSHALL

ON SATURDAY, old Mr. Gardner had a heart attack. That wasn't in Henry Byers' plan, but it suited him fine. A natural death was much simpler than murder.

Waiting in the two-bed hospital room, the little secretary was properly grateful. Only considerate thing you ever did, he thought, looking toward the bed where Gardner lay, his breath sucking in and out of his slack mouth.

Of course, if things had gone according to plan there would have been time to switch another thousand or so from the old man's nest egg into his own, but this way was safer.

"Have you been his secretary long?" the nurse asked, without looking up from her crocheting.

"Twenty years. I wasn't just his secretary." He'd been financial adviser, nursemaid—everything an old man required that a salary could buy. Twenty years, while hundreds of thousands lay under your hand, and the old miser craftily explained that you weren't mentioned in his will for fear you'd arrange premature collection.

Gardner's breathing became slower and fainter. Byers tensed.

"When he comes to," the nurse said, "he gets the dicumarol."

"When he comes to! I thought—"

"He's over the worst of this attack. There's always the chance of another, but by taking dicumarol—"

Old man Gardner made a liar of her by ceasing to breathe. She examined him and hurried out. Composing his face into grief, Byers waited.

Slowly, Gardner's eyelids opened. "What hospital am I in?" he whispered hoarsely, pulling the covers up around his wattled neck.

"Valley View," the nurse said, returning with a pill cup.

"Byers, you damned fool! You know better than to bring me to a hospital I've endowed in my will! These murdering doctors and nurses would—"

"Now, Mr. Gardner, no excitement, no exertion," the nurse said. "You take this pill, and we'll have you well in no time."

Gardner peered into the cup. "What is it?"

"Dicumarol."

"What's it do?"

"Oh, it kind of thins your blood. It's to dissolve that little clot in your heart that's causing all the trouble. We gave you an injection while you were unconscious. Now you'll take pills."

He shoved it away. "Dissolve all of me likely."

"The idea! There's not a thing in this to hurt you. You've had spring tonics? Sassafras?"

She argued. She coaxed. She threatened. She got nowhere. At last, she went out and came back with two tablets in the cup. "You take one, I'll take the other," she said.

Gardner chose one, holding it while she swallowed the other. "White," he mumbled. "Mealy. Might be aspirin, might be arsenic." He turned over and closed his mouth tight.

"Mr. Byers," the nurse appealed, "tell him how important—"

"Byers!" Gardner roared. "Get rid of that yapping female!"

Byers hesitated between them, snatching at a new idea. Suppose the old man didn't get the dicumarol and the clot enlarged? If there was any question of—murder, the hospital would be suspected, since it would inherit so much.

"Maybe if you did go," he said, "I could—"

"Gladly!" She handed Byers the pill cup and left the room, but there was no thumping nurse's stride down the hall.

Byers edged toward the bed, murmuring, "Take the pill, just this one, while she's watching. After that I'll find some way to get rid of them, until you can be moved. If you refuse, they'll just force it down you, by shots or in food."

"Food!" Gardner exclaimed. "I'm not crazy enough to eat here!"

"Lie quiet!" Byers begged. "If she thinks I'm the only one who can handle you—"

The old man got it. "Just one pill," he stipulated. "After that, you'll get rid of them—if you have to eat them." . . .

Byers didn't dare ask to sleep in the other bed. He must arrange to be asked. He waylaid the nurse in the hall. "Good-by. I hope you can manage him," he said doubtfully.

She responded perfectly. "You're leaving? Oh, we hoped you'd sleep in. He listens to you, and it's so important to keep him calm."

At suppertime their trays were identical, until the nurse put a pill cup on Gardner's. Byers eyed the trays. If he could get the old man so leery of the food— As the nurse left the room, her look of appeal turned the patient over to Byers; and this time her steps continued down the hall.

To strengthen the old man's suspicion, Byers suggested, "If your food tastes funny—"

"You taste *it* first. No, won't have you messing it. We'll trade trays. And get rid of that pill. Swallow it."

Swallow it! The kindly old codger ordered, believing it was poison. Well, why not? She'd said it wouldn't hurt anyone. And if he got rid of them that way, there'd be no evidence. But he mustn't seem too willing.

"Me? Take *that?*"

"They've got no reason to kill you. If you get sick they'll save you."

How much dicumarol would Gardner have to miss before the clot killed him? Time was measured in the pills Byers swallowed, in switched trays, and routine blood-coagulation tests.

After one of these tests time quickened: the dose was doubled.

"Not dying fast enough?" Gardner growled at the nurse.

"Your coagulation rate is going up instead of down." He mustn't worry about it, though, she said.

Friday there were three tablets in the cup.

LATE at night, Byers woke up to the noise of Gardner's breathing. The old man was deep in another attack, his breath gurgling unevenly. He's helpless, Byers thought. If I held his mouth and nostrils closed . . . Wait! he told himself, keep your nerve. This breath, next breath, and then . . .

Immeasurable time later, a breath caught, strangled, and did not resume. In his bare feet Byers slipped over to the other bed. He could feel no pulse, but he had to be sure. They would find some way to revive the old man if he called them too soon.

A mirror held to his mouth? But if he wasn't—if he woke up, and saw you— The water glass would steam with breath just as well, and he—anyone—would think you were only trying to help.

Somewhere down the hall metal clanged against metal. Byers jumped, the glass slipped from his hand and shattered on the floor. Rigid, he waited for the thud of a nurse's heels. None came, and presently he stooped to gather up the broken glass.

He saw his foot.

It was only a small cut across his instep, but bright, thin blood surged from it in an appalling flow.

Even as he watched, the pool widened. He pressed hard with his thumbs behind his knees. The flow did not alter. It was not the spurt of an artery that can be located and shut off. It was the smooth, inexorable flow of a faucet that has no valve.

Frantically, Byers groped for Gardner's call button. And drew back. With Gardner dead? With Gardner lying murdered, full of the evidence of his damned, thick blood?

Byers stood up to run and fainted.

At the sound of Byers' body falling to the floor, old Mr. Gardner's eyelids opened. Raising himself on his elbow, the old man looked down on a situation that he found quite understandable. He said reproachfully, "There! I told you! But they killed the wrong man."

Lying flat, Byers had enough blood left to hear. The old man wasn't dead. He hadn't murdered him! High above, dangling over the edge of the bed, was the bell.

"Call help," Byers whispered. "Doctor—something to thicken my blood again—counteract the —dicumarol."

"Those pills they tried to get me with?"

Byers achieved one final whisper: "Push—call button."

The old man glared around the room. Slowly, he slid down into the bed and pulled the covers up to his chin. "Call *them?*" he muttered. "I'm not that crazy!"

THE END

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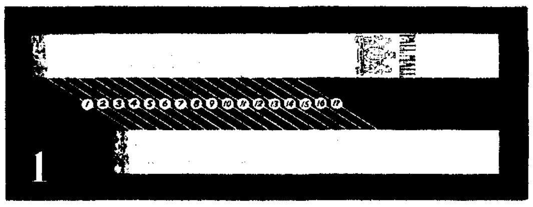
PUFF BY PUFF YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD WITH PALL MALL



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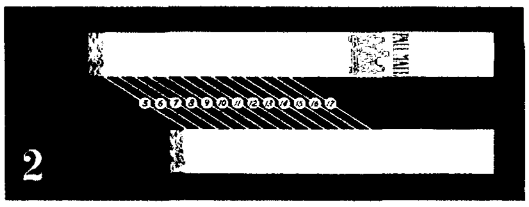

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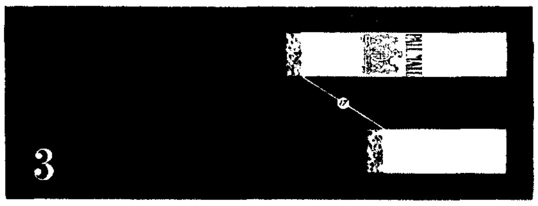

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Let's Draw the Line Now

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

possible time. Meanwhile, I strongly believe that we should ask the United Nations to define the limits of Soviet aggression and to stipulate the conditions which the free world will no longer tolerate.

If the United Nations is not willing or able to take such a step, then I believe that the United States and its loyal Allies should inform the Soviet Union that if physical aggressions or disruptive influences continue—whether exerted directly or through its satellite forces—we shall consider them an act of war and we shall resort to the firm measures we deem appropriate in order to protect individual and national freedoms. We should add that we must hold the Soviet Union accountable for the actions of its subject nations.

Having established such an unequivocal restriction to continued Soviet expansion, I believe we must take three urgently necessary steps: (1) the United States must define national aims and clarify them to the world; (2) the United States must evolve a global plan which will insure the timely and intelligent use of national resources; and (3) the United States must form a national agency whose sole and specific function is to evolve such a strategic plan and translate it into action with the full cognizance of the Executive, State and Defense Departments and the Congress.

Without firmly stated objectives and sound plans for their attainment, we shall continue to dissipate our priceless resources in futile containing actions while the Soviet leaders plan and execute new moves in their campaign of attrition and harassment. The lives of our young men will be sacrificed in inconclusive battles which tomorrow may have to be fought again elsewhere. We shall remain in the frustrating position of alternating between "peace" that is not peace and the stresses of undeclared wars in remote areas where no final decision can be gained.

How the Peace Was Lost

Twice within a generation, the democratic nations have won a war but lost the peace. At the time of World War I, various liberated peoples—Finland, the Baltic States, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Serbia—signified their determination to throw off autocracy, militarism and the remnants of feudalism. Various forms of representative government spread over the whole of Europe right up to the Russian frontier.

The chief purpose of the peace treaty following World War I should have been to foster and safeguard the healthy growth of such forces of freedom. Unfortunately, the majority of Allied statesmen did not stand with America in dealing with the problem in terms of elementary justice. Instead, the Versailles Peace Treaty was evolved in a spirit of hatred, fear, suspicion and revenge. As a result, a situation was permitted to develop in which new forms of totalitarian government could arise.

Again in World War II the Allies won a decisive military victory only to permit the growth of conditions which today jeopardize our national security and hard-earned freedoms. The Western Allies failed to realize sufficiently early the extent of the political and economic chaos that would appear in the wake of modern warfare. They did not grasp the fact that vague policies, shortsighted plans and timid actions would create vacuums into which would flow irresistibly such new ideas and ideologies as were most readily available.

Communist leaders recognized this in 1944—perhaps even earlier—and quickly took advantage of their favorable position to extend frontiers and to spread sinister influence throughout war-weary Europe and Asia. A complete Allied plan for rehabilitation and territorial adjustments would have insured political and economic developments in those continents consistent with our own national interests. We Americans should have proposed such a plan and reached agreement with the Allies at the time we entered the war, or shortly thereafter when we were lend-leasing billions of dollars' worth of supplies to the Soviet Union and others and when we possessed great military power, particularly in the air and on the seas.

Our failure to formulate and declare such national objectives, with the widespread uncertainty and doubt engendered by a philosophy of appeasement and expediency, is responsible for much of the world's suffering today. Since V-J day, our former ally and alleged friend, the Soviet Union, has absorbed Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, and has subordinated East Germany, East Austria, Bulgaria, Hungary, Romania, Poland and Czechoslovakia, together with their populations, industries and natural resources. North Manchuria, North Korea and China are now oriented toward the Kremlin.

Tomorrow, the Soviet combine may threaten us at other pressure points thousands of miles apart—Indochina and Malaya with their tin and rubber resources, Iran with its great oil resources so necessary to the economy and defense of Western Europe. Even Western Europe itself with its great industry is vulnerable.

It is, therefore, urgent that we abandon the defensive doctrine of expediency for one of realistic global planning supported by courageous action. Who should be charged with the preparation of our global plan? I should like to repeat a recommendation I first made in 1942—namely, that a government agency already established, organized and equipped be put to work to evolve global plans and to implement appropriate actions that will insure attainment of our aims.

The Secretary of State is primarily responsible to the President for the formulation of foreign policy. However, global strategy transcends the functions of any single department of the government. It appears logical, therefore, to assign global planning as the primary function of the National Security Council, which is already responsible for the co-ordination of our efforts in the interest of national security. (The National Security Council is composed of the President, Vice-President, Secretary of Defense, Secretary of State, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, chairman of the National Security Resources Board and heads of other appropriate government agencies.) To accomplish this I suggest a planning group of recognized authorities and loyal Americans competent in the national and international fields.

This planning group should have prescribed operational and full supervisory responsibilities for strategic policies and plans under the aegis of the National Security Council. Deliberations and analyses concerning international developments and the evolution of strategic plans should be undertaken by this group with the advice and assistance of appropriate governmental agencies. Members of Congress must be kept informed of all projected policies and plans.

Before we compose a global strategic plan we must, as I suggested earlier, clearly understand national aims—the political, economic and psychosocial conditions which we wish to create and maintain in our own country and abroad. The methods of accomplishing these aims must in turn be based on carefully evaluated strategic intelligence regarding the capabilities and limitations and, if possible, even the intentions of friendly nations and neutrals as well as potential enemies.

We have an organization within the government, the Central Intelligence Agency, which has for its mission the collection and evaluation of strategic intelligence throughout the world. In so far as I can determine, however, our government has never made a clear and comprehensive statement of national aims. I believe the vast majority of American people would support a program whereby the United States (1) disclaims any motive of territorial expansion or selfish advantage; (2) protects its vital interests, both at home and abroad, at whatever cost; (3) provides aid to those free nations which indicate a determination to help themselves, and (4) supports the United Nations Organization, accepting fully the possibility that certain other nations may not actively participate honestly and effectively.

Concerning participation in the United Nations, I should like to add a note of caution. The United Nations Organization epitomizes the American effort to organize and function within a world federation in the interest of peace with honor. However, such a far-reaching step in international relations will of necessity be attended by many stresses and strains before sound premises are established for effective operation.

CLANCY
COLLIER'S
JOHN RUGE

In the meantime, we Americans must be realistic and insure that our resources, both human and material, are not dissipated by any international organization—at least to such an extent as to endanger the economic and military security of our country, the real citadel of democracy. If contemplated policies and actions are not approved and supported by the United Nations *we must be prepared to go it alone.*

Our Four Major Resources

To achieve national aims on a global scale, we have available four major resources, or instruments of national policy: political, economic, military and psychosocial:

Political Resources include alliances of mutual benefits, such as the North Atlantic Pact pledging a unified stand against any aggressor by the 12 participating nations. Such pacts are realistic political steps toward collective security and should be extended to other regions.

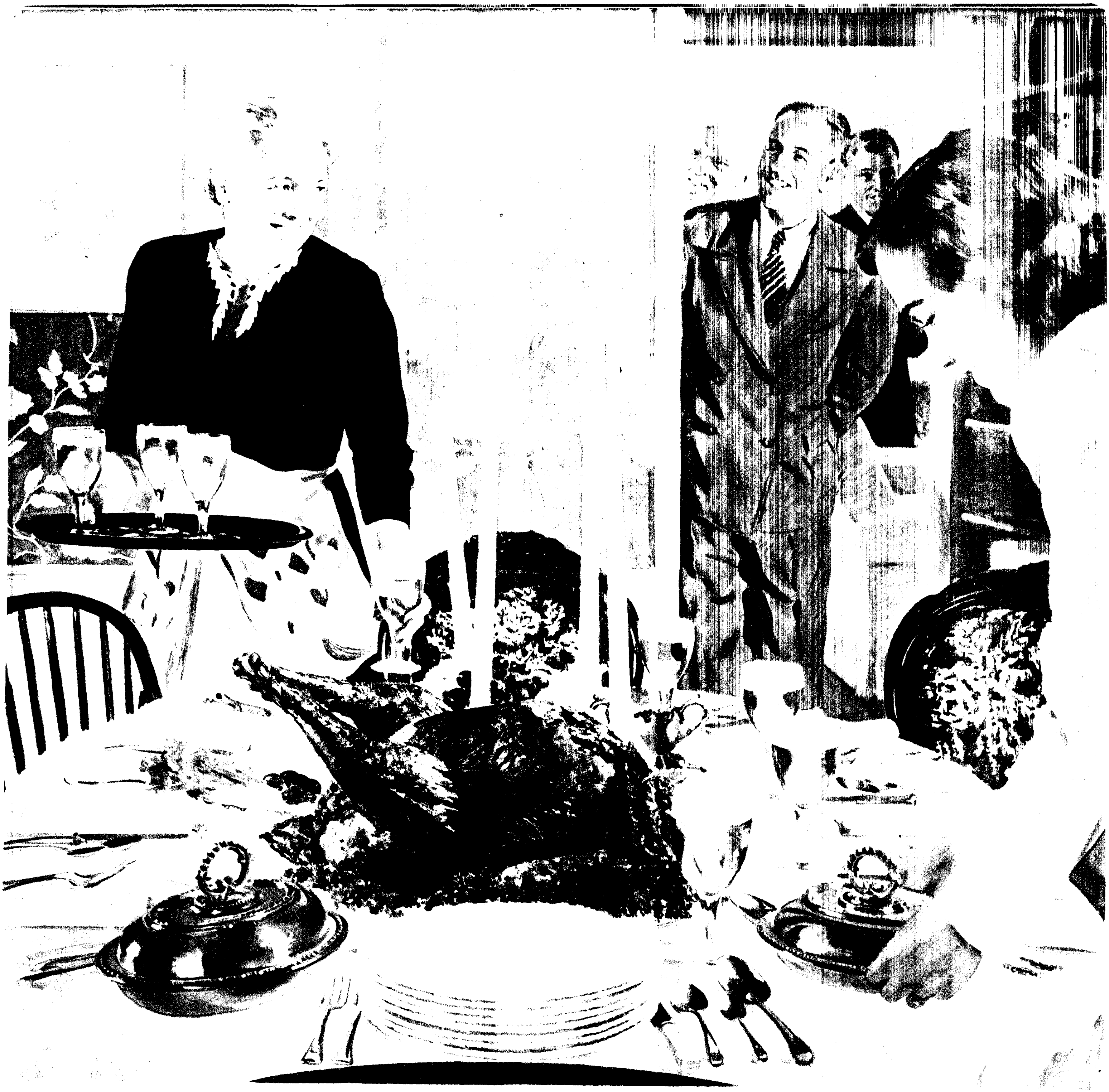
Recently the United States and loyal Allies concluded a Japanese peace treaty without Soviet concurrence. Also we are ending the war with Germany officially, and we are negotiating to bring German military contingents into the Atlantic Pact army. Each of these political moves strikes at the very heart of Stalin's policy of aggression, for he dreads a revival of German unity, European economic stability and military strength. Similarly, in the Far East his entire program depends upon the perpetuation of Japanese weakness.

Economic Resources include abundant raw materials, unsurpassed industrial development, and a pre-eminent position in the financial world. Economic resources also include mutually beneficial trade agreements with other nations and selective distribution of raw and processed materials to less fortunate peoples to help them help themselves toward a genuine recovery.

I am not advocating indiscriminate, nonselective distribution of our resources all over the world. But we must realize the potent appeal of Soviet promises of economic betterment, however demonstrably false and spiritually degrading, to the world's impoverished and underdeveloped peoples. This poses the challenge to prove that free nations can better assist underprivileged peoples toward social and economic improvement largely through their own efforts. In China, for example, if we had followed a realistic program under effective American supervision, not merely in military supplies, but in the development of agriculture and light industries, we might not today be confronted by an entrenched Communist government in that country.

Military Resources have in the past been the major instrument of national policy in the development of the principal world powers. However, the employment of military force has never by itself solved permanently international frictions or problems—and never will. For obvious reasons emphasis now must be given to the creation and employment of military resources. In plain words, this means full-scale mobilization for survival.

We and our Allies must establish undisputed control of the air. Forty years ago I would have recommended undisputed control of the seas and for the same reasons, namely, to exploit the most efficient available means to neutralize and to destroy an enemy's warmaking potential. Today, we should insure the most effective employment of air power. It is possible that in the future, science will develop a new weapon which may render the skies untenable for airplanes. I hope that military leaders then, particularly those in the Air Force, will sup-



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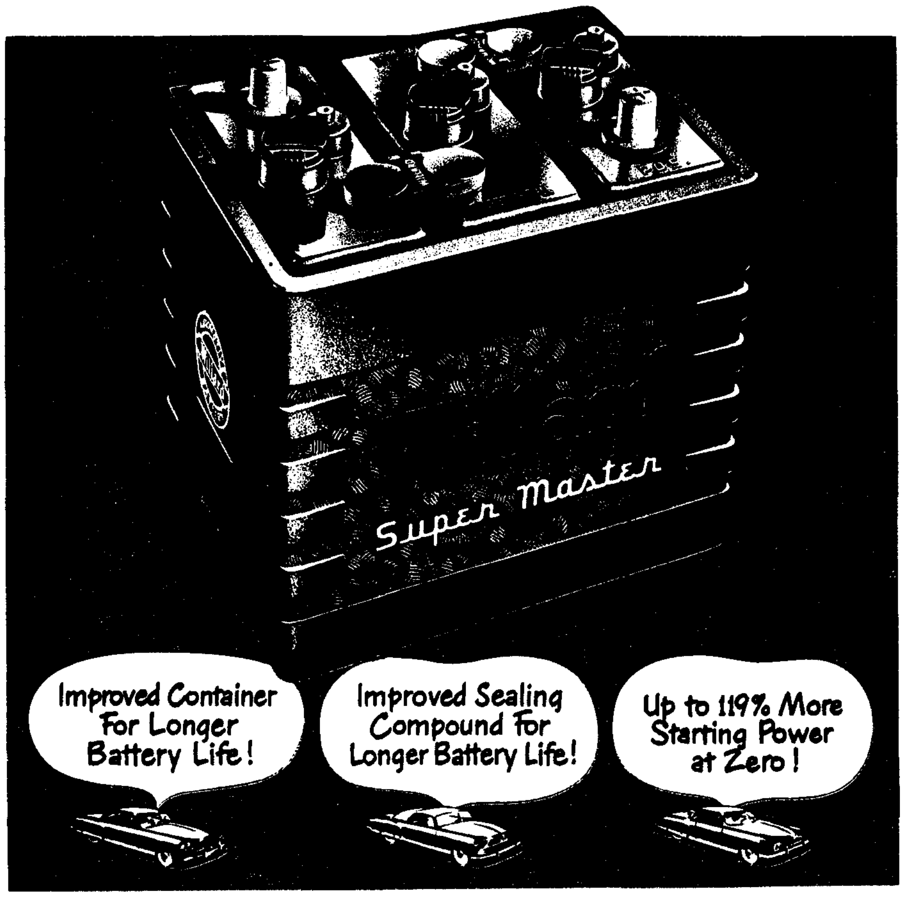
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port such a new weapon as strongly as I am supporting air power today.

It is not intended to convey the impression that air power alone will win a future war, but in my judgment it is the most powerful single means of imposing our will by military force. Obviously, we must also maintain adequate ground and sea forces for employment primarily to facilitate the effectiveness of air power.

Equally important are *Psychosocial Resources.* Our present trial of strength is not only between massed bodies of men, but also between opposing ideas and ideals. The Communists claim that theirs is the people's revolution and that anyone opposing it is a reactionary, a Fascist or an imperialist. By holding forth the promise of social betterment to less fortunate peoples, and through intimidations, the Communists gradually regiment and enslave them. To meet such a challenge we must rely not on guns alone, but on more creative weapons and spiritual forces. For it is not enough to capture and control men's bodies. We must capture and influence their hearts and minds.

I wish that I could state categorically that our psychological warfare is being waged effectively. But such a statement would not be supported by the facts. Millions of dollars have been spent on the Voice of America; however, in the absence of affirmative national policies, that "voice" cannot be utilized with the full strength and conviction of a free, determined and purposeful people. When it is repeatedly indicated by officials that our purpose is not to destroy Communism but merely to *contain and appease* it, what hope do we Americans offer to the unhappy people who have been subjugated by the forces of Communism?

China Mourned Loss of F.D.R.

All the money in the world cannot substitute for courage and good faith. All our protestations of good intentions cannot substitute for deeds. I was in China in the spring of 1945 when word came of the sudden death of President Roosevelt. To the Chinese, and to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek in particular, the news was a tragic blow, the death of a great and beloved friend. I attended the memorial ceremony where, in the open air, tens of thousands of Chinese gathered before a 100-foot likeness of the late President. Chiang's glowing eulogy was sincere and moving.

Weeks later I accompanied Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley to the Presidential palace where the ambassador conveyed to Chiang for the first time the terms of the Yalta agreement. Although no Chinese Nationalist official had been consulted, Dairen was made an open port, Port Arthur was leased to the Soviet Union for a naval base, and the Chinese Eastern Railway placed under dual Chinese-Soviet control.

As the terms of the Yalta agreement were explained, the generalissimo listened in silent disbelief and asked the interpreter to repeat them. I believe I saw then in his shocked and stricken face a realization which our leaders had failed to comprehend—that north China had been laid open to Soviet infiltration with all its dire consequences. By yielding drastic concessions to the U.S.S.R., we had also humiliated and weakened a loyal friend.

If we must go into a new war, let us do so with the determination not only of imposing our will militarily, but also of accomplishing a victory that will endure and that will insure realization of American aims through the timely and intelligent use of four major instruments of national policy—political, economic, military and psychosocial forces.

You will note that the Soviet Russians employ those means all over the world. They are successful today because they have the strategic initiative. Also, they have a global plan that provides timely and intelligent guidance for the employment of their resources in the progressive communication of the world. They use political machinations, economic pressures, psychological and military intimidations to attain their aims. If I were a lieutenant general in the Russian army and Generalissimo Stalin asked my advice concerning the employment of Russian military forces, I would advise him not to involve the Russian military—pointing out that he is enjoying success in all of the other fields of strategy and that, when military force becomes necessary, he continue to use satellites.

In future wars, particularly if fighting nations of vast area with large populations such as the Soviet Union, it is of increasing importance that we exploit our industrial might and technological advantages. We must avoid scrupulously landlocked struggles against the masses that the Soviet can and unquestionably will deploy in battle. I have long decried the folly of disregarding technical and industrial advantages, the danger of being led into armed conflict with the hordes of Asia's man power.

We do not have the tremendous reservoir of men, nor the callous disregard for the individual which enables the enemy to wage such warfare. Let those Asiatics who aspire to individual and national freedoms fight those Asiatics who espouse the totalitarian ideas of the Kremlin. There are hundreds of thousands ready to endure hardships—to make any sacrifice for liberty. We must avoid scrupulously the commitment of American manhood, our most precious commodity, in areas and under conditions more favorable to the enemy. By so doing we are simply playing the game of the Soviet leaders as they scheme and skillfully maneuver to impose costly drains on our human and material resources.

Albert C. Wedemeyer, in command of the China Theater of Operations at the end of World War II, retired from the Army in July. Now a vice-president of the Avco Manufacturing Corp., he requested Collier's to send its article payment to the Korean Wounded Long Distance Toll Fund, which pays for phone calls at San Francisco's Letterman General Hospital

For this reason, I believe we should not concentrate our own ground forces in Korea or any place which might develop into a bottomless pit for our man power. Specifically, Korea is not of decisive importance in the global picture. If we have the opportunity to withdraw our ground forces now, it would be sound to do so. Through punitive action by air and sea forces and economic sanctions and the employment of psychosocial forces, including the immediate severance of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union and satellites, we could ameliorate the loss of prestige that might result from such a withdrawal. More important, we would give positive evidence of determination to fight the advance of Communism, but not naïvely at times and places and under conditions of the Kremlin's choosing.

In the event that military operations must continue in Korea or elsewhere in the Far East, I suggest that the United Nations train and equip Asiatic man power for such operations. This would permit us to employ our own and European man power for other decisive areas where Allied man power is not so abundantly available. However, if it is decided that our own forces must remain committed in the Far East, then our commanders should not be restricted in the use of any weapon in our arsenal to ensure a speedy and decisive victory. Furthermore, other free nations should be called upon to furnish proportionate numbers.

Historically, after winning a military victory, we have invariably occupied the territory of the defeated nation and we have assumed responsibilities for the rehabilitation of the peoples and areas dislocated by war. It is my conviction that if we continue to follow this pattern, the resultant losses in man power and attendant economic disruptions will so weaken our country as to result in the very conditions in our own homeland that we have fought and sacrificed to eliminate elsewhere, including concentration of power, regimentation and stultification of free enterprise.

We should plan and prepare for military operations that will blunt the enemy's offensive capabilities, block his aggressions and destroy his warmaking potential. No nation in the world today is so self-sufficient that it can withstand the attrition resulting from effective economic blockade and destructive air bombardment. Modern air power with ultradestructive weapons is capable of crippling industry, severing communications, gnawing at national morale.

Propaganda for Enemy Masses

Concurrent with such military operations, our global plan must provide for psychological warfare to a degree never before undertaken in history, in order to reorient the masses and persuade them to rid themselves of dictatorial leadership. We must reach the people in the enemy area with the truth, the American story, to the effect that we do not want to wage war; that we want peace—peace with honor; and that we will extend a helping hand to them in their efforts to establish a government whose aims are compatible with our own, a government that essentially is dedicated to the protection of individual liberties, the dignity of the human being and peaceful resolution of inevitable international friction and problems.

Moreover, we must convince them that we are determined to take strong punitive action against unscrupulous leaders and scheming governments, particularly when they are striving to perpetuate themselves in power at the expense of peace.

Unfortunately, the quality of leadership in our country has declined. Washington today is crowded with sycophants who too often merely rationalize the policies promulgated by their superiors. Among us there are disruptive elements, those of little faith or loyalty who have fallen under the influence of Communist doctrine. Some have penetrated into our schools, labor unions, religious organizations and government structure. Investigations, such as that of the Kefauver committee, have revealed too often that many men in high public trust have placed not only political advantage before their country's security, but have even placed personal enrichment before the duties and ethical requirements of office.

There is in Congress today an elected representative who has been convicted of malfeasance of public funds. Yet this man has not resigned, nor have his colleagues taken action against him. He still assists in the formulation and passage of laws to which our citizens must conform, but which he apparently can ignore with impunity. Such cynicism and abuse of privilege in high office has dangerously lowered the respect and confidence not only of our own people but of other peoples of the world.

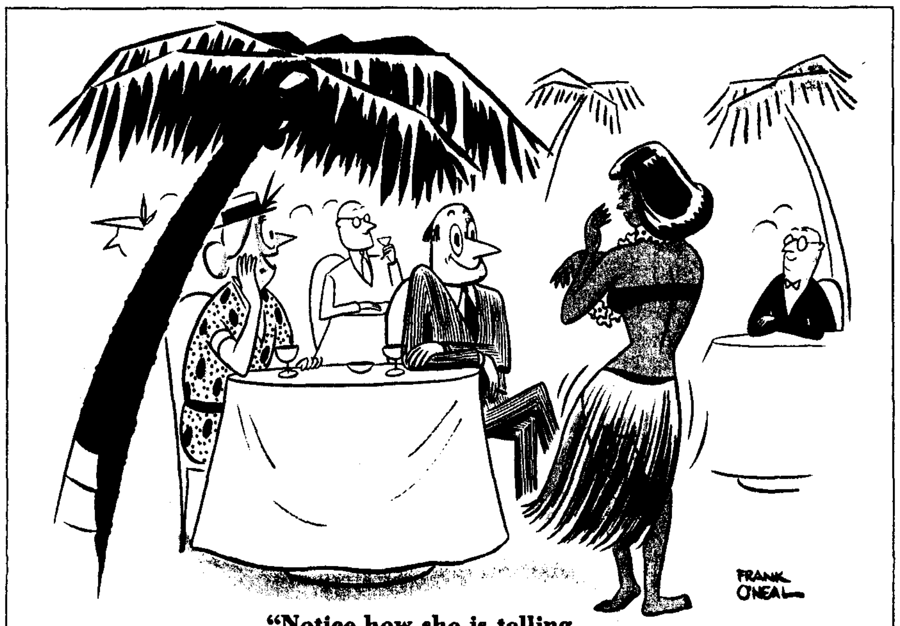
We need above all, therefore, a devotion to duty and a sense of values. We need men of principle and intelligence who will serve their country by criticizing constructively and fearlessly at appropriate times the policies, internal and external, which they sincerely feel are jeopardizing the security of our nation—the perpetuation of our great heritage. We shall never summon the energy, and genius, or inspire the faith of free peoples throughout the world, until we can muster the energy, genius and faith of the American people in the traditions of the three greatest human documents—the Constitution, the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence.

For ultimately it is not merely a question of whether or not our military might shall prevail. It is a question of whether our faith is stronger, whether our objectives in the fields of human endeavor capture mankind's allegiance. The choice lies with ourselves, and the time in which we can make it is limited.

We Americans can discuss at great length the winning of wars in remote areas of the world, the Point Four Program, the China Lobby, the reapproachment in Spain, but it will all be in vain if we do not keep alive the principles of democracy at home. We must resist those developments in our economic and social structure that result in the government's assuming responsibilities belonging to the individual. We must not barter traditional American initiative and free enterprise for a form of security that weakens the moral fiber of our historically virile and productive nation.

Like a creeping paralysis, restrictions and controls initiated in many instances by the government, in others by selfish minority groups, are being imposed upon us. Of course, the Communists are giving every impetus either covertly or openly to these ominous trends. There are defects in the free enterprise system—in the operation of a republican form of government. However, these defects cannot be remedied by socialization. A recapture of the high ideals and the sense of values of our founding fathers in handling problems—both national and international—would eliminate promptly many of the dangers and difficulties confronting our country today.

Modern philosophy inclines toward pessimism and a willingness to condemn what time, tradition and the experiences of men have hallowed. All of us must accept the obligations—sacred obligations—inherent in American citizenship to insure intelligent and courageous leadership if we really are determined to perpetuate our wonderful heritage. Finally there must be a return to Faith—Faith in the individual—Faith in mankind—Faith in God. THE END



COLLIER'S "Notice how she is telling the story with her hands" FRANK O'NEAL

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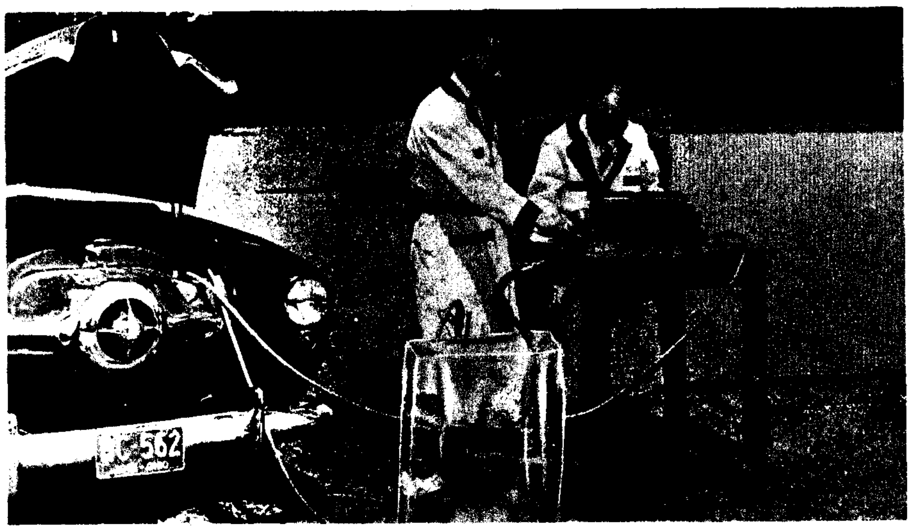

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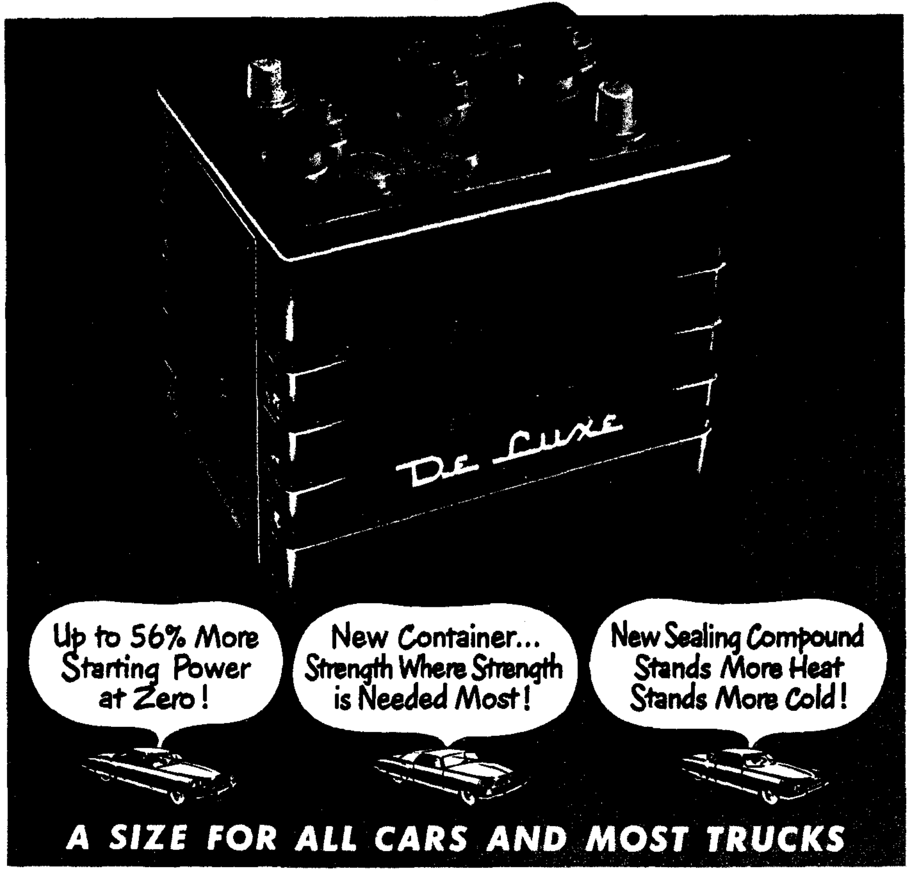
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Collective Bargaining

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Clara's light step on the stairs a few minutes later was a relief to all of us. Mother had about exhausted the topic. Quinlan rose and looked accusingly at Clara, his expression seeming to say: You got me into this. Now, for the love of Heaven, get me out.

Clara, her eyes shining, came boldly close to him and smiled up into his face. "Hello, Martin," she said softly. "You've all got acquainted, I see."

"Yes," he admitted. Then a sudden, humorous grin softened the austerity of his face. "In a manner of speakin'."

He seemed to relax after that and conversation became easier. For a while it seemed that the evening would turn out passably after all. Mother served her fruitcake, which was delicious as always. And Quinlan said, with a blarney look in his eye, that while he didn't consider himself an expert on culinary matters, this was easily the best fruitcake he'd ever tasted and possibly the best in the world, which brought a pleased pink to Mother's cheeks. But then, during a brief lull in the conversation, the inevitable happened.

FATHER uncrossed his legs and leaned forward in his chair. "By the way, Mr. Quinlan, what line of business do you follow?"

It seemed a harmless enough question, but Clara drew in her breath sharply and stiffened in her chair. Quinlan glanced at her, then turned back to Father. "I'm connected with the union, sir," he said.

"The union?"

"Yes, sir. The Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers International Union. It's a new group just formed last year. I'm the secretary."

He might just as well have said: *I'm the devil,* for the effect it had. Father's eyebrows shot up, and Mother seemed to wilt a little. We all knew Father's views on the labor unions. He lumped them, along with such things as automobiles and woman suffrage, into one category labeled: Dangerously Radical, and consigned them freely and often to hell. He had a healthy regard for his own opinions and no reticence about voicing them.

Mother coughed once and fidgeted nervously in her chair.

"The Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers International Union," my father began. "You don't say."

"Oh, goodness, just look at the time!" Mother cried with startling vivacity. Father shot her a look of annoyance. "I had no idea. Teddy dear, hadn't you better be saying good night to Mr. Quinlan?"

"But, Mama—" I began in protest. I was usually allowed to stay up when we had company. "It's only a little after—"

Her voice bubbled right over mine. "It's late enough, dear. You have to be in school tomorrow."

"But you always let me—"

It never took long to wear through my father's patience. "Theodore," he said. "And straight to bed, sir. No sitting on the stairs." He dismissed me with a nod, sent a warning glance to Mother, and rose, smiling toothily. "And now, Mr. Quinlan, I'm—ah—quite interested in this union of yours. Perhaps you'd be kind enough to clear up a few little questions."

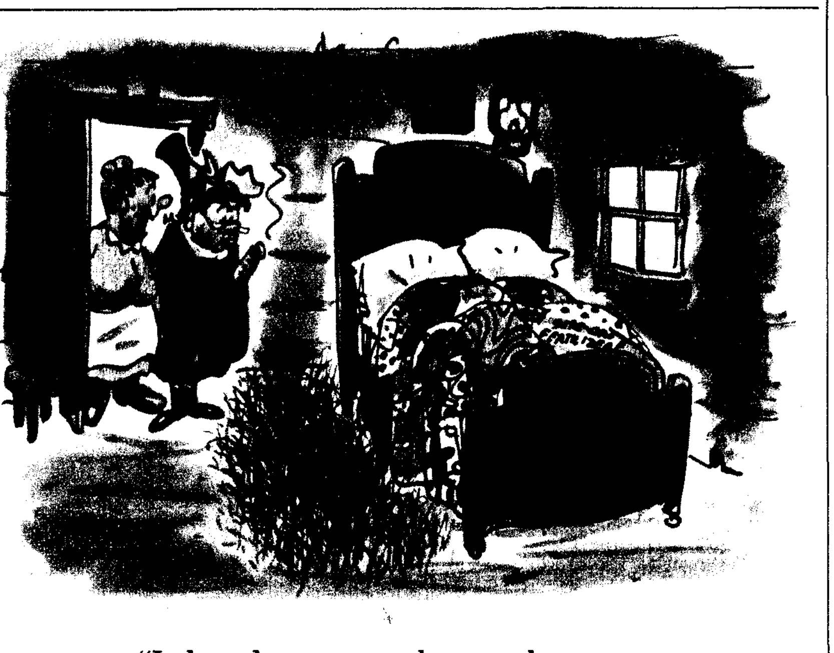
It was a technique I later saw him use many times in court. With a bland smile on his square, slightly horsy face, he would pleasantly lead a witness straight into a trap. Then, in full-throated rage, he would pounce, waving his forefinger like an avenging sword under the victim's nose.

Martin Quinlan's "Certainly, sir," sounded wary.

"Fine," Father said. "Would you care for some more cake? No?" He laughed a mellow laugh. "It *is* rich. Ah, did I understand you to say you were the secretary?"

"That's correct."

KENNESAW



"I planted some grass there on the dirt floor so it wouldn't be so cold steppin' out of bed in the morning"

COLLIER'S

REAMER KELLER

"Quite an important position for so young a man."

"I worked for it."

"Of course." Father sounded pleased, as though he'd wormed a damaging admission out of Quinlan. "One could hardly expect to start at the top." His pacing had led him to where he could see the top of the stairs, where I sat, trying to decide whether or not to remain. His quick glance made up my mind for me. "I read in the paper the other day that your organization had announced a number of rather startling demands. I believe that was the word used. Yes, certain demands." His voice grew indistinct as he paced back into the parlor.

In bed, I tried to hear what was going on but only an occasional word penetrated to my room, which was in the back. I fell asleep and dreamed I was on a sinking ship, where there was much shouting and pounding going on. I woke up, wide-eyed, at the height of the argument, to hear Quinlan's voice, loud enough to shake the pictures on the wall and thick with the brogue, demanding hotly, "And how the devil would *you* know? I'll wager you never stuck that nose of yours inside the door of a tenement house. Nor did you ever fill your lungs with the foul air in a sweatshop!"

There was an angry, indistinct rumble from my father; then I heard Quinlan again. "Immigrants and malcontents, is it? Sure, and it's only out of respect for your advanced age that I don't ask you to step out in the street and repeat that last statement!"

I jumped out of bed and hurried to the head of the stairs just in time to meet Clara, who was running to her room, weeping so hard she never saw me. Father and Quinlan were chin to chin at the front door, both talking at once, and Mother, pale and harried, hovered around, saying, "Please, Albert, Mr. Quinlan!"

She yanked open the door and desperately half pushed, half maneuvered Quinlan out of the house. She sighed and for a moment there was silence. But Father was much too wound up to stop there.

"By thunder, if that rascally Irishman ever shows his face around here again—"

He was still going strong as he and Mother went up to bed. "This is what comes of allowing an innocent young girl to work in an office. I warned you, Genie. But you had to have your way."

Breakfast the next morning was an uncomfortable meal. Only Father appeared not to feel it. He ate his usual hearty breakfast, reading aloud from the paper to Mother as he always did, steadfastly refusing to notice that Clara spoke to him only when it was absolutely necessary. He mentioned nothing about what had happened the night before. But when he was rising to go he said to Clara, "It won't be necessary for you to make the trip downtown this morning. I shall convey your message to Mr. Webster that you are no longer able to continue in his employ."

Clara stiffened and drew herself up, her eyes flashing. But she said nothing. She sat so until the closing of the door told us Father was out of the house. Then she slumped forward on the table, sobbing.

"Now I'll never see him again. Never! Oh, Mama, I wish I could die!" she cried, and she ran out of the kitchen.

Mother stood looking at the door through which Clara had gone, her eyes deeply troubled. I left quietly to look for my books. I had just started upstairs when Mother called, "Teddy, wait."

I came back to the kitchen.

"Teddy, you're not to go to school today. I want you to go somewhere with me."

I could hardly believe my ears. "Hooray!" I began. She shushed me hastily. "No one is to know about this, Ted."

"But, Mama—" I began, puzzled. But she was already on her way upstairs to get dressed.

A few minutes later we stole out of the house and started briskly down the street toward the trolley line.

It was a long ride downtown on the streetcar. We changed cars twice, both times after Mother had asked directions. We left the nicer sections of the city and rode through dingy, crowded, slightly sinister-looking streets. I thought I knew then why my mother had wanted me to come along. She wanted me to protect her. My chest swelled a little as we got off the car.

We walked very fast for a few blocks, my mother looking straight ahead, trying not to notice the big men in work clothes.

Finally we came to a shabby red-brick building from which hung a sign: The Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers International Union, Three Flights Up. Mother closed her eyes for a moment as though she were saying a prayer; then we entered the dark doorway and mounted the steep, creaky, wooden steps. At the top Mother stood for a moment, her hand over her bosom, catching her breath. We were in a large, barren room furnished only with some folding chairs. A few men were sitting about, smoking and talking. They turned to look at us when we entered. Mother's hand had tightened on mine as we walked toward them to ask directions.

"Mr. Quinlan?" one of them said. "Yes, ma'am. Right through there, down the corridor. First office on your right."

"Thank you." We hurried away in the direction he'd pointed, and stopped before a wired-glass door on which was printed: Martin Quinlan, Private. Mother rapped and we heard the unmistakable voice from inside say, "Yes. Come in."

"Be with you in a minute," he said without looking up. He was alone, busy writing at his littered desk.

My mother waited, pale and determined, until he finished.

"Well, now—" He tossed his pen aside, looked up, and stared. "Mrs. Roper—"

"Good morning, Mr. Quinlan."

"What the devil—?" He rose, frowning. Then the corners of his mouth tucked in ironically. "And to what happy circumstance do I owe this honor, may I ask?"

She tightened her lips, ignoring his sarcasm. "May I sit down?"

"Oh, by all means." He motioned toward the wooden chair beside his desk. She sat down and folded her hands in her lap. He watched her in silence. Mother returned his stare for a moment; then she sighed and glanced heavenward.

"Mr. Quinlan," she said patiently, "I came here to discuss a matter which is important to both of us, I think. It would certainly help if you'd stop behaving like a sulky schoolboy."

He grunted. "Well, I'm listening."

"It's about Clara," she said. "I'd like to know what your intentions are toward Clara."

MARTIN QUINLAN'S eyebrows shot up. "Intentions," he said. "Intentions! I have *no* intentions toward Clara! I'm a busy man. I have no time to waste on a contrary, frivolous female, nor either on her asinine, stuffed shirt of an old man who—"

"Mr. Quinlan!"

He shrugged and turned away. "And you can go right back and tell her I said so," he finished. He shoved his hands in his pockets and paced furiously before his desk for a space. Then he stopped in front of her again. "How is she?"

"Very well, thank you."

"Good. And so am I." He resumed his pacing.

"For Heaven's sake, stand still," Mother said. "Do you want to see Clara again?"

That stopped him. He squinted narrowly at her. "Does she want to see me?"

"I think so."

It took a minute for him to digest that; then he said guardedly, "If that's true, which I very much doubt, why doesn't she get in touch with me herself?"

"Do you have any idea how badly you behaved last night?" Mother said. "Shouting and carrying on like that?"

"Oh, and that was all *my* fault, I suppose!"

She dropped her hands in her lap impatiently. "Well, you certainly didn't help things any," she cried.

"No, but it takes *two* to make a quarrel and—" He stopped abruptly, looked at my mother, then down at her hands. He sank into a chair and slowly a contrite grin spread over his face. "I've got no argument with you there," he said mildly. It was at that moment that I began to like him. He sat for a while, staring at the floor and frowning. "I mean well," he went on finally, "but I'm a proud, hot-tempered man without enough of God's good sense to keep my big trap shut." Then, looking up eagerly,

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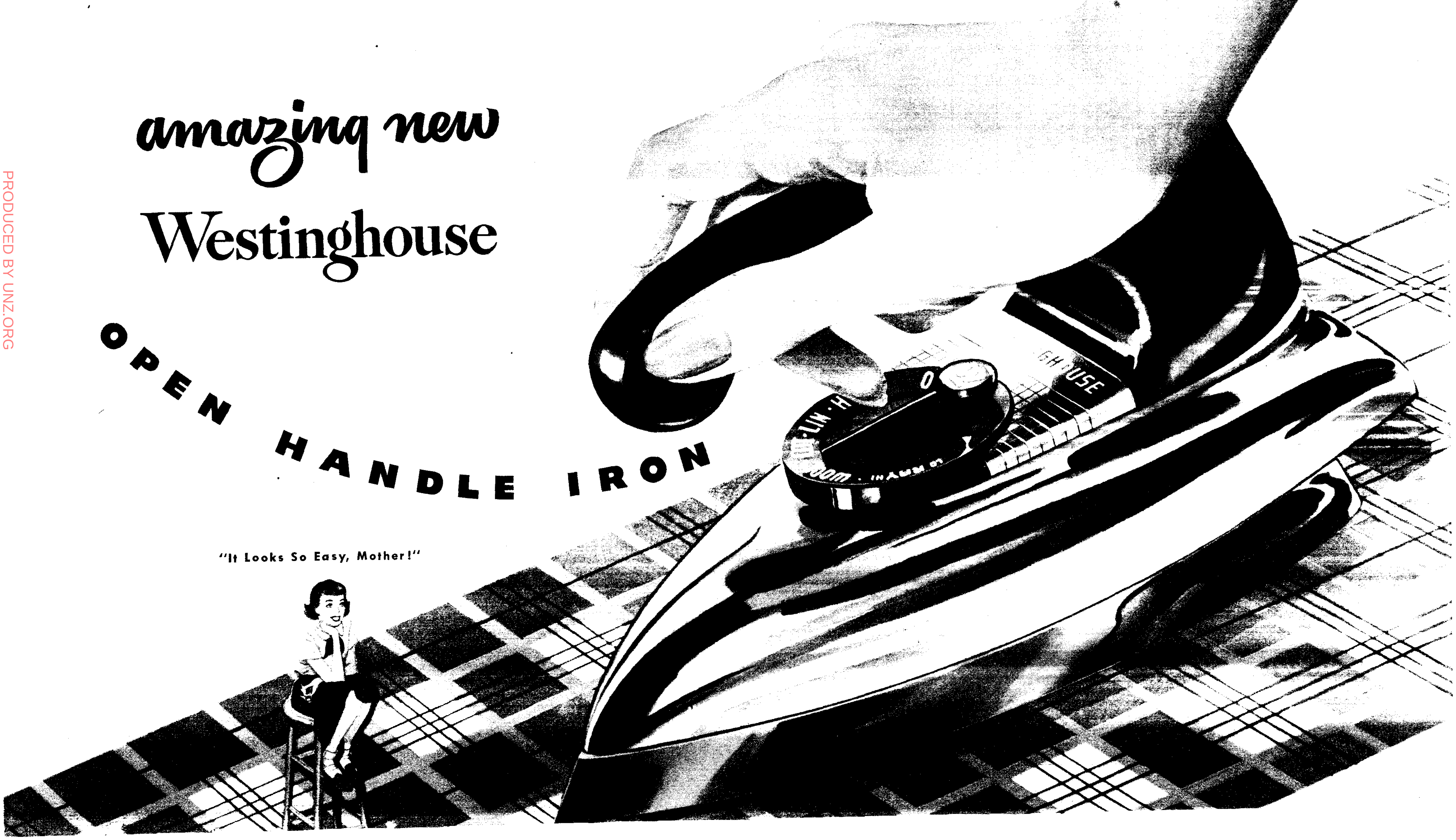

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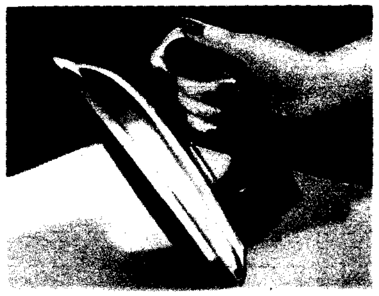

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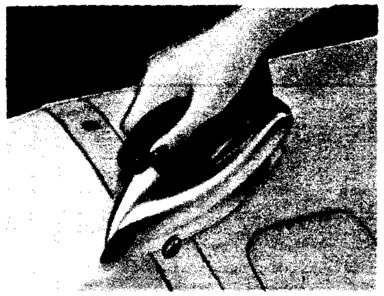

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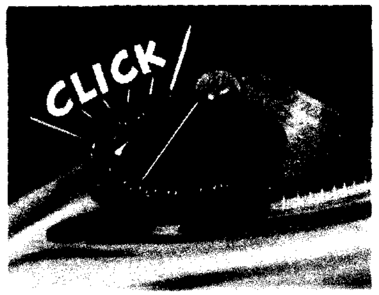

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he asked, "How do you know she wants to see me? Did she say so right out?"

"No, Martin." Smiling, my mother rose and went to him. She placed her hand gently on his shoulder. "But you can take my word for it. And I think you're in love with her, aren't you?"

"I've been telling myself all morning how much I hate her," he said ruefully. "I guess that's a good sign. When can I see her?"

"I don't know. I'll have to arrange something," she said. She thought awhile. "Perhaps this week end. I could send her to visit her aunt in Willow Point. You could see her there."

His eyes on her face were almost reverent. "I can never tell you how grateful I am," he said softly. "Or what a wonderful woman I think you are."

"Nonsense, Martin." She smiled.

My mother had a habit of chewing her lip when something worried her. She began doing that now. I knew what was on her mind. "How am I ever going to handle Mr. Roper?" she said, thinking aloud.

MARTIN QUINLAN walked back with us to the trolley line. He had wanted to hire a rig and drive us home, but Mother wouldn't hear of such extravagance.

While we walked, she questioned him about his work, listening interestedly to all he told her and seeming to be weighing what he said against Father's ideas.

We passed a factory where there was a strike in progress. Quinlan tried to hurry us along, saying there might be fighting. But Mother wouldn't be rushed. "I don't have a chance to see things like this very often," she said. And she made him explain all about it before she would leave.

The trolley was just coming up the street when we finally got to the stop. Mother said good-by to Quinlan and told him she would phone him. He handed her gallantly into the trolley, then hopped on the first step himself and planted a kiss flush on her cheek. "Ye're a broth of a girl," he said, grinning, and hopped off just as the car started to move.

"Clara will sure be glad to see Mr. Quinlan again, won't she, Mama?" I said, once we were seated.

Mother turned to me hastily. "Teddy, remember now. You're to say nothing about this. Especially not to Clara."

Back home, Mother simply said that we'd been shopping, and Clara was too wrapped up in her own troubles to notice that we'd come back with our arms empty. Mother said to me, "Go out to the kitchen, dear, and get a cooky and a glass of milk," which sounded like a good idea. But as I stepped out of the room I heard her begin brightly, "Clara, you'll never guess who we ran into downtown this afternoon." So, of course, I stayed and listened.

I'd heard Mother tell little fibs to Father once in a while, but she must have spent all the long trolley ride thinking out the one she told Clara that day. It was a whopper.

Mother and Clara, both very gay and excited, were still in the parlor when Father came home. Father raised his eyebrows and said, "Why in thunder do you want to go out to Willow Point? I thought you didn't like your Aunt Celia."

Clara smiled and Mother said, "Of course she likes Celia, Albert. What a thing to say. It will do her good to get away from home for a few days."

Father shrugged and said, "H'mm," once or twice, and nothing more. Clara left the next morning.

All that day Mother was excited and nervous. When I came home from school, she stared at me absently for a moment as though it took an effort to bring her mind back to where she was, and then, for no reason, she gave me a big hug and a kiss. That evening, even my father, who rarely noticed people's moods, demanded to know what the devil was eating her.

She was the same on Saturday: distracted, listening for the telephone to ring. It finally did ring late in the afternoon. It was Father saying he'd be half an hour late for dinner.

He arrived just as Mother was setting the table. Katie went to the door. I heard her say, "Oh, dear," apprehensively. Then, Father was standing in the entrance to the dining room, with Clara, red-eyed and tragic, behind him. "Mama—" she whimpered, then burst into sobs as she turned and ran upstairs to her room.

"I thought I'd better take a ride out to Willow Point," Father said. "It's fortunate that I did." He was very angry.

Mother stared dumbly at him.

"Who do you suppose was there with Clara when I arrived?" he demanded, his voice rising. We didn't have to suppose. "How in the name of Heaven could such a thing happen to me?" he shouted. "Deceived by my own daughter and that thieving, traitorous, blackhearted anarchist." He stomped around the room, waving his fists in the air and shouting. Mother waited, white-faced but composed, for a chance to speak. Then she told him.

"Whatever deception there was, Albert, it was my doing. I arranged it all. I gave Martin permission to call on Clara."

The shock of that took him off balance. His mouth fell open and he dropped into a chair. *"You,* Genie?"

Mother nodded. "Yes, Albert. I think Martin is a fine man and will make Clara a good husband. And I think it's wrong of you to feel about him as you do. I went to see him and—"

"What!" Father was on his feet again. "Have you lost your mind?"

"I went to see him," Mother persisted, "to talk to him about Clara."

"For Heaven's sake, Genie!"

"And I think—"

"That's enough!" Father shouted. He clasped his hands behind his back and angrily paced the room. "Apparently I didn't make myself quite clear on this matter. So, to avoid any future misunderstandings: I flatly forbid you or anyone else in this house ever to see, speak to, or even speak about this man Quinlan again. Is that clear? And furthermore, in regard to—"

But Mother didn't wait for any more. Without a word, she stripped off her apron and tossed it on the chair. She turned and stalked out of the room toward the stairs.

"I'm not finished, Genie." Father followed after her. "What are you doing?"

"I believe," she said without stopping, "that Martin would call it a strike!" She ran into the guest room, slammed the door shut and turned the lock. Father went up the steps three at a time. He pounded on the locked door with his fist. "Genie, come out of there! Stop this nonsense immediately. Do you hear?"

I was standing at the foot of the stairs. I heard her voice, muffled by the door, answer, "I'll come out when you agree to discuss this matter calmly and sensibly."

"I've done all the discussing I intend to do!" Father shouted. And when there was no answer: "All right, you can stay in there until you come to your senses."

Katie served dinner. It was a silent meal except when Father burned his tongue on the soup because Katie had forgotten that he liked it cooled before it was brought to the table.

After dinner, Katie went upstairs with a tray of food. Father glowered at her, but he said nothing.

Mother stayed in the guest room all day Sunday. Katie brought her meals up. Father got angrier each time he saw her going up the stairs with a tray. Finally, when she was taking dinner up, he stopped her. "Where are you going with that tray?"

"You know very well."

"Well, it won't be necessary," Father said. "If she's hungry she can come down and eat like anyone else."

"I don't know anything about that," Katie said. "But as long as I'm in this house she's not going to stay there and starve, poor dear." And she started upstairs.

"Stop!" Father shouted. "If you go up with that food you needn't bother to come in to work tomorrow, do you hear?"

"That's all right with me, Mr. Roper," Katie said. She went up and rapped on Mother's door. "It's me, Mrs. Roper."

"You're fired!" Father shouted.

She left soon after, saying good-by to Father in an angry voice and slamming the door. Father said, "Good riddance," and sat, glowering, in his chair for a while; then he slammed his hands down on the chair arms and rose. "Dammit!" he said. He strode to the stairs and mounted them. He banged on Mother's door. "Genie, I've had enough of this. Come on out of there."

"You know my conditions, Albert."

"The devil with your conditions. Either you come out or I'll break in the door!"

There was a tense silence.

"All right!" Father shouted. We heard him back up a step or two. "This is your last chance, Genie. Are you coming out?" He waited a moment more, then he lunged.

"Albert. No! You'll hurt yourself," we heard Mother scream. But it was too late. There was a great crash, a shout of pain from Father and then the noise of bottles falling off the dresser. Clara and I hurried upstairs. There was Father, sprawled face down on the floor of the guest room, out cold. What had happened was obvious. Mother had given in and opened the door at exactly the right time.

He had come to by the time Dr. Cleveland arrived, although he was still lying there groaning. It was nothing serious, the doctor said. Only a few minor bruises and a dislocated jaw. He just wouldn't be able to talk for a few days. The doctor got Father into bed and rolled yards of bandage around his head until all that showed were his eyes and nose. Dr. Cleveland said good-by, and Mother went with him to the door. When she came back, she said, "Teddy, Clara," and nodded toward the door. As we obediently left the room, she turned back to Father, her hands on her hips.

"And now, Albert," she said, "you're going to listen to me whether you want to or not."

I STOOD beside my mother in the fragrant semigloom of the church, listening to the organ take up the slow strains of the wedding march. The low hum of conversation around us stopped.

"She's coming, Mama," I whispered.

We turned to see Clara and Father coming down the aisle. I had never thought of my sister as being beautiful, but she was beautiful that day. She looked tall and graceful, the color came and went in her smooth cheeks, and there was a misty softness in her eyes.

Father's eyes fastened angrily on Martin Quinlan's broad back, and Martin, as though feeling his gaze, turned his head and sent a hard glance back in Father's direction. They were to enjoy their Sunday arguments together for many years to come.

My sister took her place at the altar beside Martin, and the ceremony began.

"Clara," I heard my mother murmur in a wavering voice. I looked up at her curiously. She sniffed and her round chin quivered. "Clara," she whimpered. "My little girl." Her mouth curved down and, as I looked on, bewildered, tears welled up in her eyes and her fingers began fumbling at her bosom for a handkerchief. THE END

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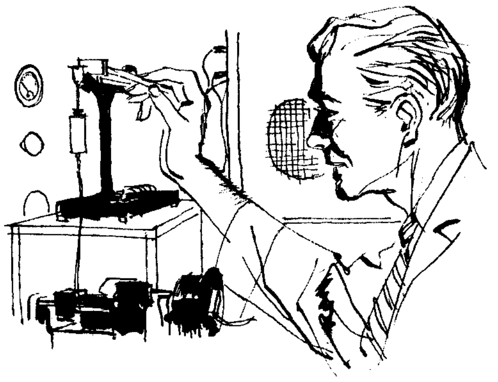

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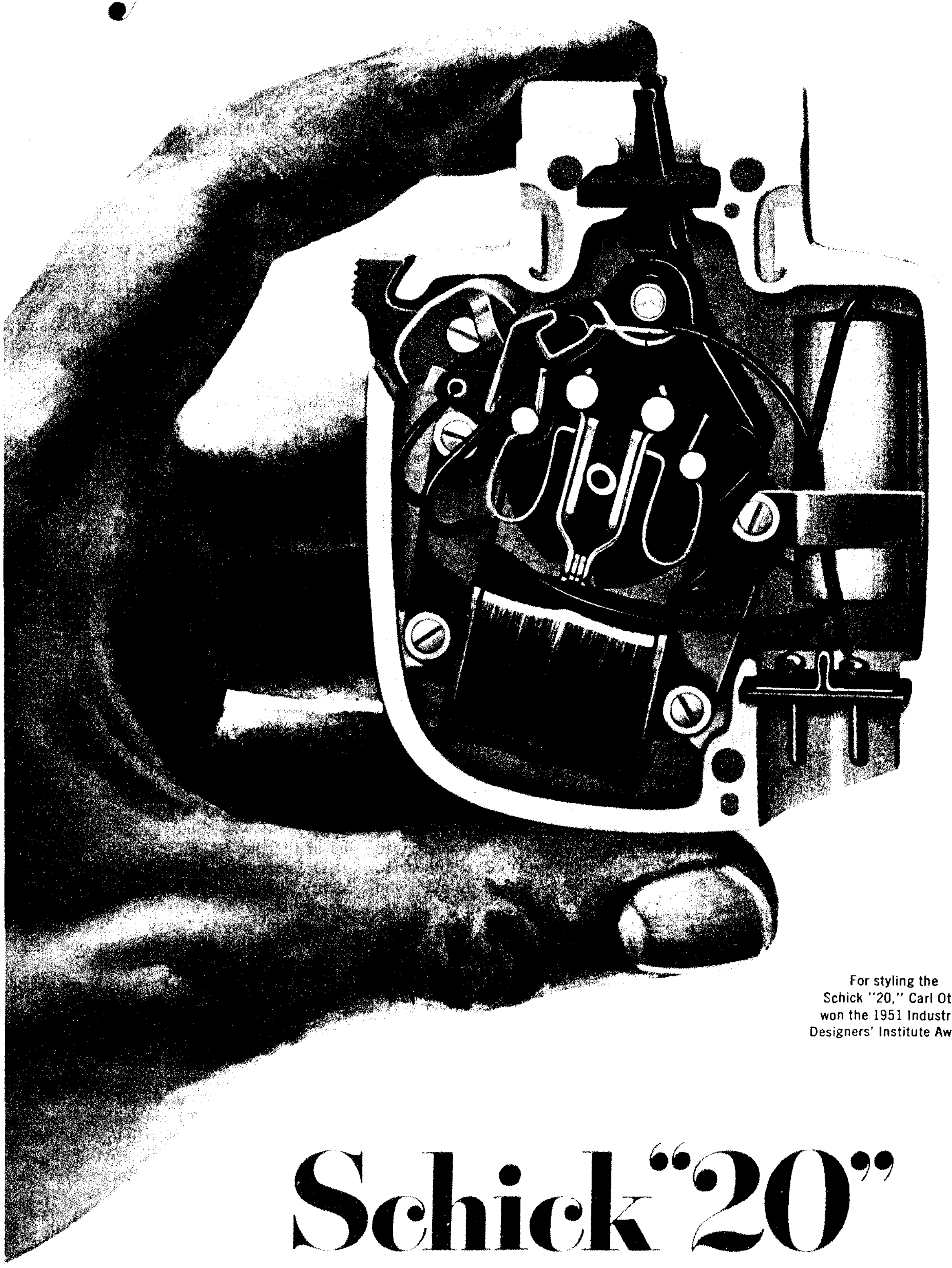

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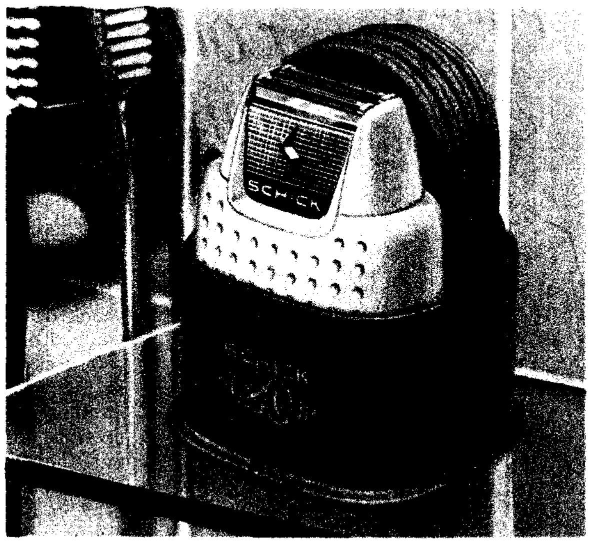

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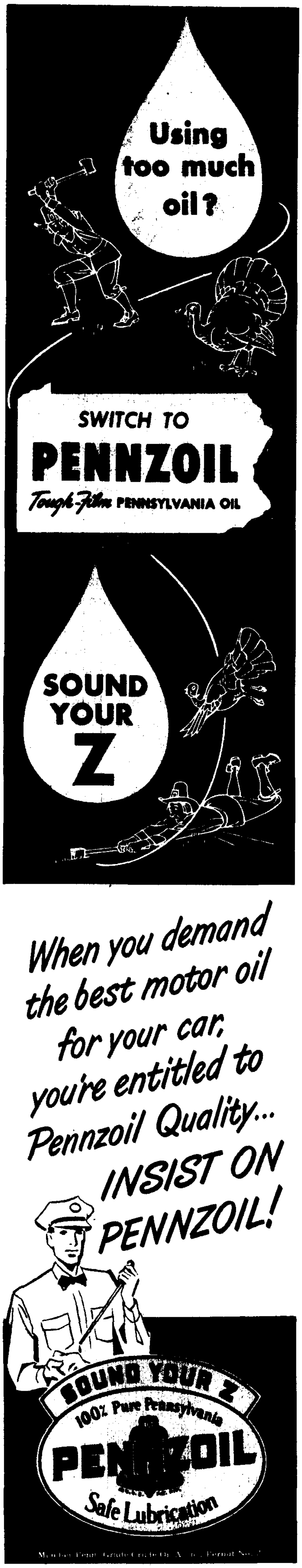

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Mullins and the Pretty Dumb Huntress

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

He gave her what is known as a double-take; then he began creeping through the golden, clipped stalks of wheat. Muttering, Amy fell behind. At the slough's edge, Barry waited. Amy wallowed up under her load of decoys and flopped on her stomach.

"This is one pooped duck hunter," she gasped. "Leave me lie here in the hay. You mush on alone. Tell the folks I died with my boots on up to my hips."

"You'll have to be quieter," he whispered. "That wheezing noise carries."

Amy nodded and closed her eyes.

"The slough's alive with 'em!" he whispered excitedly. "We can shoot in three minutes. Load up."

AMY wearily pushed herself up and crouched over her gun. She was shoving shells into the magazine when she noticed a movement in the nearby stubble. Ambling toward them, munching a cricket, was a low-slung beast with a stinking reputation. Amy shot to her feet. "Skunk!" she shrieked. "Run, everybody!"

The little skunk, appalled at having a big thing in baggy pants jump out of a bush and holler at him, went into his combat stance. Always a dainty fellow, he lifted his tail off the firing range, stamped his front feet, and made himself intolerable.

When a skunk insists on it, he gets privacy. With the range short, the pariah of the plains was invincible. Uttering choking cries, his enemies dropped their guns and sprinted for fresh air. Some thirty yards out, running well, Amy passed Barry and didn't stop until she pulled up at her wheat. "Whew!" she cried. "Brother, how antisocial can you get?"

Stifling an impulse to flatten her pretty head, Barry asked: "Why did you do that?"

"What?"

"Yell at that little skunk."

"I saw the stinker stomping his paws getting all set to charge," she explained. "Lucky I saw him in time."

"Charge?" He wiped tears from his eyes. "A skunk, Amy, is the most congenial animal outdoors. Give him a fair rattle and roll and he won't bother a soul."

"Well, for the love of Mike, how would I know a thing like that? In St. Paul the only skunks I see button at the throat and have people in them." She noticed his dismal expression. "I gather that during the struggle the ducks got scared and blew."

He nodded gloomily. In the distance he could hear the shots of other hunters, carefree fellows hunting in male company. He sighed. "Might as well start undressing."

"Come again?"

"If we went back in these clothes we'd be run out of town on the garbage truck." He took off his outer garments. "Leave your coat and cap here. Go back to the car and shed the other stuff. Wrap up in a car blanket. I'll get the guns."

Amy was crestfallen, realizing she'd snafued something he took with uncommon seriousness. "First time out I lose our shirts to a polecat. This'll put me in the doghouse till my teeth fall out." She peered at his cold visage. "I'm sorry as the dickens, Barry. Honest. And whoever said ignorance is bliss never met Flower in bloom." She shucked off her coat and cap and trudged off, a forlorn little doll.

The skunk had retired to the weeds to rest his jangled nerves and refuel, so Barry held his nose, dashed in from upwind, got the shotguns, and dashed out. That done, he took off his trousers. In his shirt and long gray wool drawers he strode over the rise to the automobile. He caught the sound of girlish laughter, but when he slipped in beside the blanketed Amy she was expressionless except for a twitching about the lip.

"You have lovely legs," she said affably. "You ought to run around like that oftener; probably increase your circulation."

He started the car.

"Still grumpy? Well, what more can I say? I'm sorry and ashamed and I swear if I ever bump into another skunk I'll have him in for tea and crickets."

Staring ahead, his mouth set in the style fashionable among martyrs, he drove them back to Richmoor and to Doc Tobey's place without speaking. At the curb Amy asked: "Shall I leave the blanket and trot in as I am?"

A shudder rolled over the pantless editor as he thought of the neighbors heating up *that* spectacle for public consumption. It would have a bigger circulation than the Sentinel, and by the time it got around to Hazel, children would have to leave the room. He drove across the back yard to the kitchen door and honked. Mrs. Tobey appeared, took one breath and beat it back into the house.

"You're not coming in *here!*" she cried. "What happened?"

Amy laughed. "We chose a skunk," she said. "And lost."

"That's an understatement. Go away."

"I haven't any clothes on," Amy said cheerfully. "Mr. Mullins, here, made me undress in a wheat field."

"No clothes on, eh? How about that?" Back of the screen door, Mrs. Tobey giggled. "That editor is always uncovering things."

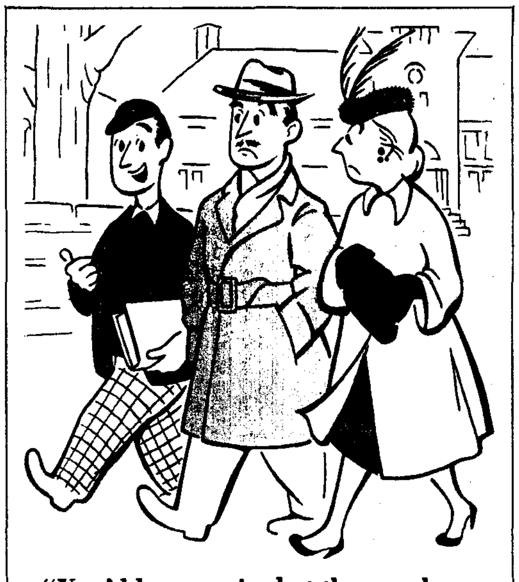
The comedy of this incident eluded Barry. "She has too got clothes on," he said soberly, "and a blanket besides. Shoo her into the cellar, sluice her down with gasoline, and hang her out to dry. If that doesn't do it, make her sleep in the yard."

"You should have seen him, Marilyn," Amy said, "bounding over the great plains at high noon like a flamingo in long underwear." She grinned like an imp. "Thank you for a stinking duck hunt." She lifted the blanket to her shapely knees. Her sister held open the door, and she bounded like an antelope into the Tobey domicile.

Her eyes bright with silent laughter, Marilyn said to Barry: "I do hope your friend Hazel doesn't get the wrong idea about this affair. Do you want me to call her and explain why you made Amy take off her clothes in the stubble field?"

Shaking his head at such calloused jocularity at a time like this, Barry handed her Amy's shotgun and drove off to buy some gasoline suitable for bathing in. . . .

At home, as he cleaned up, he recalled previous opening days when he'd enjoyed himself in the company of stouthearted men, and bagged easy limits. A man who would take a city girl duckhunting had a head that would be spellbinding to a pathologist. He compared Amy with Hazel. One had enough sense to stay home; the other did not. Hazel wasn't as young or toothsome as Amy, but she knew what a man liked and respected his habits. She understood that a duck hunt is not low comedy. She would not giggle at a man forced down to underwear. Recalling that he couldn't bring her the brace of ducks he'd promised, he telephoned and told her he was bringing steaks instead. . . .



"You'd be surprised at the number of people who remember Dad—bartenders, the police chief . . ."

COLLIER'S SWEET

Over the sirloin that evening, Barry gave his account of Amy's caper with the skunk. As he had expected, Hazel didn't laugh.

"She had her nerve inviting herself along. There isn't another woman in town would do a thing like that. I certainly wouldn't."

"Of course you wouldn't, Hazel. But being from out of town, I suppose the kid didn't know any better."

"Any woman with decent breeding would know that," Hazel said. All things considered, it amazed Barry how prim Hazel got once in a while. "Is she pretty?"

"Oh, very."

After dinner they went to the Richmoor theater. Coming out, they encountered Doc Tobey, Marilyn and young Amy. In an atmosphere of general nervousness, Barry introduced Amy to Hazel. Several false declarations of pleasure were muttered. Then Amy, guileless as a lamb, said: "Barry, I wish you'd look in your car for my slip. It's peach with white lace. One of my stockings is missing too." She smiled genially. "Nice to have met you, Mrs. Hansen."

All the way home, while Barry chuckled inwardly, Hazel's mouth was like a crack in ice. At her door, she said, "She's pretty, but a trifle common. It's plain as day she has to spend a lot of time on herself. She must be a holy fright in the morning."

"She's fooled me," Barry said. "I thought the kid looked fresh and unvarnished, especially fresh." He bussed Hazel's brooding lips lightly. "Don't let the sassy upstart bother you. You're just as handsome and a lot handier. Night."

RAIN fell before dawn, making the dirt roads too slick for traffic, so Barry visited the sheriff to bring himself up to date on the wheat-rustling outbreak. The gray old peace officer was talking to Ed Parsons, an indignant farmer who had lost three hundred bushels of fancy durum two nights earlier. Ed was loudly suggesting to the sheriff that he get the lead out.

"Doggone it, Ed, I've been workin' the county over like a bird dog in a weed patch tryin' to put my irons on the party swipin' grain. Barry'll tell you that."

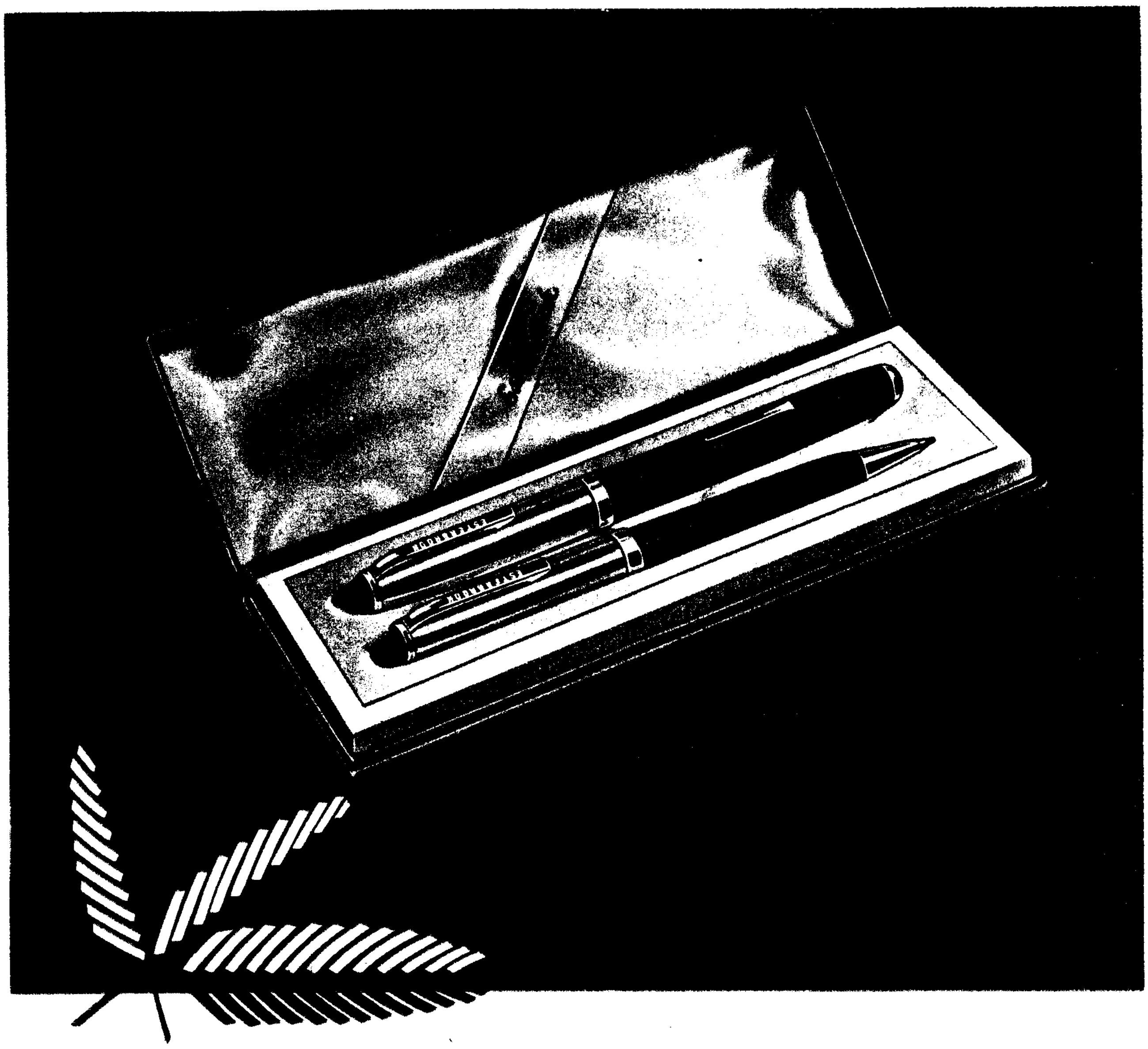
"Tom'll get them if anyone can," Barry said.

"He'd better," Parsons said as he was leaving, "or the farmers around here'll put up somebody for sheriff who can move fast enough to keep the mildew off his big feet."

"That was a nasty thing to say about my sore feet," the sheriff said wearily. He was stymied, he admitted. Nothing to get his teeth into. He looked glumly at Barry. "If you see anything at all peculiar anywheres, come a-runnin', son, come a-runnin'."

Barry was still speculating on the wheat larcenies at noon when he decided to go hunting again. It was possible, he knew, that a couple of fast operators, hearing about the freight-car pinch, had moved in with a truck to take advantage of the wheat piled in unprotected fields. Except for the shoveling part it was easier than taking candy from a baby, and Barry felt a pang of sympathy for the genial old sheriff trying to break the case before the election.

When he pulled in on Amy's quarter



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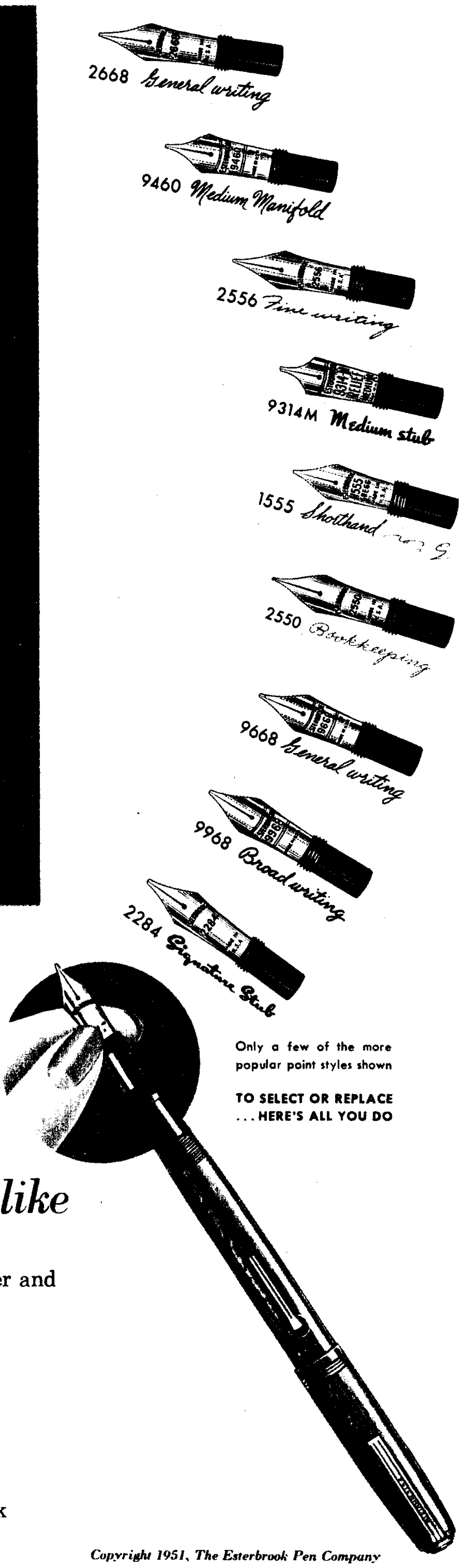
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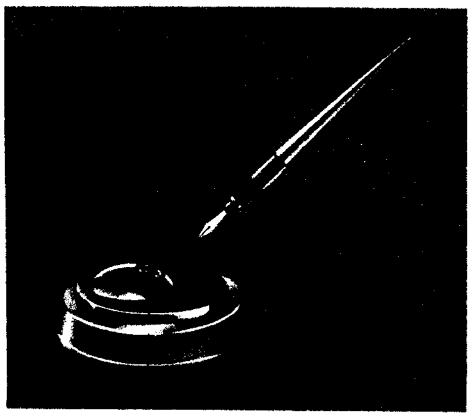

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section he found a car there. In it, knitting, was Mrs. Tobey; she seemed delighted he had come. "Hi, Stinky!" she called.

With misgivings, he went over to talk. "Don't tell me Amy has taken to the field again while you wait here?"

"Why not? The girl's a natural hunter and what with ducks stuffing themselves on her grain and people likely to make off with it, she's out here to defend her property." Noticing his sudden gloom, she grinned. "Don't take to your heels, Barry. Stick around and be nice to her. She likes you, you know, even if she does tease you."

"Something tells me I'm sticking my neck out too far, but for you, Marilyn, I'll hang around. I don't suppose even Amy could misjudge a skunk more than once."

Mrs. Tobey started up her car. "Take care of my hard-shootin' sister!" she called and drove off, grinning.

BARRY picked up the decoys that had been abandoned at the first slough, and moved on to the second. There, lying in the cover provided by a collar of weeds and tall grass at the water's edge, he found Amy.

"Welcome to my rat's nest," she said warmly. "Pull up some hay needles and sit. You didn't bring Mrs. Hansen?"

"I did not bring Mrs. Hansen."

"Very queer. If ever I saw a huntress, she's it. No doubt she's the nocturnal type."

"Speaking of nocturnal prowlers," he said, "did you check your pile of wheat?"

She nodded. "I didn't count the kernels, but it looked wonderful." She returned to her former topic. "Marilyn tells me your Mrs. Hansen owns the land just west of here. With that woman's influence over men I'll bet nobody steals *her* wheat."

Women being what they are, Barry just sighed and peered aloft for ducks.

"I see you're still carrying a grudge because of that trifling accident with Flower yesterday. Would you like me to crawl off into some other weeds?"

"For some obscure, feminine reason, your sister has chosen to leave you in my care. Frankly, I'm terrified. It *is* my simple hope to get through the day without transfusions or gasoline rubdowns."

Amy laughed. "That Marilyn is the greatest matchmaker since Mike Jacobs. In my opinion, marriage has weakened her mind. It's her comical idea we'd make a nice couple. I told her she'd never seen you in long underwear, a spectacle to send strong girls shrieking to a nunnery."

He shifted self-consciously. "Been any flight?"

"Don't weasel out of this fascinating monologue," Amy said. "I told my sister that Mrs. Hansen is the ideal woman for you: getting along in years, at her best over a hot stove and"—Amy laughed again—"never goes duckhunting."

"Yeah." He stood up. "We'll put out the decoys. The breeze is from the south. We'll move to the north side. Ducks have to land against the wind, so they'll approach from the north where we can drop them on the stubble."

"I'm a little deef," Amy said softly, "because I thought I heard you say you wanted me in the same bush with you."

"In shooting over decoys," he explained, "hunters should stay together to keep from lousing up each other's shots."

"Oh. Well, now that's more like the crotchety old geezer I've grown to know. Anything for the birds. Misses a few hours' shooting and stays grouchy for days. Gee, I thought for a moment you'd grown fond of me. You're really awfully nice except around webbed feet. Give you a duck and you're a humorless eager beaver."

Barry had begun to realize the girl was right. It was childish to remain aloof with the ebullient, warmhearted Amy. A little ashamed of himself, he asked her to join him in setting out the decoys.

They were in knee-deep water, arranging the blocks, when Barry muttered: "Bend down! Freeze!"

Above them, a pair of pintails circled. Amy hugged the surface. She got a cold feeling aft. Her stern was awash. It was a test; lesser women would have squealed and bolted. But Amy, motionless except for the slight rise of goose-pimples, soaked her bottom until the pintails decided the place was hostile and fled. She straightened up. "Tell me, do they make waterproof girdles for lady duck hunters?"

For the first time, he grinned at her. She knew she had not suffered in vain.

They settled in a blind of weeds and prairie grass. It was too early for large flocks to be moving out to feed, but singles and pairs flew in now and then and Barry dropped several. The shooting mellowed him wonderfully and when he knocked off a high double he chortled and slapped Amy's back. "Know why you're missing everything?" he asked in a kindly fashion. "Just before you fire you close both eyes and flinch. It pulls you off the bird."

Upon experimenting, she discovered he was right. "You're a slick character with firearms," she said, and reclined in the grass, caressing him with fond eyes. Her face was young and pink and lovely in the fall air. Even in her monstrous clothes, she was a sight to make strong men simmer. "I take it I can come out of the doghouse and play," she murmured.

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He took his eyes off the sky and put them on her. His expression changed; he got a kind of glazed look. It was clear he wasn't thinking of ducks.

"Amy, child," he said, "you're beautiful."

"Am I?" she said with a soft smile. "I've been wanting to hear you say that."

He began to speak, stopped, cleared his throat, laid his shotgun in the weeds, and grasped his fellow duck hunter. There was the brassy sound of two shell vests meeting. They started kissing each other. Barry lost so much control of himself that presently he was pouring a lot of loose talk into her delighted ear.

WHEN they broke it up, Amy's joy was deep. "There's more to this duck-hunting racket than meets the female eye," she said. "May I add that you're the kissingest wing shot a girl ever crawled into a blind with?"

The editor was all charged up. "I regard you as a woman good enough to keep, in spite of your affair with that skunk."

"That's the sweetest thing anyone ever said to me," Amy murmured. "Gee, I like you. Let me kiss you again."

For the next hour, as the sun slid down the blushing sky, they talked with the eager intimacy of new lovers of their pasts and the future of which both seemed to think highly. An hour before sundown, when the legal shooting day ends, the first large flock that had been feeding in the fields dropped in at their slough for a drink. About four hundred mallards, bunched but without the tight V organization they use on long flights, started casing the area. Chronically a suspicious crowd who water only at inspected spas, they made many passes. The third time they came over, Barry yelled: "Blast 'em, Amy!" and they got to their knees.

The air was full of green heads, white neckbands, gray bellies, and tucked-in orange feet. Amy stopped a bird cold. She let fly again and another hurtled in toward her on the bias. She heard a thudding sound and an astonished grunt. She glanced about. Barry was lying down, his face covered with loose feathers. A duck had crash-landed on his head at about thirty-five miles an hour. Both parties to the wreck were belly up, feeling no pain.

"Oh, no! I couldn't have!" Amy cried, and whisked away the feathers to look at his pale face. Blood was there, too, but whose Amy couldn't tell until she searched her boy's head for leaks and found none. She put his head in her lap. "Baby, say something! Please! I didn't mean to do it!"

He remained stony. Amy looked about for help and saw none. In a panic, she propped his head on the duck's chest and lit out to get the car. It was a long run; once she dropped a boot in a badger hole and spread-eagled over a Russian thistle, but even at that her time was creditable. She started the car and barreled off in whining second gear across the field. To reach her chilled lover she cut across the grassy lower end of the first slough. About in the middle of it the elderly machine ground to a halt and, shuddering, sank until its belly rested on the grass-covered mud of the slough. Amy wanted to sit down and bawl, but she thought of Barry lying on the bosom of a mallard and she hurried back to him.

He greeted her with a cross glance.

"Where've you been? I've been struck by a duck."

"I know, darling, I know. You were senseless so long I ran to get the car to take you back to Doc." She knelt and picked a feather from his ear. "Are you all right, darling?"

"My head aches. Where's the car?"

"The car? You might say it's stuck."

"Stuck? How could it be stuck?"

Her brow puckered with apprehension. Amy led him to a point where he could see his convertible sitting in the swamp. His long frame quivered. "You actually drove through there? Did you think it had a propeller?"

"Well, gosh, baby, it looked solid and I was in such a hurry to get back to you I suppose I wasn't as finicky as I—"

"That car is stuck until hell won't have it." He looked at her. "It's sundown. We're twenty miles from town. Have you a clever suggestion?"

"Golly, Barry, I just about ruin myself trying to help you and now you're being sarcastic with me. Can I help it if a duck bumped into you?"

"You are the most dangerous thing outdoors," he said, not unkindly, but as a simple statement of a melancholy fact.

"All right, if you're going to be nasty, I'm glad I drove your old heap in the slough!"

"Please, you're making my headache worse." He sighed. "I'll hike for help. You stay here with the stuff."

He left his shotgun in the car. On the chance that he might find on Hazel's farm the man who rented it, he headed there. Walking, he mused about life in the open with Amy. In two days afield she had driven a skunk to his last resort, shot a duck that had conked him, sunk his car in a slough, and ruined two duck hunts. Most of the time she made jokes about it. She had tormented Hazel. How much blood, how many indignities can a pretty face excuse? he asked himself.

As he neared Amy's wheat, he stopped. The clothes they'd abandoned on it now lay scattered on the stubble and he wondered why Amy had moved them. As he stood there staring, he finally got it through his head that the mound wasn't what it used to be either. He ran around it. In his estimation, it was two hundred bushels smaller. Yet Amy had checked a few hours ago.

He began to see what had happened. Amy, who had never called a hog, or understood skunks, didn't know about the quicksilver qualities of piled wheat. A careful man can shovel a great many bushels off of a large mound of grain and the mound, though smaller, seems untouched. Amy hadn't noticed. Barry was disgusted. Five hundred dollars' worth of durum stolen from under his very nose. He set off at a trot.

HAZEL'S farm was uninhabited; her renter lived a mile away. The barn had burned; remaining were a red granary and the old frame house. Hazel had made extra granaries by boarding up the windows of the lower-floor rooms. Near the sagging porch, a truck was parked. In it, a thin man in overalls was working with a shovel.

"Hello," Barry said, running up. "I—"

The man leaped. "Godamighty! Who're you?"

"Barry Mullins. I'm stuck over east of here. I'm in a hurry. Can you give me a lift to a telephone?"

"Huntin', huh? Trespassin'. Naw, I ain't givin' you any lift, lessen it's liftin' your hind end off this land."

Barry eyed him. He wasn't Hazel's renter, he realized. So who was he to be ordering him off? And that was wheat he was moving, probably Hazel's. "Now, hold it, Mac. This isn't your land. Maybe that isn't your wheat. What's your name? What're you doing—?" Behind him a board creaked in the old porch. As Barry wheeled, the back of a scoop shovel came down on his head with a sound like a broom hitting a bell. A lumpy character in coveralls dropped the shovel and padded heavily for the cab of the truck. The man in the grain box leaped down and took the wheel.

"Hey! I saw you! Stay right there!"

The headlights fell on a slender figure in baggy pants standing in the road with a repeating shotgun. "Don't try anything fancy!" Amy yelled. Her face was pale. "I'll blow holes in everybody!"

The driver was not persuaded. He headed down the road, and, for a couple of seconds, Amy appeared to be debating whether to stand fast or haul her freight out of there. She stood fast, aimed, closed both eyes, and pulled. She took out the left headlight very well, but the truck came on. She repeated. This time she remembered to keep her eyes open and she blasted a jagged hole in the center of the windshield that brought howls of terror from the riders. The truck swerved and dug its steel snout into the granary.

Amy jumped up and down. "I dropped 'em! Barry, I dropped 'em!"

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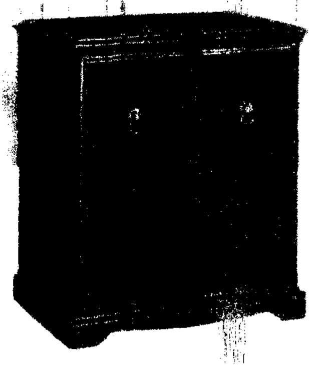

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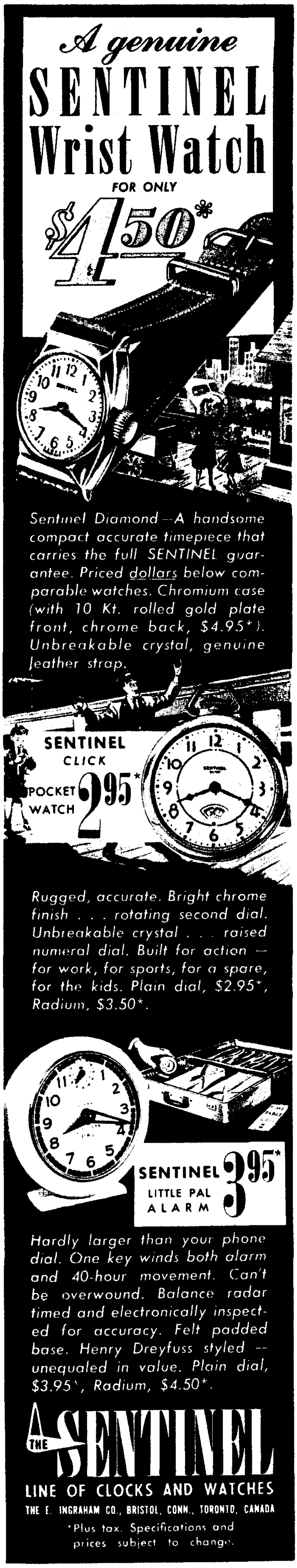
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head, the editor ran down from the house. "Baby," he cried, "I love you!"

"You do? Gee, I figured you'd get mad at me again for following you. I got scared out there alone with Flower and his pals."

Barry took the shotgun, reloaded it, and yanked open the truck door. "All right, come on out!"

Both occupants climbed down.

"I'll be darned!" Amy exclaimed. "Hazel! What's the idea of bouncing that big shovel off Barry's head? And trying to run over me! I ought to hang one on you!"

"Why, Amy! And Barry!" Hazel said. "I thought you—"

"You're a bad liar, Hazel," Barry said. "You knew who we were. I gave my name. You saw Amy." He nodded at the truck. "Whose grain is that?"

"Now, don't get smart! It's mine, of course!"

Probably it was; but if it was, why hit him and run? It takes a good man to distinguish his grain from his neighbor's, but Barry had a hunch. He loosened the tail gate. The fat-kerneled durum spilled to the ground.

"Catch the fragrance of anyone we know, Amy?"

She sniffed. "Why, it's Flower! I'd know the bum anywhere!"

"Now, that's plain nutty!" the skinny man said indignantly. "That wheat was all of seventy yards from where—"

"Earl!" Hazel snapped. "Keep your trap shut!"

Just catching up with the goings on, Amy dropped to her knees in the grain. "This is my wheat, isn't it? What's it doing here? Who's been—"

"Earl?" Barry said. "So you're Earl Hansen, Hazel's ex, the convicted smuggler. What's your job in this racket, Earl? Do you drive over from the next county at night, shovel in a couple of loads of a farmer's wheat, bring it over here and store it as part of Hazel's crop until she can sell it?"

"You blow awful hard," Earl said, "but you ain't provin' much with a little smell on the durum. I don't smell nothin' myself. Couple more days nobody will. So button up, buster, and—"

Amy, pawing in her wheat, let out a cry. "Now, this is going to have old Hazel talking to herself!" She held up her hunting cap which she'd found in the wheat. Barry hugged her.

"This is Amy's cap," he told Hazel. "Give up?"

Hazel turned a scorching gaze on Earl.

"Judas, Haze," he protested, "don't get riled with me! A man don't see a dinky thing like that in the dark!"

Hazel glanced at Barry and Amy with a crooked smile. "He's not a bad guy, just dumb. Maybe that makes two of us."

THEY backed the truck out and Amy drove it to town while Barry sat in the grain box with Earl and Hazel. In Richmoor they stopped at the sheriff's house to deliver the Hansens and the evidence. Barry recounted Amy's heroism and marksmanship, and the sheriff, an emotional man, got pretty worked up. He kissed the little lady on both cheeks and blew his nose with feeling.

Amy shuffled her rubber boots. "Us farmers got to stick together," she said.

"The sheriff's department is mighty grateful. If everybody'll keep his nose clean for the next month I figure I can thank the editor of our great Richmoor paper and his brave little woman for givin' me the chance to serve the peace-lovin' citizens of Watson County another term." He put his hard old hand on Amy's shoulder. "Little girl, if there's anything you ever want, you come ask the old sheriff."

"Gee, Sheriff," Amy said, "you're quite a speaker. Come to think of it, you could do something for me. If you'll kindly handcuff me to this tall boy holding my hand and drag us over to the justice of the peace for sentencing, I think that we can raise a few votes for you." THE END

I See Them Kiss and Cry

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

a Navy officer, Lieutenant Robert Kline, of Richmond, Virginia, went aboard, found the young soldier and checked for certain on his identity—even to the point of finding a scar he had received in infancy.

"Get ready for a surprise," Lieutenant Kline told the soldier. "Your mother is waiting for you down on the pier."

The lieutenant says Danny fell back on his bunk in utter disbelief. "I thought she was dead," he whispered. "I thought she was dead."

On the pier, they didn't even wait for introductions. Mrs. Day threw her arms around the soldier, sobbing away the heartbreak of 17 years; he spoke just one word—"Mother"—but he must have said it a dozen times.

When they left, arm in arm, they were smiling and laughing and trading small talk at a great rate. They had a lot of catching up to do.

We had a father-son reunion at the port, *too. It* happened by the sheerest accident, which made it even more dramatic.

Private Willy J. Anderson, Jr., nineteen, was awaiting shipment to Korea. On his arrival in Seattle, a cabdriver accidentally brought him to the port instead of to the Navy pier some four miles away, where in-transit servicemen are quartered.

When Anderson asked the civilian guard at the port for his barracks, the guard realized the cabdriver's error and telephoned the military police for an escort to the Navy pier.

A few minutes later, the military police called back. The guard picked up the phone and said: "Main gate, Anderson speaking."

"Is your name Anderson?" the soldier asked.

"Sure," the guard responded, "Willy J. Anderson."

The soldier looked puzzled. "I'm Willy J. Anderson, *Junior,*" he said.

As the elder Anderson tells the story now: "I just went right through the gatehouse window, that was *my boy—standing there right in front of my eyes!* I hadn't seen him since he was six!"

The father had separated from his wife and son in Alabama years before, and had spent most of the intervening time in the Army. He left the service in January, 1951—the same month his son joined it.

Of course, the extra twist on *this* reunion was that it happened while the soldier was outbound, rather than headed home; as I say, it's the home-comings that create most of the wonderful uproar I've seen. And, come to think of it, not all the uproar is made by visiting relatives. There were those cancan girls, for instance.

The furor over the cancan dancers (you may have read about it) all came about because the people of Seattle decided early in the game that returning soldiers should get a warm welcome even if their relatives couldn't make it to the dockside.

So, as the incoming transport heads toward its berth, jet planes whoosh overhead, harbor fireboats spray great streams of water into the air, ships' whistles all along the water front toot welcoming blasts, and the gaily decked tug that escorts the ship to its dock carries the finest decorations a returning soldier could ask for: pretty girls.

On the pier, the Korea vet is serenaded by two bands, entertained by baton twirlers and singers, warmly greeted by local dignitaries, refreshed by Red Cross milk and doughnuts and made much of by newsmen and photographers.

Until recently, there was also a corps of pretty young dancers. One day they were just high-school seniors enrolled at the Bar-

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clay Studios of Dance, out to welcome the soldiers along with everybody else; the next day they were a national storm center.

The girls were there in the first place because Greater Seattle, Inc., a civic booster group which does a bang-up job of staging the entertainment for the returning soldiers, figured that they would go over big with the men. And apparently they did.

Then delegations of church people and others protested, and the cancan girls were withdrawn. That made a story, and newspapers all over the country picked it up. The returning soldiers then raised their own protest, and Greater Seattle, Inc., brought the girls back—by "popular demand." That made a bigger story. Pretty soon it was a full-fledged controversy.

Girls Got Lots of Publicity

The girls' pictures appeared in daily papers all over the country; the Far East edition of Stars and Stripes reported the goings on in full; network radio and television stations joined in; and mail poured in to the Seattle papers from all sides—including Japan and Korea.

A soldier from Kentucky, Sergeant First Class James Seay, summed up the viewpoint of one side pretty well. "If a man is old enough to get shot at, and old enough to shoot back," he suggested, "looking at dancing girls half a block away isn't going to hurt him."

But Lieutenant Melvin C. Whitehall wrote from Korea: "Sure, we've been away from women for months, but that isn't any sign we care to see a review of undraped femininity as we march down the gangplank. We would much rather see our wives and children, or a friend."

At one point, to silence the critics, the dancers switched to the Highland fling. But the upshot of the whole affair was that the Seattle Port of Embarkation, Greater Seattle, Inc., and the Barclay Studios of Dance decided it wasn't really important enough to argue about. Besides, the girls (all high-school seniors, all seventeen years old, and all, incidentally, churchgoers) had to go back to school.

It was quite an affair. The day after the decision was announced, a picture of the girls appeared on the bulletin board at port headquarters, and over it was a sign saying, "In Memoriam."

The trouble with all this is that it sort of obscures the good work that the Seattle people are doing to make the Korea veterans welcome. The ceremonies don't end at the pier, either. First the Army does its part by getting the men off the boats as quickly as possible, so they can get started on the road home (Brigadier General Fenton S. Jacobs, commanding general of the port, recently announced that one ship had been unloaded at the rate of 74 men a minute).

Then a special police escort leads the open trucks through the business district of downtown Seattle, on the way to Fort Lawton. At a city block set aside as "Welcome Lane," the returnees are cheered wildly, pelted with flowers, showered with confetti and a blizzard of paper thrown from office buildings. And when the men reach Fort Lawton, they are still not forgotten. Seattle townspeople have taken it upon themselves to extend invitations to the men for dinner, outings, socials and church activities.

I think all that is pretty wonderful. I've seen more than 30 of these debarkations; I've watched some 50,000 combat-weary troops trudge off the gangplanks; I've seen their faces light up at the brassy music, the pretty girls, the pierside commotion.

But it never becomes routine to me; always, I get the same feeling of exhilaration—because I know what it's like to be a rear-rank soldier. Most of the time he feels like a nobody. He gets orders from all sides; when he does a good job, it's taken as a matter of course and he seldom hears about it; when he makes a mistake he hears about it plenty. Once in a while, he *deserves* to be fussed over, cheered, showered with confetti, made to feel important. And the best time is when he's coming back from combat. It's a great experience.

I know, because I was a returnee once. I was with the 79th Infantry Division in Europe in World War II. I had my share of excitement; I have three battle stars and a Purple Heart to prove it. But the most exciting moment of all is that first look at the United States.

Yet, although I've experienced it, sometimes I still can't fathom the thoughts of the returning soldier.

For instance, you'd imagine that if Miss America herself, wearing a strapless satin gown, threw her arms around a young unmarried sergeant who had been living in the front lines for a year, he'd just about melt. At least you'd expect him to hug her back. Well, that happened to Sergeant Michael Moore, of New York City—and he was plain scared. He turned his head and tried to get away!

The sergeant, who's twenty-one, was the 20,000th Korean veteran to return to the States through Seattle; in honor of the occasion, Yolande Betbeze, of Mobile, Alabama, chosen Miss America at the 1950 contest in Atlantic City, met him as he came off the ship. Since their meeting didn't turn out quite as expected, the picture of their "embrace" was carried in newspapers all over the country.

Something similar occurred last May 5th, when the first rotation ship reached the U.S., but then it was more understandable. That was quite an occasion too; Secretary of the Army Frank Pace, Jr., was there, and Lieutenant General Albert C. Wedemeyer, as well as such people as actor Joe E. Brown and a beautiful movie starlet named Sue England.

When the first soldier tramped down the gangplank of the transport, the USNS General LeRoy Eltinge, Sue England rushed up to him and planted a resounding, 30-second kiss on his lips.

After she had caught her breath, she said, "Do you want another one?"

"Wait a minute," stammered Master Sergeant Victor Hungerford, of Tacoma, backing away. "My wife is out there somewhere." And he rushed off.

The New York Daily News put the proper finishing touch to this episode. It ran the story under a headline that said: "GI Catches Wrong Buss."

Nine Indians at the Gate

After a few occurrences like this, you'd suppose that we'd be pretty immune to surprises down at the pier. But new things keep cropping up. Like the nine Indians.

It was a gray morning, and lines of determined-looking troops, laden with steel helmets and rifles, were filing aboard two outbound transports, destination Korea. All at once, from practically out of nowhere, there were nine Indians at the main gate.

When the civilian guard at the gate, Roy Knight, queried them, an elderly Indian woman said, "We come to see son before he leave on ship."

Knight replied, "I'm sorry, but no visitors are allowed into the port to see passengers off. This is a security regulation."

The Indian woman, Mrs. Jacob Standoverbull, said: "We come all the way from Montana to see him off. We drive all night and day to get here."

So an exception was made, and the Indians were admitted. They were Crows from a reservation near Billings, and they had come to bid good-by to a tribe member, Private Rudolph Comesup. In the group were Private Comesup's wife Lena; his uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rockabove; an infant cousin Phyllis; his stepfather and mother Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Standoverbull; his sister Laura May, three; and his brothers Raymond and Bernard.

All of them had piled into an automobile a day and a half before and had driven straight from the reservation to Seattle.

They took seats in folding chairs along-

Entertaining got you down ?
Make you fret and fuss and frown ?
It can be easy—be glamorous, too
And this is all you have to do:

Serve simple things—but with a flair!
Add flavor, sparkle—a party air.
Wine does all that—wine adds the touch
Just try Sauterne guests like so much!

Good things come easy the California Way

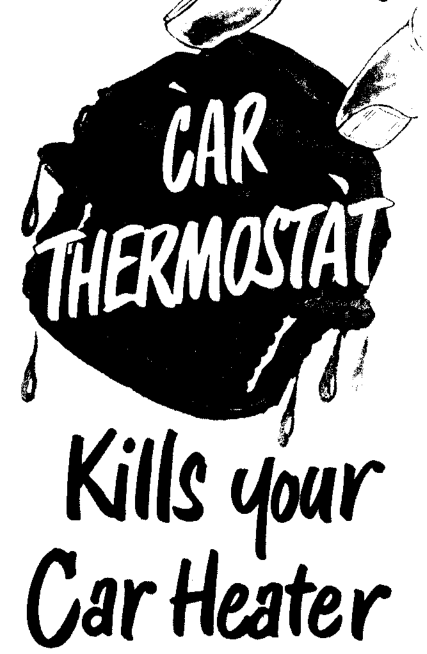
Serve California's fine Sauterne wine with fried chicken

You can do it wherever you live! When you're having chicken or fish or a casserole dish, chill and serve golden-bright Sauterne wine—and make it a real dinner party. It's so easy. And costs only a few cents a glass to serve.

When you are dining out, get acquainted with the world-famous wines of California. They are featured by leading restaurants and hotels everywhere. Enjoy Sherry with your appetizers . . . California Burgundies, Clarets, Sauternes and Chablis with your dinner... or Port with dessert. Wine Advisory Board, San Francisco, California.

WINE ADDS TO GRACIOUS HOSPITALITY IN MILLIONS OF AMERICAN HOMES

A Fouled-up



Kills your Car Heater

A car heater that fails to give sufficient heat is often the result of a dirty or damaged thermostat that is preventing the engine from warming up properly. A faulty thermostat can also cause the engine to overheat and boil away anti-freeze. In either case, the result is a costly waste of gas and oil.

The remedy for this wasteful condition is to get your Service Man to check the motor thermostat. And if you need a replacement —

Always get Autostat

the "Original-Equipment" thermostat

Get faster starts and faster warm-ups with Autostat. Get more miles per gallon, more comfort per mile. Save oil and reduce car maintenance.

There's an Autostat to fit every make and model; quality-made by the pioneer builder of car thermostats—the company that makes the heat controls for the finest ranges, water heaters and other dependable appliances.

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side the transport, while we began checking the passenger list for the name of Private Comesup. My heart sank when First Lieutenant Myron Gurney, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, a member of the troop movement division, said, "No Private Comesup has boarded this ship."

Frantically we checked the entire list. In a few moments we all experienced a sense of relief: his name was among those due to board the ship at a later hour. He hadn't arrived from the personnel center.

Food from a Red Cross Unit

In the meantime, someone wondered if the Indians had eaten. They hadn't, they said, since leaving Montana a day and a half before. A Red Cross mobile unit with coffee and doughnuts for outbound troops was nearby. Modestly and silently the Crows accepted the refreshments. Only at our insistence would they take more than one doughnut each. So there they sat, silent, uncomplaining, sipping their coffee, munching their doughnuts.

Suddenly the trucks appeared and Private Comesup was pulled out of line. Well, you've heard of impassive, emotionless Indians. I wish you could have seen what happened when that soldier appeared. His pretty wife Lena clutched him fiercely and sobbed uncontrollably, kissing him over and over while the troops aboard ship cheered wildly. The rest of the family gathered around for their turn to embrace him, and in all the excitement, the small children, who had heretofore remained quiet and well behaved, began crying and screaming.

The family was allowed to remain with the young brave until the ship sailed a few hours later.

But before the vessel lifted anchor, the private and his whole family were taken aboard as guests of the Military Sea Transportation Service, seated in the officers' dining room and given a six-course dinner, complete with linens and waiters.

You can see that in this business you can't be too military; you can't treat these enthusiastic, excited, affectionate, and often overemotional pierside visitors strictly by the numbers. You've got to be 40 per cent military and 60 per cent something else for which there aren't any rules.

It's because of the 60 per cent that we allow an eighty-seven-year-old grandmother to attend the arrival of every ship and even provide a special chair for her. Because of space limitations, only those visitors with relatives aboard ship normally are allowed on the pier. But in the case of the grandmother we make an exception.

Visiting in Seattle from Fargo, North Dakota, the grandmother, Mrs. H. B. Hanson, has hardly missed a ship since the rotation program began last May. One of the brightest spots on the pier is the gaily colored scarf energetically waved by this little woman.

"Lots of folks who would like to meet the boats have to work or stay home," she explains. "I get up early when a boat comes in, have a big breakfast and get down here. They're fine boys, every one, and we ought to let them know we're proud of what they've done.

"I can't cheer very loudly, but I can wave my scarf, and I think the boys know I'm glad they're home safely." Then she adds, with supreme satisfaction: "Lots of them wave back at me."

Our other regular visitor at the pier is a young, red-haired girl who meets every ship that arrives. At first, she would mention the names of several soldiers at the gate; almost always, one of them was on the passenger list, so she had no trouble getting in. But the procedure made me curious, so I asked her if all these men were her relatives.

"No," she said, "they're buddies my husband wrote me about in his letters. I come down here and ask around until I locate one of them. Then I ask them for news of my husband . . . He's missing in action."

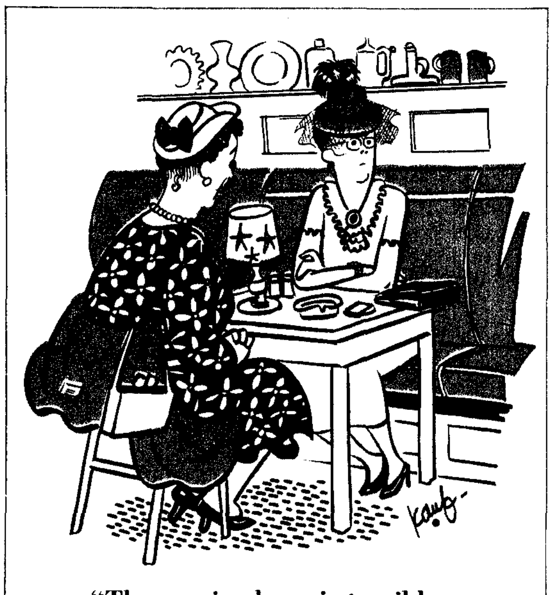
She stared at me defiantly. "I haven't had any real encouraging news—but then again I haven't heard any real discouraging news either!"

Nowadays, everybody at the pier knows her, and she gets in even when she doesn't know anyone on the passenger list. Sure, it's against the rules, but some things are more important than rules.

And after all, sometimes mistakes do creep into the vast machinery of paper detail involved in the movement of thousands of men. Occasionally the mistakes are cruel and tragic.

The most poignant one I recall involved an extremely attractive strawberry blonde girl from Texas, who had moved to Seattle when her sergeant husband shipped to Korea. Not long afterwards, she received a Defense Department telegram notifying her that he was missing in action. She was grief-stricken and almost inconsolable.

Then, sometime later, she got word that one of the sergeant's friends was due back from Korea. She promptly phoned the port, identified herself, explained her errand, and asked if the man's name was on the newest passenger list.



"The service here is terrible, but you don't mind waiting, because the food's so poor"

COLLIER'S G. F. KAUFFMAN

The clerk at the other end of the line studied the list carefully. No, he said—*but her husband's name was!*

Her reaction can be imagined. Radiantly happy, almost beside herself with joy, she was on the pier when the ship docked. But as the men filed down the gangway, her husband didn't appear. Finally, all the soldiers were off the ship; frantically, she sought out a troop-movement officer, and he swiftly checked the passenger list; then his finger paused on the paper and he asked her to spell her husband's name. She did. The name was on the list, all right—but spelled differently. It was the wrong man!

Overcome with grief, and nearly hysterical, the girl had to be led away. Two weeks later, I learned, she was officially notified of her husband's death.

A short time after that, to cap the tragic story, doctors told her she was dying of cancer.

Fortunately, not all mistakes turn out so terribly. The mother of Corporal Jerry J. Clulee, of New Orleans, was horrified one day to read in a newspaper that the USNS General Simon B. Buckner had arrived in Seattle bearing the body of her son. She hadn't even received word of his death.

Stricken, she appealed to the nearest Army base for clarification. There was a quick exchange of teletype messages, and *then the official word: Her son had been on* the Buckner, all right—but very much alive! At that very moment, he was winging his way home to her aboard an air transport.

If I'm any judge of reunions, and I think I am, there were plenty of tears shed when that plane landed.

But don't get the idea that the women are the only ones who weep. Men cry, too; when they do, they don't seem embarrassed by the emotional display, and there's no reason why they should be. Once I saw a husky, middle-aged man from Chicago embracing his son on the pier and weeping copiously, while the soldier comforted him with gentle pats on the back.

And did you ever see a tough Army major break down in broad daylight and sob like a punished child? I did. He was standing against the ship's railing when he spotted his wife, mother and infant son on the pier. He burst into tears.

Then they saw him, and *they* burst into tears. I didn't watch the actual reunion on the pier. I'd seen enough weeping for that day.

I've always been a little puzzled by scenes like this, and one night, after I got my shoes off and was comfortably seated behind the evening paper, I asked my wife, Mary Ellen, about it. She's my expert on such things. "Why do people cry when they're sad, and then turn around and cry when they're happy?" I asked. "And don't give me that corny answer that they're weeping with joy."

She considered for a moment, and then said: "A big happiness needs a big emotion. You just can't expect anything as frivolous as mere laughter to cover the situation."

I guess she's right. It's interesting to note, by the way, that the tears accompany the home-comings, but embarkations of troops for Korea are usually jaunty, cheerful affairs.

At least, they are nowadays. I can recall several months when that wasn't so. Those were the days of our terrible reverses in Korea—first when we seemed to be barely hanging on to Pusan, and later when the Chinese armies smashed us back from the Yalu River. Stories of enemy atrocities were appearing in the press, too. Troops going out then were a grim lot, silent, serious and only occasionally bursting out nervously with halfhearted and strained wisecracks and remarks of unconcern. But then it all changed. The soldiers became cheerful and noisy—shouting, yelling, razzing one another and calling down comments to the pier. They exhibited the spontaneous excitement that people show when they're beginning a new adventure.

The Women Who Wave Farewell

One reason there are no tears, of course, is the rule barring relatives from the pier when ships are leaving for the fighting area. But at practically every ship departure there are small knots of women, most of them port employees, on hand to wave good-by. The soldiers crowd the rails and shout to the girls on the pier:

"Hey, Blondie, write to me."

Sometimes the girls will answer, "I don't have a pencil."

And then comes a shower of pens and pencils.

Sometimes the answer will be, "I don't have a stamp."

Coins hit the pier and soldiers cry, "Buy yourself some stamps."

I guess you might call me the mailman for the departing troops. Not a ship goes out that I don't get letters stuffed into my hands. Sometimes the soldiers throw the letters down to me from the ship railing, and if the letters are unstamped, down come the coins.

It's always an occasion for much merriment, and I think the enemy troops in Korea would learn something by watching it. For, just as our returning soldiers are tough and confident-looking and battle-hardened, those outbound men look fit, ready and cocky. I keep thinking that I'm glad they're on my side. THE END

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COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE, AND—ABOVE ALL—SAFE!

Keep your guard up! Join the National Guard!

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"It's Brand New"

By BERT BACHARACH

Men's fashion offerings this season feature novel ideas and a trend toward better looks, greater comfort and practicality

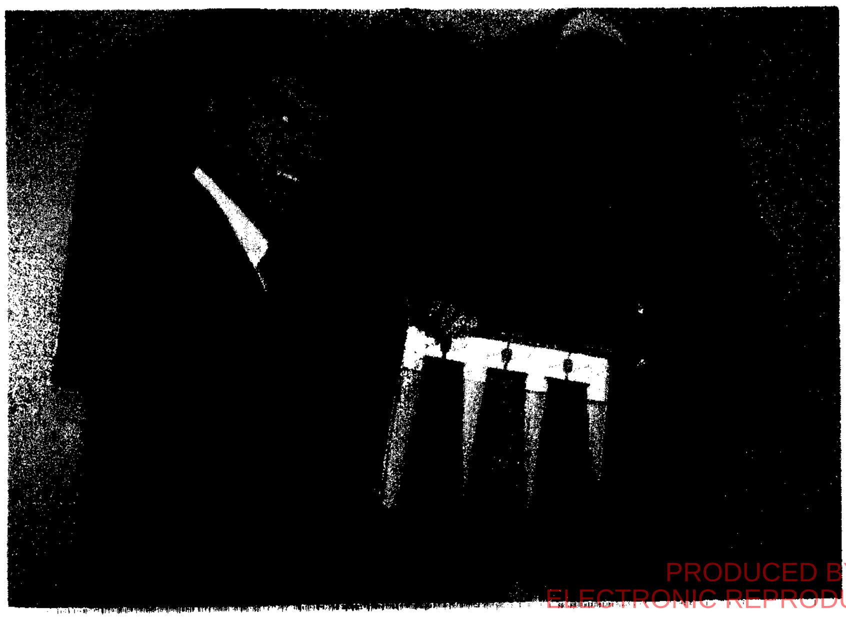
Now you can obtain the comfortable, better-looking "vanishing band" collar when you go out to buy dress shirts. The popular "low-slope" construction feels just as casual and easy-to-wear as a sport shirt

One of the newest, most interesting neckwear ideas to be introduced is the reversible clip-on bow tie. Wear it one way, then just twirl the front and you have a different-colored, different-patterned tie

The ladies have frequently copied masculine styles, but the newest fashion is duplicate outfits from head to foot. Note matching hats, coats, scarves and gloves in these "his and hers" sport ensembles

No more bother lacing your shoes; no more crises over broken laces! The new elastic-gore slip-ons offer these advantages, and increased comfort. Both dress models (on foot) and casual styles are available

Still another new cravat idea is this "wardrobe of ties." Sold in a packaged set, they come in plain colors (above) or in neat patterns or bold figures. One "wardrobe" goes with blue, brown, gray clothing



By the simple expediency of unzipping concealed zippers, the sleeves of this sweater are removed. You then have a smart knitted vest or sleeveless sweater, which can be worn admirably under a sport jacket

FRITZ HENLE

Doug Andrews is a Man who Cares

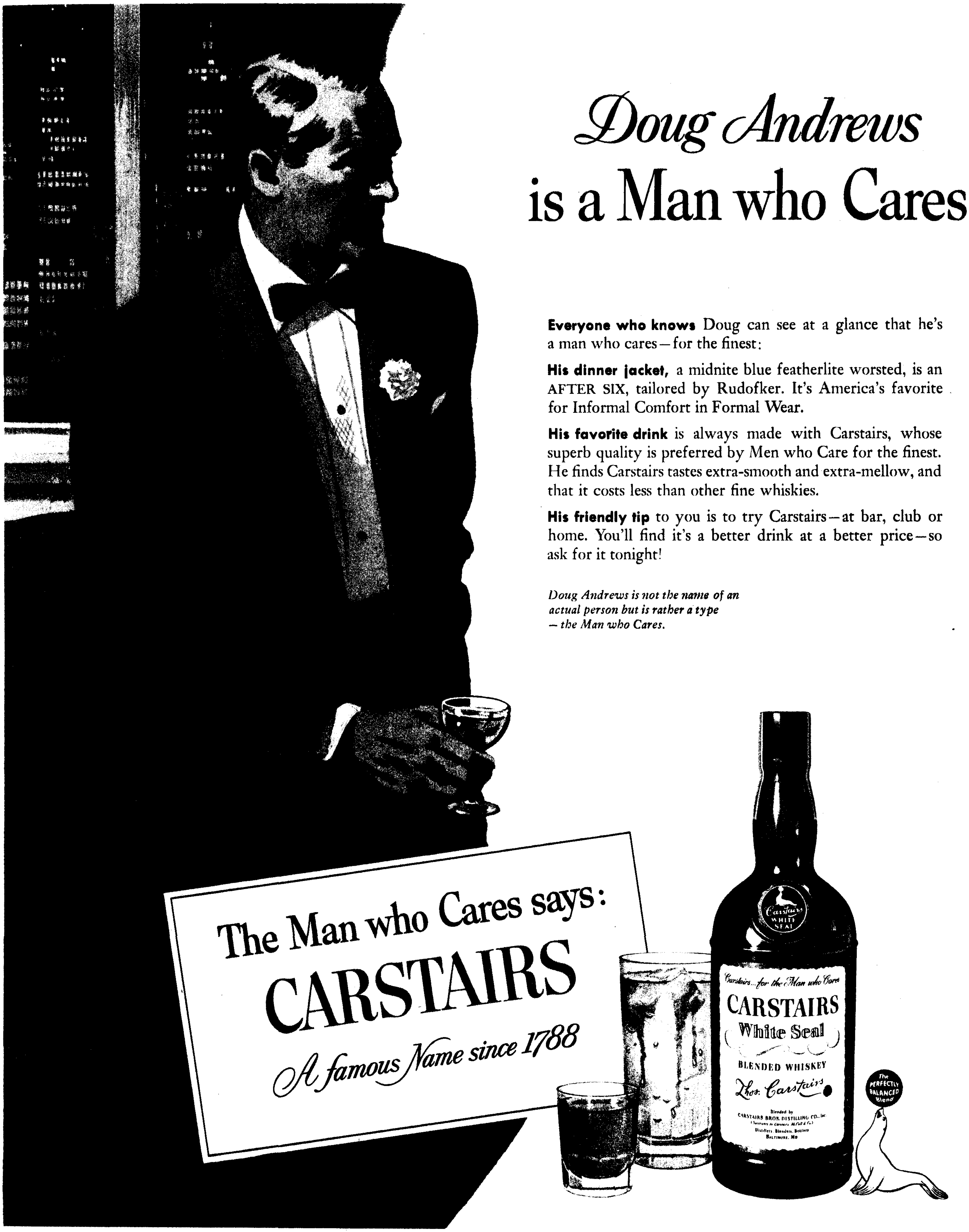
Everyone who knows Doug can see at a glance that he's a man who cares—for the finest:

His dinner jacket, a midnite blue featherlite worsted, is an AFTER SIX, tailored by Rudofker. It's America's favorite for Informal Comfort in Formal Wear.

His favorite drink is always made with Carstairs, whose superb quality is preferred by Men who Care for the finest. He finds Carstairs tastes extra-smooth and extra-mellow, and that it costs less than other fine whiskies.

His friendly tip to you is to try Carstairs—at bar, club or home. You'll find it's a better drink at a better price—so ask for it tonight!

Doug Andrews is not the name of an actual person but is rather a type —the Man who Cares.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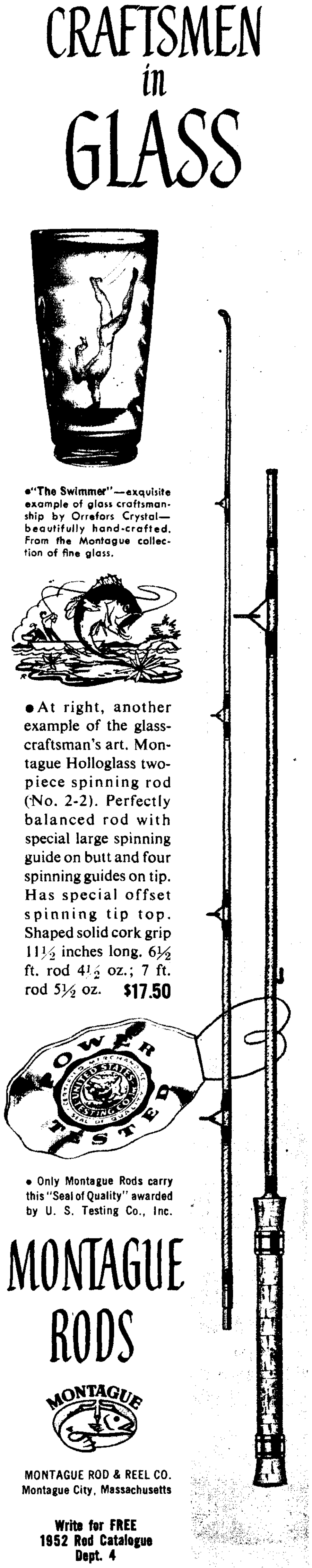

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•At right, another example of the glass-craftsman's art. Montague Holloglass two-piece spinning rod (No. 2-2). Perfectly balanced rod with special large spinning guide on butt and four spinning guides on tip. Has special offset spinning tip top. Shaped solid cork grip 11½ inches long. 6½ ft. rod 4½ oz.; 7 ft. rod 5½ oz. $17.50

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The Best Pros I Ever Saw

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

with every man on the squad in a search, unsuccessful so far as I know, to find someone he could beat.

In pro football, the majority of the players are married and it was here that Genevieve was of great assistance. I must give her a great deal of credit for the friendship I enjoyed with the Eagle players. She was a real diplomat with their wives and never asked for any special privilege as the coach's wife, but always sat in the section with the rest of the girls, passing up the box seats. When she died last April, I received many heart-warming messages of condolence, not only from the players but from their wives.

Hard Training at Two Rivers

If I had put in long hours in the winter of 1940-'41 studying the films of the T-formation, the Eagles put in even longer hours learning the plays in the training camp, at Two Rivers, Wisconsin. Halas had far too many plays for us to use all of them, but I took what I thought were the best of his off-tackle plays and end runs. We scrimmaged 17 consecutive days at Two Rivers and held two work-outs a day.

The Eagles won only two games in 1941 but it wasn't a bad season, all things considered. Nearly all of our players were in their first year of pro football, and the National League is notoriously rough on freshmen. We closed out the season in Washington and we were working the T almost like the Bears, but Baugh's passing beat us as usual. I had great hopes for the future but that game was played on December 7, 1941—Pearl Harbor Sunday.

It is unlikely that the Eagles were hit any harder by the war than other National League teams, but it certainly seemed that way. Only five men returned for the 1942 team and when we began training we had exactly four backs on the squad, Barnum, Thompson, Ted Williams from Boston College and Jack Stackpool from the University of Washington. Halas had 14 backs with the Bears but wouldn't part with any, even for good money. We did manage to get Bosh Pritchard, a Virginia Military Academy graduate, from Cleveland for $500 on waivers and he became one of the key men of our championship teams later on. We also bought Ernie Steele from Pittsburgh for $1,500.

It was in 1942 that I contrived one of the most successful plays the Eagles ever had—the so-called "stutter series." And I might add that the play was named by Steve Owen for whose defense it was especially devised. When the Giants played a five-man line against us we were never able to get inside their tackles, so I decided to run just outside them.

The play consisted in swinging the halfback into a one-quarter turn so the quarterback could either feed the ball to him or fake it to him and pitch out to the other halfback, who went wide, with the fullback as an interferer. The end run was a sister play to it and one made the other go.

With the stutter series, we got inside the Giants' 10-yard line twice in the first period and forced them to switch from a five- to a six-man line. The Eagles didn't beat them but they did give them a good scare. Somewhere along the line, I also picked up a good scare for I went right from the field to the hospital with palpitation of the heart and remained there for 36 hours.

I wasn't allowed to sit on the bench in Brooklyn on the following Sunday. My brother, Widdy, sat with me in the stands, supposedly to keep me quiet but that was impossible. The stutter series worked out beautifully. The Dodgers had Perry Schwartz at left end and Bruiser Kinard alongside of him at tackle. The Eagles went inside or outside more than a half-dozen times and beat them for one of the two games we won that season.

Schwartz and Kinard were good men and experienced, but they couldn't fathom the play the first time they saw it.

Finally Bruiser yelled, "Hey, Perry! Who's taking you? Nobody's taking me!" And nobody was. If Perry came in, we went outside and if he stayed out, we went inside.

It was about this time that Earl (Red) Blaik, then in his second year as Army coach, invited me to West Point to lecture the football staff on why I had changed from the Yale single wing to the T. Red had me run pictures of stutter plays over a dozen times; Blaik said, "I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

After two years in professional football, I became aware of a great truth, which is as sound now as it was in December of 1942 when the National League assembled in Chicago for its annual draft. The simple fact is that no team can be built up without an intelligent approach to the draft. Lex Thompson, though in service himself by now, built up an organization through which we had accurate information on practically every college player in America, whether he was a senior or not.

The Eagle contingent made quite a sight when it moved into the meeting room in the Stevens Hotel. We had 64 books with files on the college players, each book a couple of inches thick and about 15 inches by eight. It took two bellhops and a baggage truck to get our information into the room. The general inclination was to snicker, but our dope, which cost about $8,000 to assemble, paid off handsomely.

Among the players we drafted was Steve Van Buren from Louisiana State. Ed Hogan, publicity director for the Eagles, lists Steve in the press brochure as "the greatest football player in America." That isn't merely a press agent's pipe dream. I think Van Buren is, too.

Bernie Moore, Van Buren's coach at LSU, and later commissioner of the Southeastern Conference, is authority for the statement that Steve was a fine student as well as a great football player. During Van Buren's junior year, Moore called him into his office and told him that Steve's math professor was going to declare him ineligible because he had attended only a few of his classes.

"Coach, his classes are very dull," said Steve. "Besides, all I need is the textbook. I'll ask him to let me take the examination."

Van Buren took the exam and received a high mark, which served only to make the professor dubious. So Van Buren volunteered to take a second exam. He got a mark of 92.

Strangely enough, the first time Van Buren carried the ball for us in a game I wasn't too impressed with his running. It was in an exhibition against Green Bay in the Vanderbilt stadium at Nashville and I thought he was overbalanced, that he ran with his head too far forward.

It was also against Green Bay a couple of years later that I tried to give Steve advice about how to run. I told him that if he kept his head up while running it would enable him to dodge his opponents rather than run over them.

In the second quarter, Van Buren came out of the game sporting a beautiful mouse under his right eye. "What happened?" I asked.

"Coach," said Steve, "I just found out why I've been keeping my head down all these years."

Van Buren's greatness is surpassed only by his modesty. He didn't think he was good enough to make our club at first and it was only the constant urging of Fred Schubach, the Eagles' equipment manager, which kept up Steve's morale. Although I once fined Van Buren $450 for leaving the Eagles' camp at Saranac Lake—$50 for each workout, and we were having two a day—he and I have remained great friends.

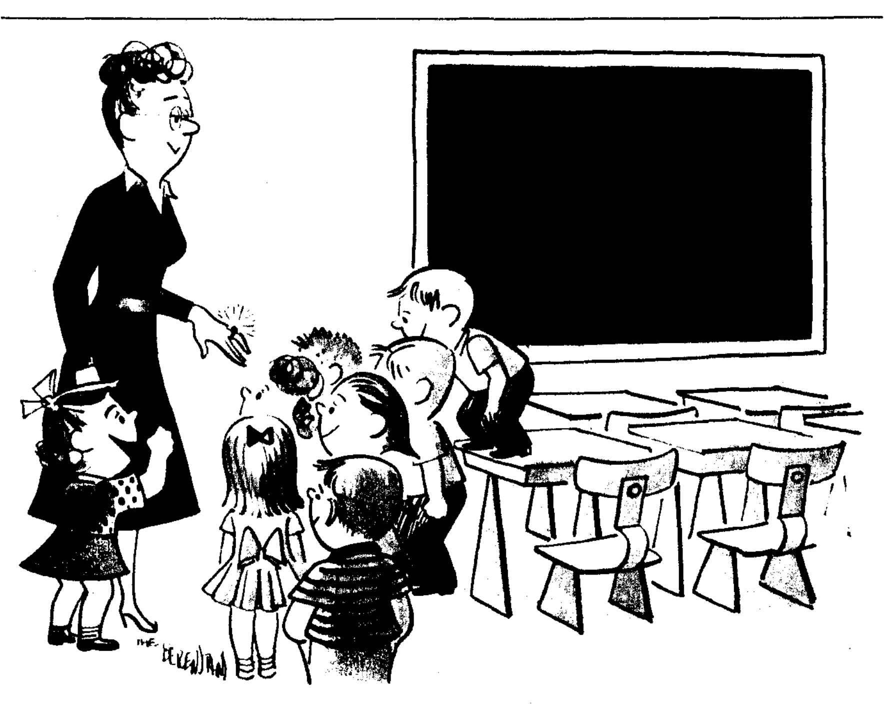
A Promise to Stop Worrying

Like any football coach, I'm a worrier. We had a winning streak going in 1949 and with each victory the pressure mounted on me. I was walking around the week before a game with the Redskins with my cares and woes spread all over my face. Finally, Van Buren took pity on me.

"Coach," he said, "if I promise to net you 100 yards on the ground Sunday, will you promise me you'll stop worrying?" I told him it was a deal and if I worried I was careful not to show it. Steve more than doubled his promise.

One day last season Van Buren reported late for practice and I wanted to know why he hadn't come out with the rest of the squad. He explained he had been giving his injured knee treatment in a whirlpool

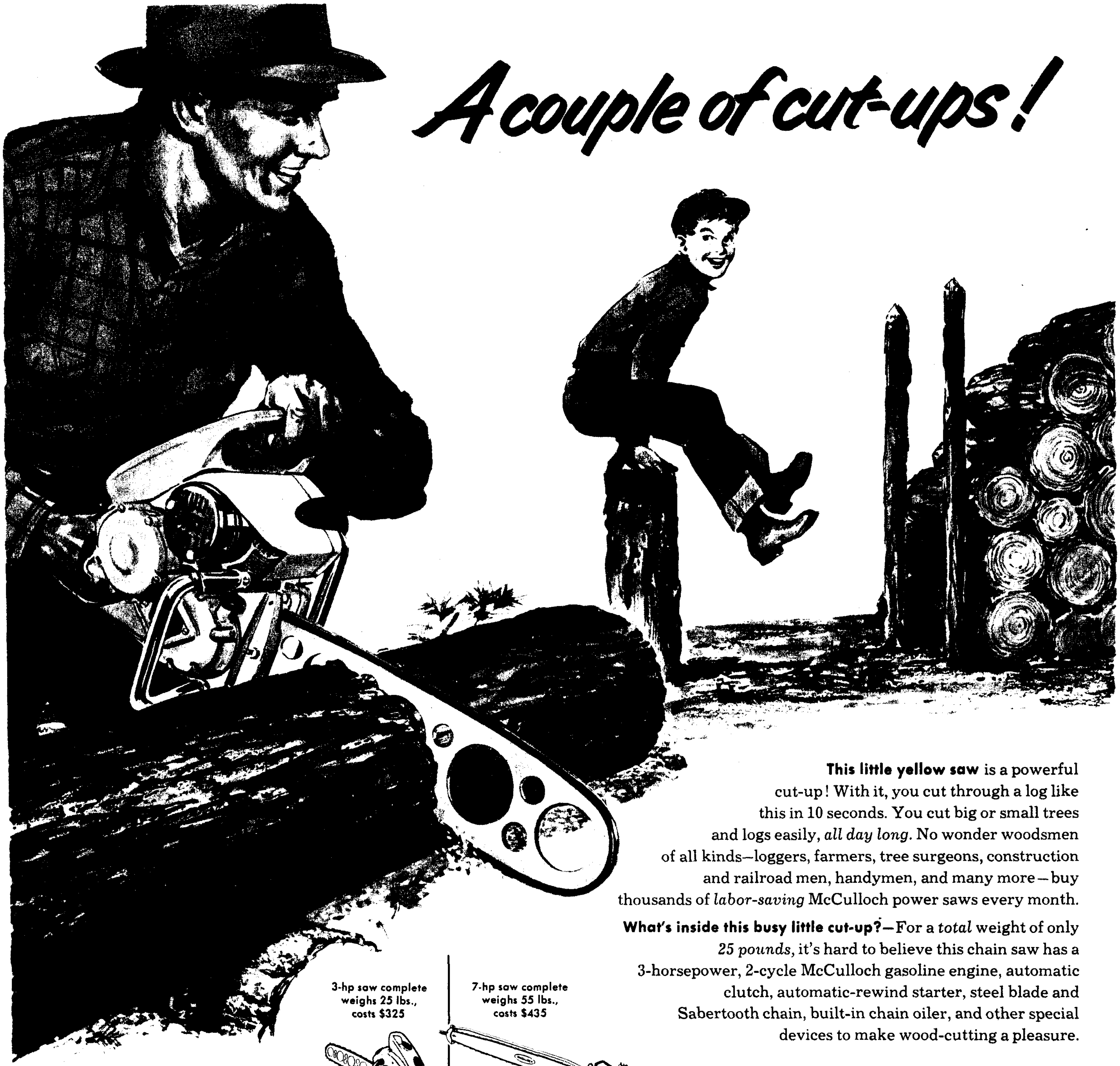
SISTER



"Come on, class! Three cheers for Miss Cabot. HIP, HIP, HOORAY! HIP, HIP. . . . . . ."

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN



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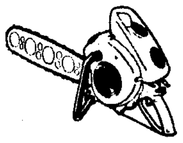
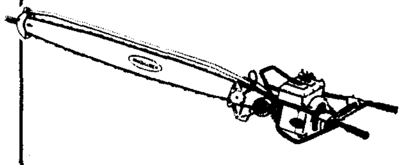
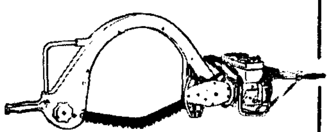
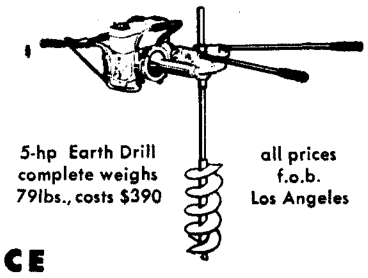


7-hp saw complete weighs 55 lbs., costs $435





5-hp bow saw complete weighs 63 lbs., costs $425



5-hp Earth Drill complete weighs 79lbs., costs $390

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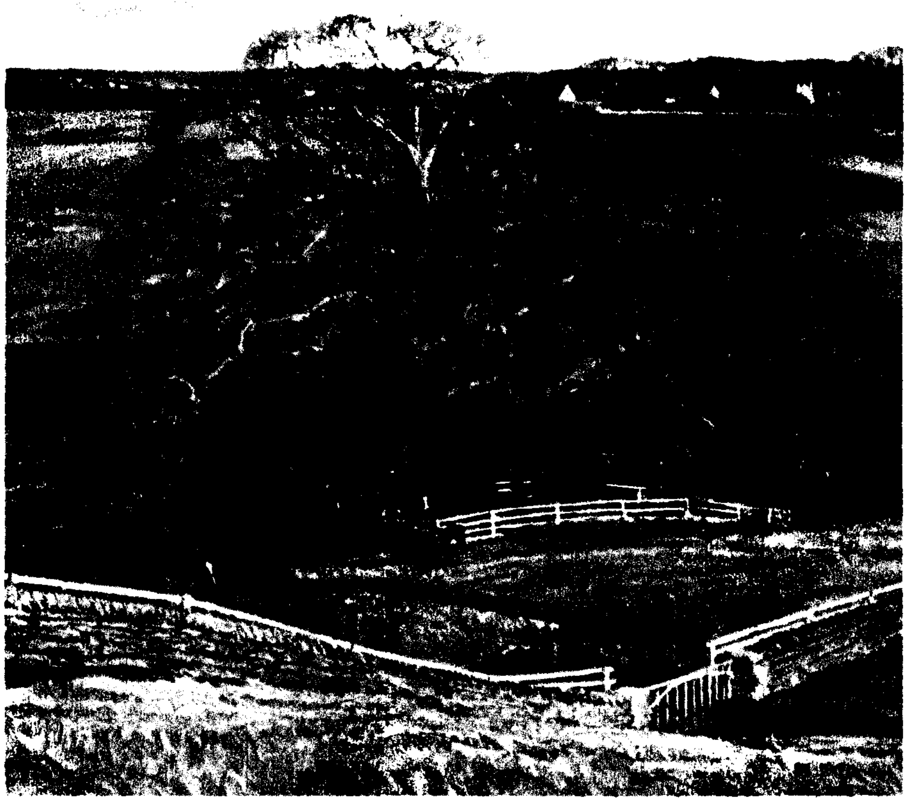

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Every Ounce a Man's Whisky
This is the whisky that made Kentucky whiskies famous
EARLY TIMES
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky

EARLY TIMES

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bath. "What," I exclaimed in mock indignation, "on *my* time?"

"Why not?" asked Steve affably. "I hurt it on *your* time, didn't I?"

Al Ennis, now the league's New York representative, but then an Eagle official, brought Van Buren to a dinner in Philadelphia which the police department staged for youngsters whom they were trying to interest in athletics as a means to combat juvenile delinquency. Van Buren is a reluctant public speaker but Al told him he would have to say only a few words.

"Fellers," said Steve when he got to his feet, "all I have to say is that when you're in trouble, stay away from the cops!"

When a Star Wanted to Retire

One season Van Buren decided that he had had enough and was going to retire. When I heard of it, I hustled to his home on the double to argue it out with Steve and his wife, who was siding with him.

"Steve," I pleaded, "you're the best runner in the National League. Nearly every year you're the leader in touchdowns and yards gained. Carrying the ball isn't such hard work. Suppose you had to block?"

"Carrying the ball is work enough, Coach," insisted Van Buren. "On Monday mornings I'm so tired and bruised I can hardly drag myself out of bed."

"What about the guys who have to stop you?" I asked. "How do you suppose those poor devils feel on Monday mornings?"

Van Buren was not the only reluctant hero I had to deal with. Another was Banks McFadden, the great Clemson back whom the Eagles purchased from Pittsburgh in 1942. He wouldn't even reply to the wires we sent him, and finally Archie Foster, our business manager, and myself drove to his home in South Carolina. It was midnight before we could locate him. We found him on a dance float in the middle of a lake.

"It's no use," said Banks in answer to our pleas, "I just don't want to go back. I wouldn't have played with Brooklyn except that my dad went broke trusting people in his grocery store and the $6,500 I got from the Dodgers put him back on his feet. But now I'm through. Besides, I'm no good. I can't block and I can't tackle. You fellows wouldn't want me."

"But, Banks," I protested, "you led the league in ground gaining, didn't you?"

"Oh, that was just a fluke," said McFadden. "I'd probably never do it again. Besides, I just wasn't content up there."

Foster and I continued to plead with him, boosting the ante all the time until Archie finally asked, "Would $10,000 a year make you content?"

"I don't think so," answered Banks sincerely, "I just wouldn't be happy. Up there, you want to go to the movies and it takes 45 minutes to get there. Here, you walk across the street and you're in the movies. Up there, I walk around and nobody knows me. Here, everybody says 'hello' to me."

We tried but it was no sale. As we drove back to town, Foster, a Harvard graduate, mulled over the incredible fact that a football player had turned down $10,000. Finally he turned to me and said in awed tones, "You know, Greasy, that fellow actually meant that, didn't he?"

World War II created the same manpower shortage in pro football that it did in all other sports. The Eagles and Steelers had to be merged for the 1943 season to field a team and, if we had beaten Green Bay in our final game, we would have been in a triple tie for the Eastern title.

The Eagles had their own identity back by 1944 but still were operating under straitened circumstances, practicing nights since most of the players worked in war plants during the day. One such player was Jack Hinkle of Syracuse, an Air Corps officer who had received a medical discharge.

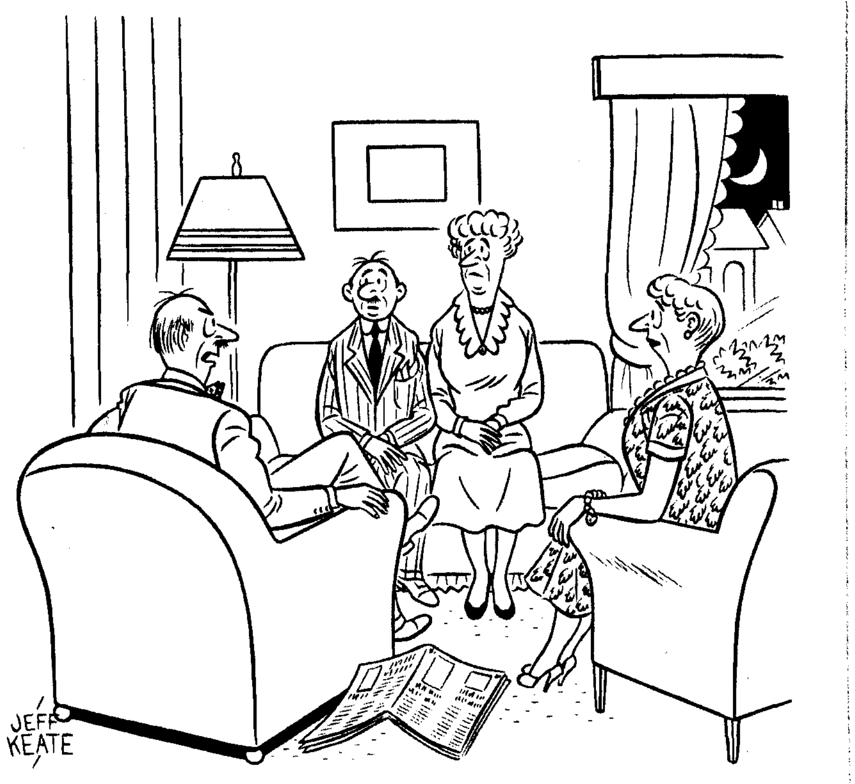
At one workout, Hinkle failed eight straight times on the same play. "Jack," I said, "I don't know who your boss is at that war plant but it's a wonder to me that you haven't driven him crazy if that's the way you carry out instructions."

Hinkle looked at me strangely and made no reply. It wasn't a particularly harsh reprimand and I was surprised at his silence, which he finally broke by saying, "Coach, you may not believe it, but this afternoon my boss was taken to a hospital with a nervous breakdown."

When the players returned from the wars, I was confident the Eagles had the makings of a championship club, but I knew we had to make a drastic move. We had three quarterbacks, Tommy Thompson, Al Sherman and LeRoy Zimmerman, and it just wasn't working out. I told our owner, Lex Thompson, that we would have to trade Roy.

"You can't do it, Greasy," protested Lex. "The fans of Philadelphia will never stand for trading Zimmerman."

"The fans aren't running this club, Lex; I am," I said. "I know what we need and the fans don't."



"Nice of you folks to drop in.
Why don't we get together for
an evening one of these nights?"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Zimmerman was traded to Detroit for a couple of players who never helped us particularly but the trade made Thompson and it made the Eagles. The deal was made in January, 1947, and that December we played the Chicago Cardinals for the National Football League championship in Comiskey Park. And we had to win the Eastern title the hard way, first by beating Green Bay, a club we had never beaten before, to tie for it and then defeating Jock Sutherland's Pittsburgh team in a play-off.

After missing out two years in a row, there was our first Eastern title. It was far more than a coaching triumph. It took a lot of hard work by a lot of people, the front office as well as the players. It would have been nice to top it off with the league championship but it just didn't happen and the Cardinals beat us 28-21 on an ice-covered field, even though Tommy Thompson set a record for completed passes.

There was a dispute in this game about the cleats the Eagles wore. They were regular cleats, turned on a lathe to give them a point so they would grip on the ice. An equipment boy from the Cardinals saw some of our players filing the cleats, which had been worn down from two games in which they already had been used. The equipment boy reported this to Jimmy Conzelman, the Cardinal coach, who protested. One official said they were legal, another said they weren't, and when the game started we drew a couple of penalties before our players could change into basketball shoes. After the game I went to the officials' dressing room and told them I didn't think we had got a fair shake.

Give

It's a BIGGER Red Feather This Year!

Lex Thompson finally got the championship he had been waiting for in 1948 when we again met the Cardinals, this time at Shibe Park in a howling blizzard. It seems that whenever I'm in a big game, the weather protests. We had a wet field with W&J in the Rose Bowl in 1922, ice at Comiskey Park in '47 and now a blizzard. And, not to get ahead of the story, the next year when we played the Rams in Los Angeles for the title, the game was played in a downpour.

The snow started early in the morning, accompanied by a driving wind, and never let up. When the tarpaulin was removed, there was the playing field, nice and green. It stayed that way for all of three minutes and then was as white as the rest of Philadelphia. As a matter of fact, the tarpaulin was frozen stiff and it required players from both teams to assist the ground crew in removing it. All the Eagle substitutes were out helping the ground crew but the Cardinal players who assisted seemed to be all regulars. One of our boys remarked, "Well, this is one Sunday the subs will earn their pay checks."

I have often been asked if the ground conditions made any change in our strategy. There was no time to make any changes, other than the ordinary one of caution because of the slippery field. We tried to get an early jump on the Cards with a long forward pass while the ball was still dry and, although Jack Ferrante scored, the play was called back for offside.

I think the Eagles would have cried, en masse, if the game had been postponed. They were really keyed up for the Cardinals, a team which had beaten us three times in 15 months. In the opening game of the '48 season, Stan Mauldin, one of the greatest tackles I ever saw, played like a wild man against us. He was all over the field in a great exhibition of line play.

After the game Mauldin collapsed because of his exertions and died the following day. It was an indescribable shock to me when I learned of this tragedy. There was nothing in Stan's play during the game to indicate he was bordering on exhaustion.

Once our early bid for a touchdown failed, we had to slug it out with the Cardinals. Footing was uncertain, the ball was wet and safety first was the motto. Thompson played a splendid game. He faked the pitchouts and carried the ball himself, so much so that he gained more ground in that game than he ever gained in any one game before. In fact, after we had won and our dressing room was a bedlam of congratulations, Tommy turned to me and said, "No more quarterbacking, Coach. I'm a halfback from now on."

It was obvious that a break would be necessary to decide a game played under such conditions and we got it just before the third period ended when Frank Kilroy recovered a fumble by Ray Mallouf on the Cardinal 17. We ground out the yards slowly in the final quarter and Van Buren finally went across from the one for the only score of the game. When Steve scored, Alex Wojciechowicz, once one of the famed Fordham blocks of granite, was standing right behind me. He hit me with a flying tackle and both of us went sailing on the ice about 10 yards onto the playing field. A couple of pounds of snow went down my neck but I never noticed it.

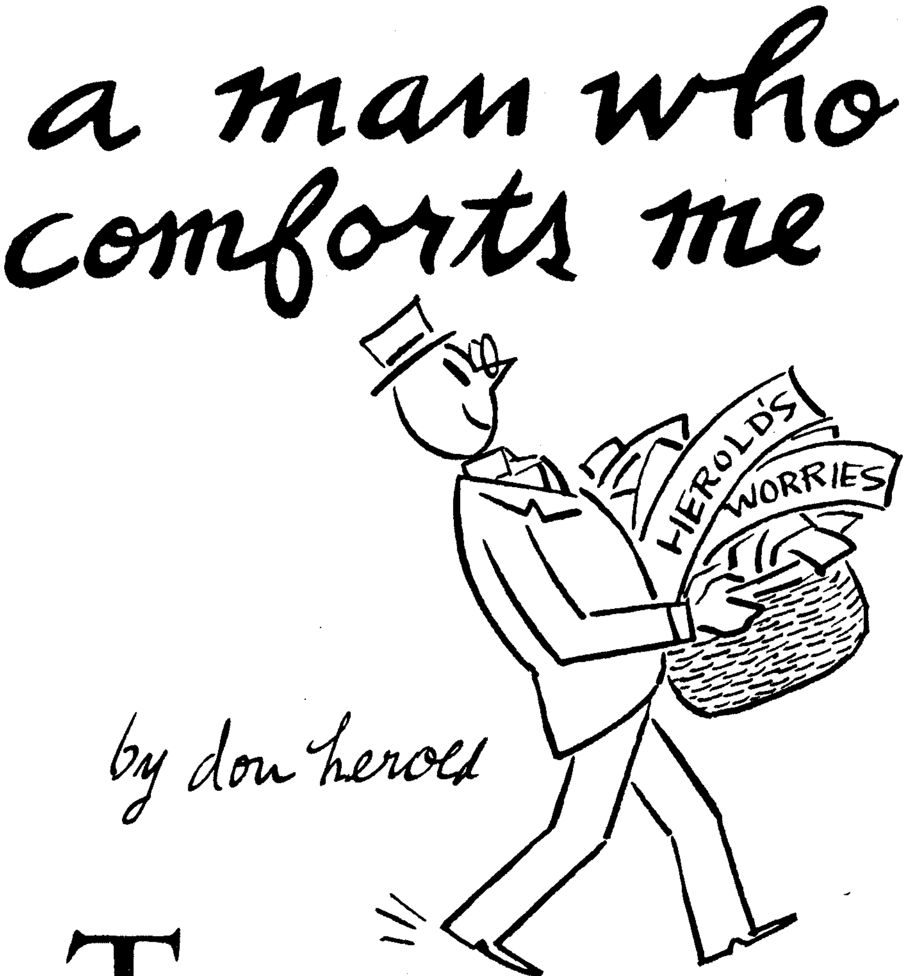
Pet Superstitions Confessed

I never notice anything at a football game. I'm terribly superstitious and wear the same suit and the same hat to each game if we're winning. I even drive out to the park by the same route, if we won the last time I took that route. Snow, rain or hail, I pay no attention when I'm coaching.

The Cardinal game was a great tribute to the scouting of Kellison. We had three scouts at Wrigley Field watching the Bears and Cardinals play for the Western title. I sent John to join them and he scouted both teams, since we would have to play the winner. Kelly never took a note, as the other scouts did, and when they were in doubt about a play on their notes, they would turn to him. Invariably, John had the right answer. He has a photographic mind where football is concerned. John knew whether the end played a yard outside the tackle or only two and a half feet, whether the defensive backer-up played directly behind his own tackle or a foot inside or outside of him.

Having finally won his championship, after pouring a great deal of money into the club, Lex Thompson bowed out of professional football. I felt a great personal loss when Lex sold out to a syndicate of Philadelphians headed by Jim Clark, for Thompson had been my close friend as well as the owner of the club. I also lost Charley Ewart, who left to coach Ted Collins' team, which moved from Boston to New York. Ewart, who had been on the Yale team when I was coaching there, had first been an assistant coach with the Eagles and then general manager. He was invaluable in both positions.

My first season under the new owners was my most successful in professional football and the most trying. Between the Chicago Tribune All-Star game at Soldier Field on August 12th, which we won by 38-0, the most one-sided score in the history of the event, and the championship game in Los Angeles in the rain in which we beat



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the Rams by 14-0 on December 18th, we had four months of football with only one defeat, by the Bears in Chicago. Keeping a squad keyed up through 19 games is even more trying when the team is winning, for you must be on constant guard against a letdown.

Last year, everything caught up with us at once, including injuries. It was a season of near misses. We lost five of our last six games by a total margin of 18 points. As Cliff Patton, our guard and conversion kicker—he kicked 84 in succession—wrote to me after I was released, "Even with our injuries and a few not playing up to par, we did not have such a bad season. . . . I'll always wonder what would have happened if Steve, Scottie, Bosh and Jim (Van Buren, Scott, Pritchard and Parmer) had been able to play the whole season. I have my ideas."

I can honestly say I don't know why I was fired. After the Giants had beaten us by 7 to 3 in the Polo Grounds last November, President Clark came into the dressing room and was critical of the score, repeating over and over, "You can't win in the National League with three points." We both were a little hot at the time, but the very next week, on the train going to Cleveland to play the Browns, after Jim Clark and I had discussed bonuses for the players, he said, "Greasy, you can coach for me as long as you want."

The Browns, eventual champions, made one first down against us and defeated us, 13-7. Alex (the Toe) Groza booted two field goals, and Warren Lahr scored the Browns' touchdown on a pass interception. In the final game of the year in Philadelphia, we had a typical dog-eat-dog battle with the Giants, who won, 9-7, which gives you an idea of the sort of season the Eagles had. Some have said that Clark was displeased because Steve Owen, a close friend of mine off the field, beat us twice, but that simply isn't so. I first met Steve in 1921 when he was taking tickets at the ball park in Enid, Oklahoma, and I tried to persuade him to enter Washington and Jefferson, but friendship ceases when the whistle blows.

Jim knows as well as anybody else that I'd go all out to win every game, even if my mother were the opposing coach.

Chat with Boss Was Amicable

Last January in Chicago, Clark and I met to go over the draft list. We discussed our needs and had an amicable and businesslike meeting, during the course of which nothing came up to lead me to believe that I wouldn't be back coaching the Eagles this fall.

When my wife and I left for Lake Worth, Florida, I was full of plans for '51. On February 7th, I received a message to call Clark in Philadelphia. While I was attempting to put the call through, Genevieve found a telegram which read, in part: ". . . for reasons which are obvious to you and to us, we are relieving you of your coaching duties as of this date." The reasons aren't obvious to me yet.

While I regret leaving the Eagles, I'm making no apologies. We won the Eastern title three years in succession and the league championship twice in a row.

Over and above the titles, the thing I'm proudest of during my association with the Eagles is the list of players I added to the squad at little cost: Johnny Green, Jack Ferrante, Mike Jarmoluk, Frank Kilroy, Cliff Patton, Duke Maronic, Bosh Pritchard, Al Sherman, Ernie Steele and Alex Wojciechowicz. These players came to Philadelphia for a total sum which would scarcely equal the individual value of any one of them.

Coaching professional football is an exacting task. But coaching football, pro or otherwise, is a rewarding career, and I'll probably be back next year. One complaint against the pros, and an ill-founded one in my opinion, is that they pass too often. Good men, real good men, that is, are hard to block. In the National League, because of the skills of the players, the only way you can move the ball is to fool some player, to force him into a mistake. And the professionals make few defensive mistakes.

Despite the great passing skill of Tommy Thompson, our quarterback, the Eagles ran when they could, passed only when they had to. The club was always among the leaders in ground gaining on running plays. We had three sets of offenses, the stutter series, the pitchout and the fake pitchout. Incidentally, the first pitchout play I ever saw was given to me in 1942 by Gil Steinke of Texas A&I.

In picking an all-pro team for the decade I coached the Eagles, I had to omit two of the greatest backs who ever played professional football, Bronko Nagurski and Red Grange, because they had ceased to be active in this period. Nevertheless, a backfield with a runner like Van Buren, a passer like Graham, a right halfback who could cut like George McAfee and a fullback with the drive of Joe Muha would make any coach happy.

There can be no questioning the position of Don Hutson as one of the greatest pass receivers who ever lived, and Tom Fears of the current Rams is an end who may someday challenge Hutson. I hated leaving off Vic Sears of the Eagles as one of the tackles, but the speed of Arnie Weinmeister of the Giants and the great play of the late Stan Mauldin against us moved me to name that pair as my tackles.

Mel Hein, who played so many years with the Giants, was the greatest center I ever saw, particularly on pass defense. Danny Fortmann of the Bears and Garrard Ramsey of the Cardinals seemed to be the top guards of my pro coaching career.

The big debate in football today, college and professional, is the two-platoon system. I agree with those who say it gives more boys a chance to play, but that is as far as I can go. It develops "half-players," boys who have no experience on defense or else no experience on offense. The best men, such as Vic Sears of the Eagles, a great tackle, are those who can do an all-around job. The two-platoon system poses a special problem for the pros in making their draft selections. The Giants, for instance, picked Kyle Rote from Southern Methodist without knowing what he could do on defense, simply because the boy never played defensive football at SMU.

That professional football is growing there is no doubt. Whether it ever will expand into two leagues is questionable. An East-West division, with intersectional games only in the championship play-off, would deprive Western teams of the gates in New York, Philadelphia and Washington. There is talk of adding franchises to the South and Southwest, but cities in those sections, attuned to college football, may not be ready for the professional game. There was a great crowd in Houston when the Giants and Detroit played an exhibition there last August but it stemmed from the fact that two former SMU stars, Rote and Doak Walker, were in the game.

As to rule changes, I would like to see a modification of the rule against clipping. I played and coached when clipping was legal and we didn't have as many knee injuries then as we do now when the clip is made from the side. The distinction between a legal and illegal clip is a hairline one and puts a great burden on officials.

Tribute from Team's Captain

When I was released by the Eagles, I received hundreds of comforting letters from friends and several from the boys who played for me. I'd like to quote part of one from Al Wistert, our captain and one of three brothers who starred at Michigan.

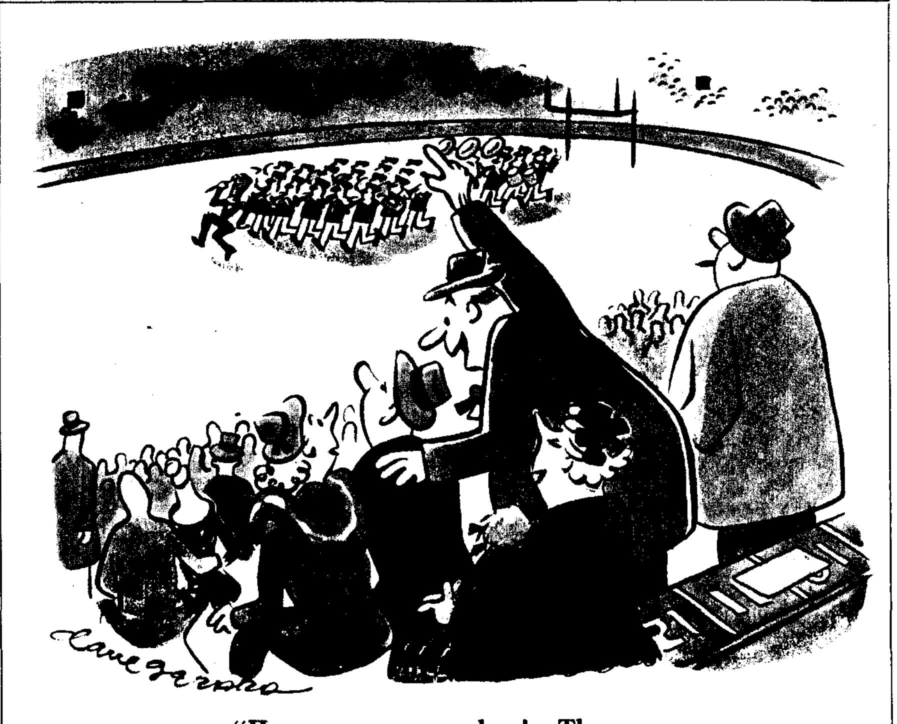
"It was always my opinion (wrote Al) that I should never tell you just how I felt about Greasy Neale until my playing days were all over, so that sentiment wouldn't keep you from benching me if ever the day came when I could no longer play my position better than anyone else on the team. I won't be playing for you any more so now I can let you know my feelings. . . .

"I've always respected and admired you as a man of the very highest integrity and character. Sure, I've been sore at you from time to time since and have not always agreed with your ideas, but one thing I have always known since then—Greasy is fair, square and honest, he will never let a friend or player down when that person really needs help.

"My father was killed when I was five years old. For many years I wondered what sort of man my dad would have been. I know now. My dad would have been an awful lot like Greasy Neale, I'm sure—as strong in his convictions as the Rock of Gibraltar, as honest as the day is long, yet tolerant and forgiving.

"We had a lot of triumphs and a lot of heartaches over the past eight years, Coach, but I can honestly say that, looking back over it all now, I wouldn't have missed any part of it for anything in this whole, wide world. I'll never forget your teachings, Greasy, for I feel that I'm a better man today for having known you."

A letter like that goes a long way toward taking the sting out of the pink slip. Like Al, I wouldn't have missed any part of it either, triumphs or heartaches. THE END



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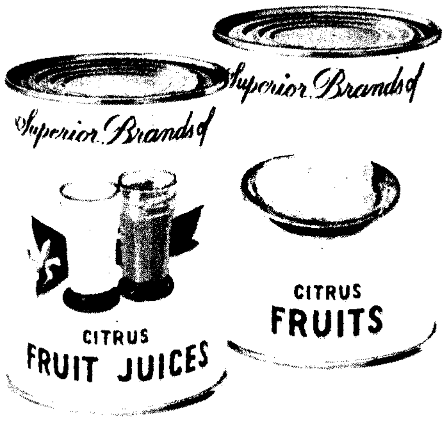

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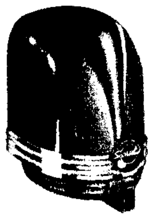

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

referred to as "the Guinea Pig Guild." Dr. Max Sadove, of the University of Illinois medical school, started it and the National Society for Medical Research is organizing it. The members will be men and women who submit themselves to medical research—human guinea pigs—asking no reward greater than an opportunity to serve their fellow men by permitting doctors to subject them to new medical experiments. The organization honors the name of Dr. Walter Reed, who volunteered as the yellow fever guinea pig in Cuba 51 years ago. With his heroic help they learned how yellow jack—a savage killer in those days—was transmitted. The mosquito.

★ ★ ★

Latest word from our man in Waupaca, Wisconsin, is in praise of police officer Harold Holly. Mr. Holly is a cop with imagination, plus a pocketful of peanuts. Mr. Holly has had his alert eye on several motorists who, parking overtime on Main Street, rub oil on their tires so that the chalk marks which less imaginative policemen make on guilty tires won't show. Mr. Holly uses no chalk. He merely drops a couple of peanuts under the tires and returns in 90 minutes. If the peanuts are not broken, the owner gets a ticket.

★ ★ ★

Come January, Louisiana is going to elect herself a governor. As usual in such affairs, somebody has to win. One of the candidates, whom we had better not name lest we be denounced as a carpetbagging interferer, is making promises which would force the late Huey Long to bow in admiration. We give you just a few from his literature and orations: "No new taxes . . . Free college education for every Louisiana boy and girl . . . Sixty-dollar old-age pensions . . . Bonuses for all veterans including those of Korea . . . Reduce cigarette and beer taxes . . . Financial aid to all public bodies. (Doesn't define "public bodies" but who cares?) . . . Six new bridges and tunnels . . . Four-lane highways for everybody . . . Voting polls in all hospitals . . . Making Louisiana the prosperous and happy state that politicians often talk about but never do anything about" . . . Thus far, the candidate says nothing about free homes for all voters, nor has he got around to state aid in paying the family food bills. But the campaign is still young. "The free college education plank alone is enough to elect me," he tells us confidentially. And that's all except that he promises to wipe out narcotics and gambling and, when elected, will prevent war with Russia.

★ ★ ★

The next President of the United States will not be named Truman. Not Taft. Nor Eisenhower. We have this interesting information from a gentleman in Nebraska who does not want his name divulged at present. In fact, says he, nobody yet mentioned as a Presidential possibility will be elected. We're sorry, but you'll have to wait until August 3, 1952, to find out. That's the date he specifies. "If I told you now, you wouldn't believe me," he writes. If the rest of it is as accurate as that, the guy's got something.

★ ★ ★

And Mrs. Oliver Tauerchner, of Moline, Illinois, has written to President Truman asking him to stop worrying. Worrying, she claims, is like a rocking chair. Gives a body something to do but doesn't get you anywhere.

WIDE WORLD

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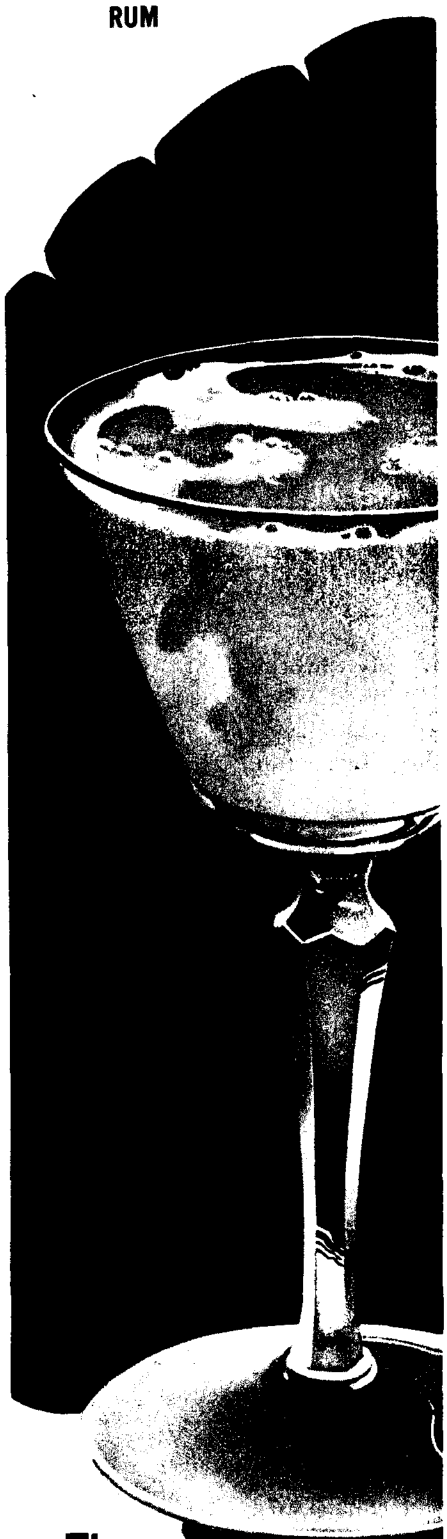

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"Oh, to Be Naked in Bergdorf's—with a Checkbook!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

$47,000 worth of clothes and then, a few weeks later, cabled from London that she didn't have a stitch to wear and would they rush her three complete outfits (lingerie, shoes, handbags—*everything)* in white, navy and gray.

Incidentally, the secret by which the store can perform such custom fitting *in absentia* can be found on the sixth and seventh floors, where stand the dressmakers' forms. Each steady customer has her own form, and as the years go by and there comes about a certain structural metamorphosis, each additional fraction of an inch is duly noted by the ever-alert fitters and painstakingly passed on through strips of padding added to the lady's alter ego.

One fabulous customer has been buying at Bergdorf's at an average of $1,000 a week for years. In addition, every two years she waddles into the lingerie department personally, orders three dozen nightgowns, three dozen chemises and three dozen pants (they are much too voluminous to be called "panties"), and the bill amounts to over $5,000. The good lady will not permit herself to be touched by anyone, which makes fitting her a somewhat ludicrous operation, what with fitters measuring the air a couple of inches away from her. She maintains a complete stock room of garments, cross-indexed, in each of her several large domiciles here and abroad.

This same customer was once bidden good morning by one of the top executives of the store, and made such a stir about being spoken to by a mere salesperson that it took a dozen other executives, all oozing tact like tooth-paste tubes, to get her to come back. What they're still talking about at B-G's, however, is the occasion some years ago when she and Edwin Goodman, the erect, dignified chairman of the board of Bergdorf Goodman, found themselves sharing an elevator in a London hotel.

It is not so much a question of which one did *not* speak to the other one, but of which one did not speak to the other one *first*.

Although he is head of an enterprise which is worth many millions, Mr. Goodman—or Father, as he is known in the store—is indeed a man of humility. But for his employees, he readily does battle. Once, a dowager grabbed a fitting woman and shook her. The fitter, fleeing from the room in tears, bumped into Father. Extracting her story between sobs, he forthwith led her back to the fitting room, where with icy politeness he ordered the customer to put on her coat and get out.

Standing beside the fitter, he explained why: "We can get along without you, madam. Without this lady, never."

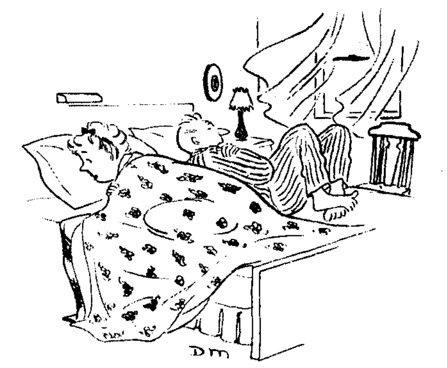
Father is now seventy-five years old, but he still carries his six-foot, trimly tailored frame like a second lieutenant on parade. He's slowed down some on his golf but still plays in the eighties and hopes to improve his score this winter when he and Mrs. Goodman, the former Belle Lownes of New York City, his bride of 48 years, shortly take their annual winter vacation in Arizona. Mrs. Goodman, who is seventy, has never given up the game, either.

A hard-bitten veteran of the highly competitive field which is ladies' fashion once seriously said that every merchant of women's clothes in America should bow once a day in the direction of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street; for Edwin Goodman does their pace setting for them. Long before the first advertisement appears in the fashion magazines, Father—or the personnel he has trained—looks over the preliminary showings of the Parisian designers and says yea or nay to the basic trends for the season.

When the Paris designer, Christian Dior, released from war-imposed skimpiness, came out with the revolutionary "New Look" a few years ago, Bergdorf Goodman—along with other topflight establishments—approved it at once, and thereby made it a lot easier for others to follow suit. A full-skirted coat, called the "pyramid push up," sponsored by Julia Trissell, B-G's attractive, blonde ready-to-wear coat and suit buyer, has been copied and recopied. The feeling seems to be, if Bergdorf's says it's okay, apparently it is okay.

Bergdorf Goodman should, more accurately perhaps, be just plain Goodman. Herman Bergdorf was a skilled Alsatian tailor on Fifth Avenue near Nineteenth Street, who once made up a suit for his sister, who was secretary to a New York society lady. The society lady wanted one like it, got it, told her friends where, and Bergdorf was in. While business was rapidly picking up, Ed Goodman, a young tailor with an aptitude for style and design, walked in fresh from Rochester, upstate, and asked for a job. Bergdorf grabbed him and put him to work. In 1901, he talked Goodman into borrowing $15,000 with which to buy into the firm. Thus was born Bergdorf Goodman.

DORIS MATTHEWS



Extra Blanket

At 3 A.M.
  The room grows cool.
Shall I get up—
  Or hope that you'll?

—SHEILA BANE

Two years later, for another $15,000, Bergdorf sold out entirely and went back to France, where he spent the rest of his life. Ironically, it is his name by which the store is best known. Even members of the Goodman family refer to it as "Bergdorf's."

Goodman advertised his place heavily, put his profits back into the store and prospered. He hired, as salesladies, people like the Grand Duchess Marie of the Russian imperial family, who, although she preferred to sit on the floor and giggle in French with the seamstresses, would manage, when a customer timidly requested the personal services of the grand duchess, to fasten a look of icy hauteur on her face and obligingly scare the lady half to death. But most customers ate it up.

Goodman kept moving steadily up Fifth Avenue. He was where Rockefeller Center stands now when, in 1927, the huge Cornelius Vanderbilt mansion at Fifty-eighth Street was razed. The first and only occupant of the new building erected there, Goodman is president of the corporation which now owns it, along with the entire

BACARDI

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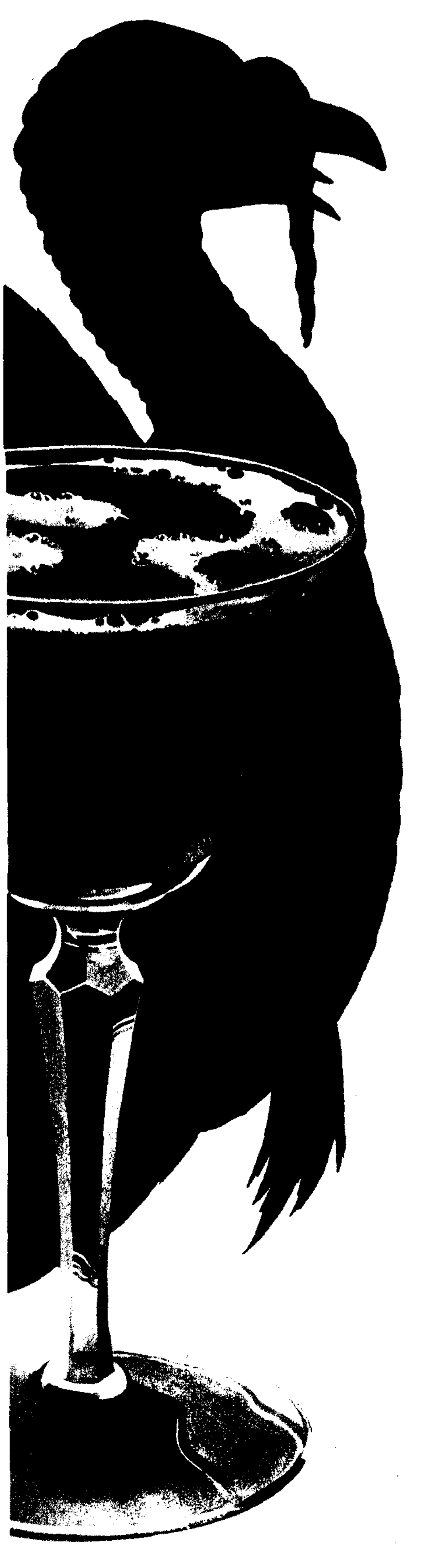

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COCKTAIL...
world's
smoothest
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RUM...86 & 89 Proof. Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York

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NOW...LIGHT
WHEN YOU NEED IT!
from Power
"sealed-in-steel"

Don't be without this Ray-O-Vac flashlight. Precision-built. Brilliant, wide-angle beam.

RAY-O-VAC
TRADE MARK
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they stay fresh—

. . . they *keep* fresh for years when not in use . . . always ready for instant action in any emergency—because they're *sealed in steel*. When we say "Light when you need it," we really *mean* it. Always, get genuine Ray-O-Vac Leakproofs—the only flashlight batteries that give you . . .

Each Battery Carries This Guarantee:
"If your flashlight is damaged by corrosion, leakage or swelling of this battery, send it to us with the batteries and we will give you FREE a new, comparable flashlight with batteries."

Only genuine Ray-O-Vac Leakproofs are *sealed in steel!*

1. **Steel top**
2. **Multi-ply insulation**
3. **Steel jacket**
4. **Steel bottom**

Buy Spares—they stay fresh!

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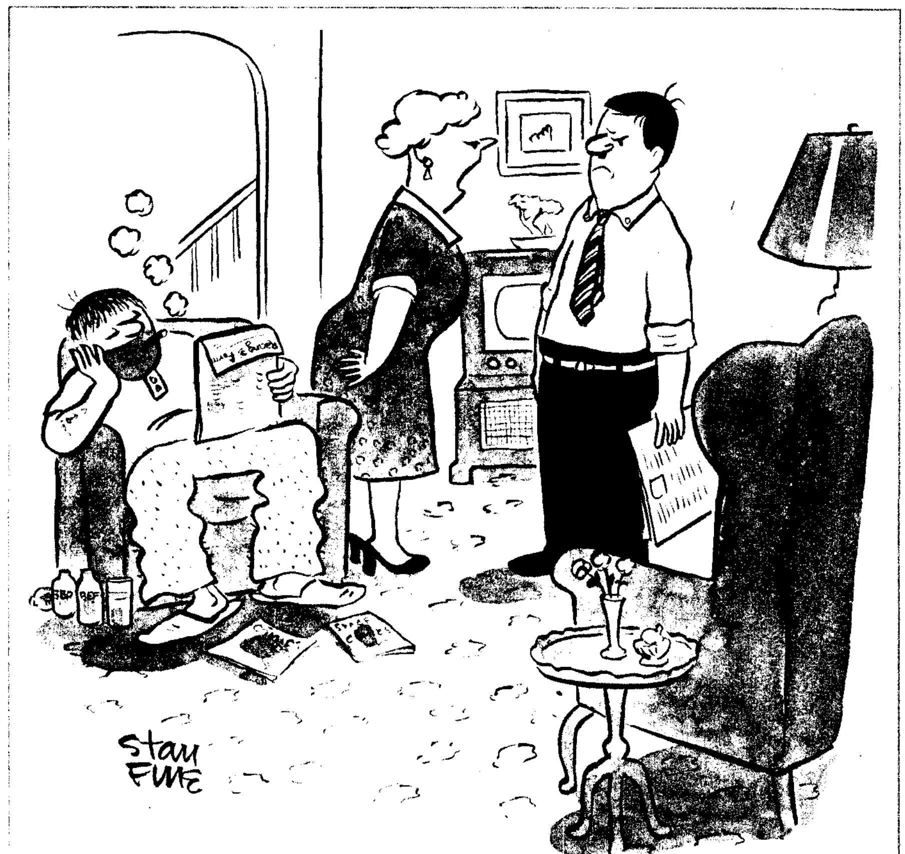


"What do you mean—my brother doesn't do anything? Who brings in the newspaper? Who turns on the television set? Who sees that there is plenty of cold beer in the refrigerator?"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

block on Fifth, from Fifty-seventh to Fifty-eighth. His corner, he says, is the best location in the world.

There is nothing immediately north of him but Central Park. And so, into the street floor with its accessories streams the highly desirable north light, which shows off merchandise to the best advantage; it streams unobstructed into the second and third floors, where the ready-to-wear suits, coats, dresses and furs are shown; into the taupe-carpeted splendor of the custom *salon* on the fourth floor; into the offices of Father and his son, Mr. Andrew, on the fifth; into the sixth, with its studios for the designers of Bergdorf's ready-to-wear originals and the skilled fur workers; into Leslie Morris' custom design studios and the workrooms of the seamstresses and tailors, on the seventh and eighth; and into the 15-room penthouse, where Father and Mrs. Goodman live during the winter—listed, to conform to city ordinance, as janitors. (They spend the summer in Rye, Westchester County, New York.)

Mr. Andrew Was Sent to Paris

The store is entirely a family enterprise. Besides Andrew, the son, there is Ann, the daughter, and her husband, Alfred Farber, all in their forties. For a couple of years Andrew attended the University of Michigan, with a casual eye to becoming a journalist. But his father yanked him out and sent him to Paris to learn the fashion business. After a period of happy rebellion along the boulevards he became interested, in spite of himself; and now he, with Miss Frankau, are the chief Paris buyers.

Ann, after attending Wellesley, went into the store and was sportswear buyer when she married Farber, then a well-to-do Cleveland antique dealer. The store had a small gift and antique department to service the occasional customer who might want to make a purchase between fittings. Father asked his son-in-law if he could improve it any. Farber said yes, and did.

Bergdorf's windows generate an aura all their own, too. Tom Lee, a noted visual display consultant, has been doing the windows on contract for the last five years, always with emphasis on lush distinction. The results often provoke wide comment. Among the store's habitual window shoppers is an infirm old lady who, although by no means on relief, is living her declining years in decreasing funds. Riding in her twenty-year-old limousine, which is driven by a chauffeur in a threadbare uniform, she passes regularly in front of the store. Once a week or so the limousine halts, the chauffeur nods to Frank Frizell, the doorman, and Frank runs in for Jesse Sheetz, first-floor manager. Personable young Mr. Jesse goes out to the car and he and the lady discuss everything in the windows interminably before she makes her selection. It is invariably the least expensive item displayed—usually a piece of costume jewelry priced, even so, at $50 to $60.

"She just wants to buy something," Mr. Jesse says. "I think she saves up all week to make her curbstone purchase—and she used to average $1,000 a week here."

Before answering the question of what makes Bergdorf Goodman a top candidate for the title of world's swankiest store, it might be well to answer a more down-to-earth one: Is it? One way of proving the affirmative might be to stop at random the next woman you meet, say in loud clear tones, "Bergdorf Goodman," and watch the hidden dream appear in her eyes. Here are some others:

Item: Many a mink-laden lady has been seen to walk into a Park Avenue drawing room, remove her coat and toss it—oh, so casually—over a chair. Somehow, miraculously, it always lands inside out, with the label up. Fifteen thousand dollars' worth of mink, but what she wants you to see is a small patch of silk bearing the magic words "Bergdorf Goodman." (It's a probable ten to one that, if the store advertised a cheesecloth jacket with "I bought this at Bergdorf's" stamped on the back in fluorescent scarlet, the store would be swamped with orders.)

Item: Mae Griffin, the quiet little woman in charge of the mail- and phone-order department, receives telephone calls daily from distant cities. They come from girls who've seen a Claire McCardell, or a Trigère model, advertised locally; but before they buy it, they invest in a phone call to see if they can get the same shipped from New York—with a Bergdorf label. If they can, they'll save that label long after they've worn the dress out. Some who own only one B-G label change it from dress to dress.

There are, in New York City, places like Hattie Carnegie and Henri Bendel which are on an equally chic and expensive level with Bergdorf so far as custom clothing and millinery are concerned, also places like Revillon Frères and Maximilian for furs. But when it comes to outfitting a female from skin out in complete elegance ("Oh, to be naked in Bergdorf's—with a checkbook!" is a recurrent sigh), Bergdorf considers that only two stores, Neiman-Marcus in Dallas and I. Magnin in Los Angeles, come close to being competition.

Why should a shopper at Bergdorf's plunk down fifteen hundred good dollars for one evening dress, anyway? Why forty thousand dollars for a sable coat? Why $325 for a bathing suit, $295 for a nightgown, $72.50 for a hat?

Mr. Andrew says this question is a very simple one to answer: Bergdorf's location, the exclusivity of its models, certain extras in the way of glamor and service, uncompromising quality, and the obvious *esprit de corps* of the store's personnel.

B-G's employees, from the flightiest Paris-trained *vendeuse* to the mousiest stock clerk, all seem to be glad they work there. Some have been there for 20 to 30 years (Mae Miller, the store's chic, blonde accessories buyer, started more than 20 years ago as a stock girl), and individual saleswomen have followings so fanatical that patrons will frequently seek their approval for clothes bought elsewhere.

Salaries in the store range all the way from $35 per week for a beginning delivery boy to figures so astronomical that the executives who receive them blush prettily when the subject is raised. In the workrooms—where the employees are nearly all unionized—a finisher gets $50, a draper $60 for a 35-hour week. Trainees for sales positions start at $35; models start at $55. The store employs about 30 models, and brings in a few more on contract for afternoon showings only.

The models are chosen primarily for clothes sense and grace, and don't have to be beautiful, although it helps. There's something of a turnover, because a girl with Bergdorf Goodman experience is in demand practically anywhere.

Extras for B-G customers in the way of glamor include rubbing elbows in the elevators with the likes of Tallulah Bankhead and Mrs. Vincent Astor. Extras in the way of service? They include expert and fastidious alterations on any article you buy. Or you may some morning order a taxi, make a few minor purchases, then visit Bergdorf and keep your cab waiting. Tell Frank the doorman that you've run out of cash and—if he knows you—he'll be glad to pay the tariff. It happens rather often. The store also frequently secures theater tickets and hotel reservations for established customers.

Analyzing Bergdorf Quality

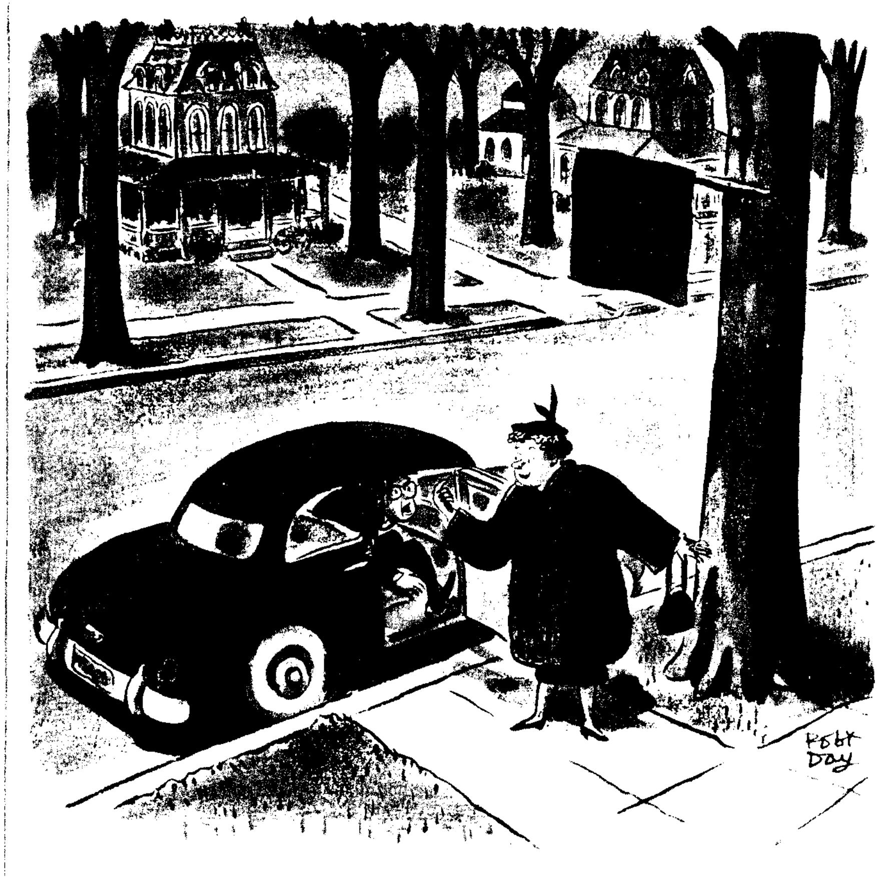
That leaves what Mr. Andrew calls uncompromising quality. Just what is that, anyway? Do the silkworms in Japan, the goats in Kashmir, the cotton pickers in Dixie work any harder for Bergdorf Goodman than they do for any other store? How come that difference between the frock the bargain basement sells for $17.95 and the one Bergdorf sells for $895? Well, one answer is that if you put the two side by side, anybody—even a male body—can see the difference. Another answer is to look at B-G's cost sheet on, say, a made-to-order dress.

The person who determines how much a dress from Bergdorf's custom department is going to cost is Miss Frankau. Take an $895 evening gown. It has, roughly, $246 worth of material in it—perhaps the finest of silk, exquisitely embroidered. Estimate $175 for labor; dressmakers (B-G's are members of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union) are well paid these days. Cutting and three fittings will cost about $25. That adds up to $446. Miss Frankau adds $125 for overhead. That makes $571. She now adds $15 for pressing, and the total is $586. After that comes a 60 per cent markup, or about $351, which includes about $140 for the design cost. That would make this dress cost $937.

"But sometimes I look at my figures, and then I look at the dress, and I shudder," Miss Frankau says. "I can't help it. The figure just *looks* like so much money."

So the dress sells for only $895.

Although Miss Frankau does, frequently, get her markup, nevertheless the custom clothing floor—suits, dresses, eve-



COLLIER'S "Your word of honor, now, Mary—no spinning wheels!" ROBERT DAY

"BOTANY"* BRAND 500
Tailored by Daroff

"Top" of the morning
and a head-start toward success is a "Botany" Brand 500 Topcoat, in gabardine, covert or shetland, at $69.75, with warmer $17.75 extra. "Botany" Brand 500, Tailored by Daroff, 2-ply 100% virgin worsted suits and topcoats, with The Fabric That's the Soul of the Clothing are featured at leading stores everywhere. For the name of a dealer near you, write Botany.
Judge this value for yourself...only $69.75.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

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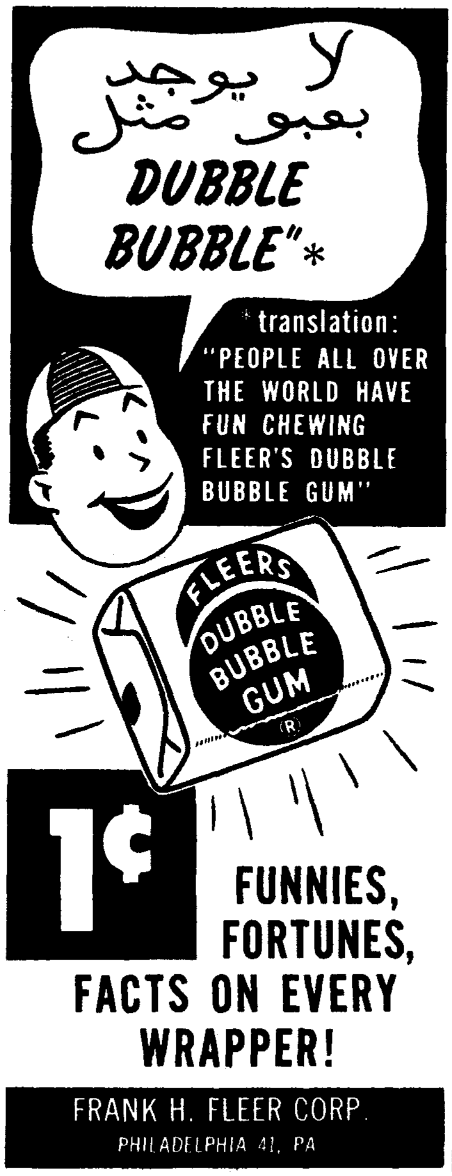

لا يوجد
بعبو مثل
DUBBLE BUBBLE"*
*translation: "PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD HAVE FUN CHEWING FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM"
FLEERS DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM (R)
1¢
FUNNIES, FORTUNES, FACTS ON EVERY WRAPPER!
FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
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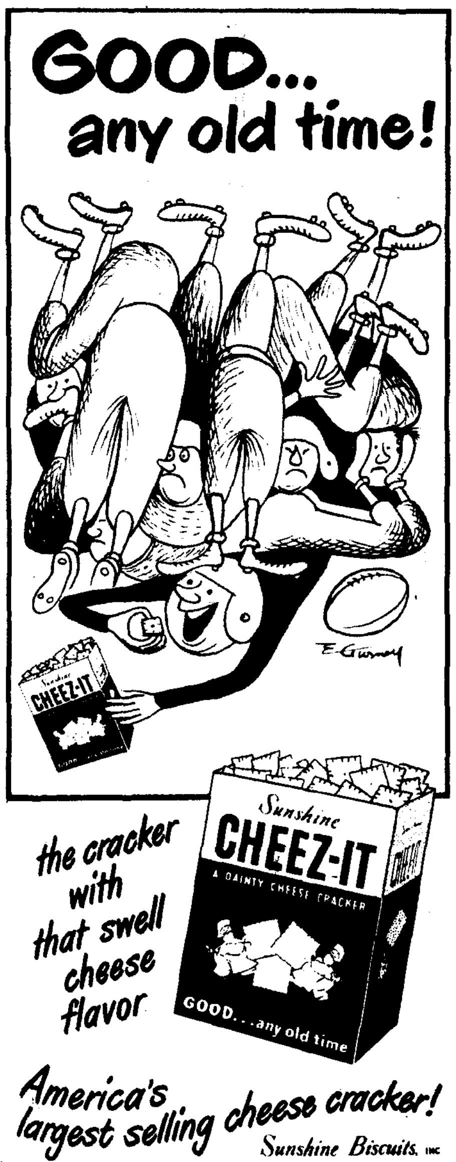


ning gowns—loses money, for all its swank, because of such unpredictable factors as designs which turn out to be duds and changes in wholesale fabric prices. In 1949, custom grossed $900,000, and lost $161,000. In 1950, they did better, losing $68,000 on a million dollars' worth of business. (Bergdorf runs the custom department less to make a profit than to maintain its fashion prestige.) Custom millinery, operated separately, does a little better. In 1950, the store sold a half-million dollars' worth of custom hats—and made a profit of $3,700.

Millinery *is* Mrs. Jessica Daubé, a queenly lady with an enormous following, who is codirector of the department with Mrs. Odna Brandeis. Asked who her best customers are, Miss Jessica made a sweeping gesture which corralled half the universe, and said, "Just take the Social Register, run right through it, and you may rest assured that anyone of any consequence comes to me for millinery!"

Last year Bergdorf's sold $11,000,000 worth of merchandise. Of this, 10 per cent came in through custom; 15 per cent from furs; 20 per cent from shoes; 5 per cent from custom millinery; 10 per cent from miscellaneous, such as antiques, gifts, stationery and perfume; and 40 per cent from all ready-to-wear, including lingerie and millinery. Thus, the woman who shops on the first three floors makes it possible for the wealthier patrons to buy their custom clothes on the fourth. On the other hand, of course, it is the swank of the fourth-floor clientele which pulls most of the customers into Bergdorf's in the first place.

Ready-to-wear gets its share of the swank at that. Many of B-G's heavy spenders buy dresses right off the racks. For years two glamorous sisters who holed up in the Hotel Plaza across the way would stroll into the store every day at two P.M., rain or shine, and buy a $300 to $600 evening gown apiece—two on Saturdays.

When a Customer Isn't Right

The customer is by no means always right in Bergdorf Goodman's. Miss Frankau supervises all sales on the fourth floor, and if she doesn't think the item is exactly right for the would-be purchaser, it never leaves the floor. Miss Frankau can mete out a punishment which is tantamount to destruction for hundreds of women; she can refuse to take their money.

On one occasion, a customer who had ordered a dress of reversible silk found, at the first fitting, that the side she wanted outside was inside. Reversing the material would have been a simple operation at the early stage, but the lady chose to become hysterical over the matter and insisted upon having her dress cut out of a completely new piece of cloth. Miss Frankau was called in.

"When I come in for my final fitting," the customer steamed, "I want to see the dress I will wear and this monstrosity side by side!"

Miss Frankau listened calmly and finally got a word in: "With every garment from this floor comes my personal guarantee of perfection. If you do not need my services in this regard, then it would be most unwise of you to pay for them."

The lady thought that over a minute, translated it correctly into the equivalent of "like it, or lump it" and hastily decided to like it. Rarely, indeed, is Miss Frankau forced to resort to the cruel and inhuman treatment of banishing a customer from her *salon*.

Many critics inside the industry itself claim, if ever there was a dog-eat-dog business, it's ladies' fashion. Look at the introduction of Mr. Andrew to the business. He was dispatched to Paris as a young man, apprenticed to the great *couturier* Patou, and was ostensibly accepted. Yet, so suspicious are Parisian designers of *anybody* that when Patou was working on a really new creation he thought nothing of sending Andrew off with a crossword puzzle.

Some of the naïve gentry not directly connected with the business even assume that the magic phrase, "Paris exclusive," always *means* Paris exclusive. It doesn't. Except for the very few cases where a single American store buys all U.S. rights to a French creation, models of the same Paris original may be sold to as many as a dozen American buyers. With each model—a dress, suit, or what have you—comes a list of every single one of the materials which went into the original, from cloth to buttons. But this list is not necessarily heeded. Bergdorf scrupulously buys the materials indicated and follows the original exactly. But some other store could do the same model in burlap, if it wanted to.

An unselfish act in the apparel business is noteworthy; yet, Bergdorf's history is studded with incidents which prove that the store has a heart—of gold, naturally. A GI in Korea saw an advertisement of a lush black lace $50 nightie he wanted his wife to have for her birthday. He sent Bergdorf Goodman a $5 deposit and a request to hold it. The nightie was carefully put away for him, but a long time went by before the store heard from him again. He had been wounded in combat, he wrote, but was all right now. The rest of the money was enclosed.

Meantime, however, the rest of the nightie stock had been marked down as shopworn and sold at cost. So, although the soldier's nightie was fresh and clean as the day it was placed on sale, the store refunded $20.

Then there was the woman who complained that her $15,000 mink had turned out to be, just as everybody had told her, too heavy; she was given a full refund a year after she bought it. This was not sheer altruism on the part of Murray Singer, codirector of B-G's fur department, however; the lady was so pleased she bought another mink for $18,000 and a $45,000 sable to boot.

It's not at all unusual for a customer to buy several fur items at one time—a long mink, a short mink, a broadtail and a couple of sable scarves. That would run about $22,500. Bergdorf's most expensive single fur item would be a sable coat, which could run as high as $60,000. One woman, a rather dowdy-looking female, struggled up to the second floor and asked to see a "warm, brown coat." A newcomer to the sales force started to give her the brush-off, but Singer showed her a "warm, brown coat," which the lady promptly bought. It was a $45,000 sable.

Not everyone who barges into furs wants a coat. Several years ago, a lady saw a stuffed leopard standing on a light wooden base in the fur department. She demanded that Father Goodman sell it to her, forthwith. She wanted to take it home to her dog.

Mr. Goodman, who would show no surprise if Mammy Yokum suddenly materialized and demanded a Dior original, didn't bat an eye as he graciously agreed to sell it to her.

Although tales have been bruited about of nightgowns at Bergdorf's costing $1,000, Dorothy Bank—who runs the lingerie department—maintains that the most the store gets for a nightie is $295, and that mainly from middle-aged ladies who buy them for themselves and themselves alone.

Milquetoast Buys Lingerie

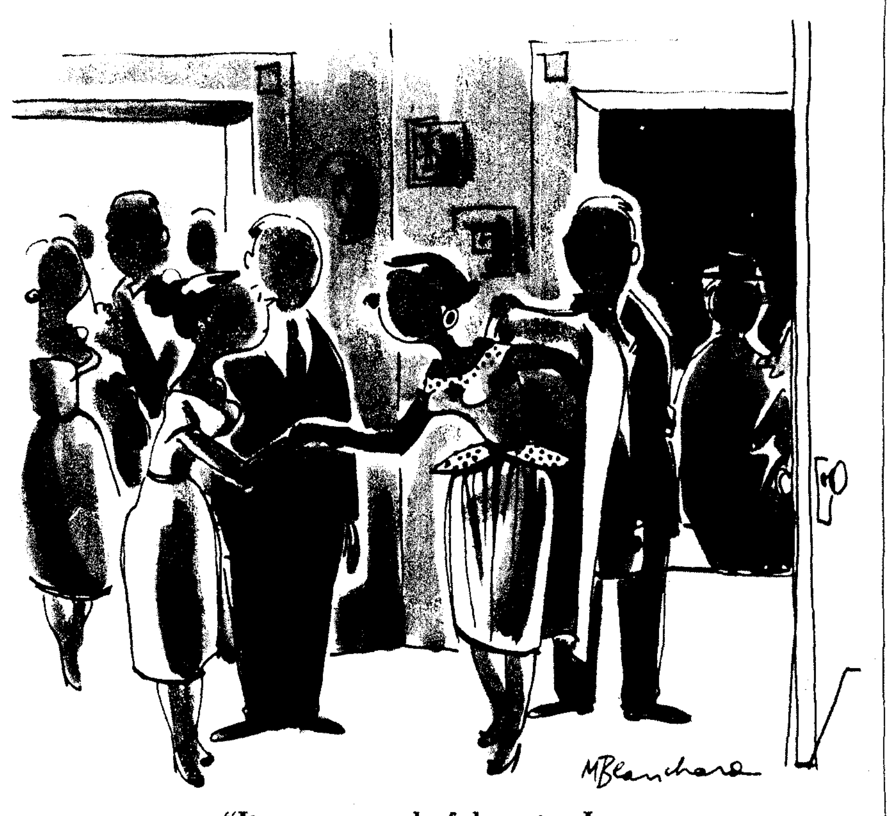
The raciest purchase anyone can remember occurred many years ago when a Mr. Milquetoast type ordered thousands of dollars' worth of flimsies, with the specification that they all be of the color of a cedar chest. A light reddish-brown silk was found, he approved, and the order was sent out. The recipient was the president of a fashionable finishing school.

Another Bergdorf personality is Sally Freed, a small whirlwind who is responsible for the perfumes and cosmetics on the first floor. Sally created the exclusive perfume, Bergdorf Goodman No. 9, which is tremendously popular with the store's elite trade. She kept fooling around with essences until she hit just what she wanted, and when she did she howled, "Whee! Number nine!"

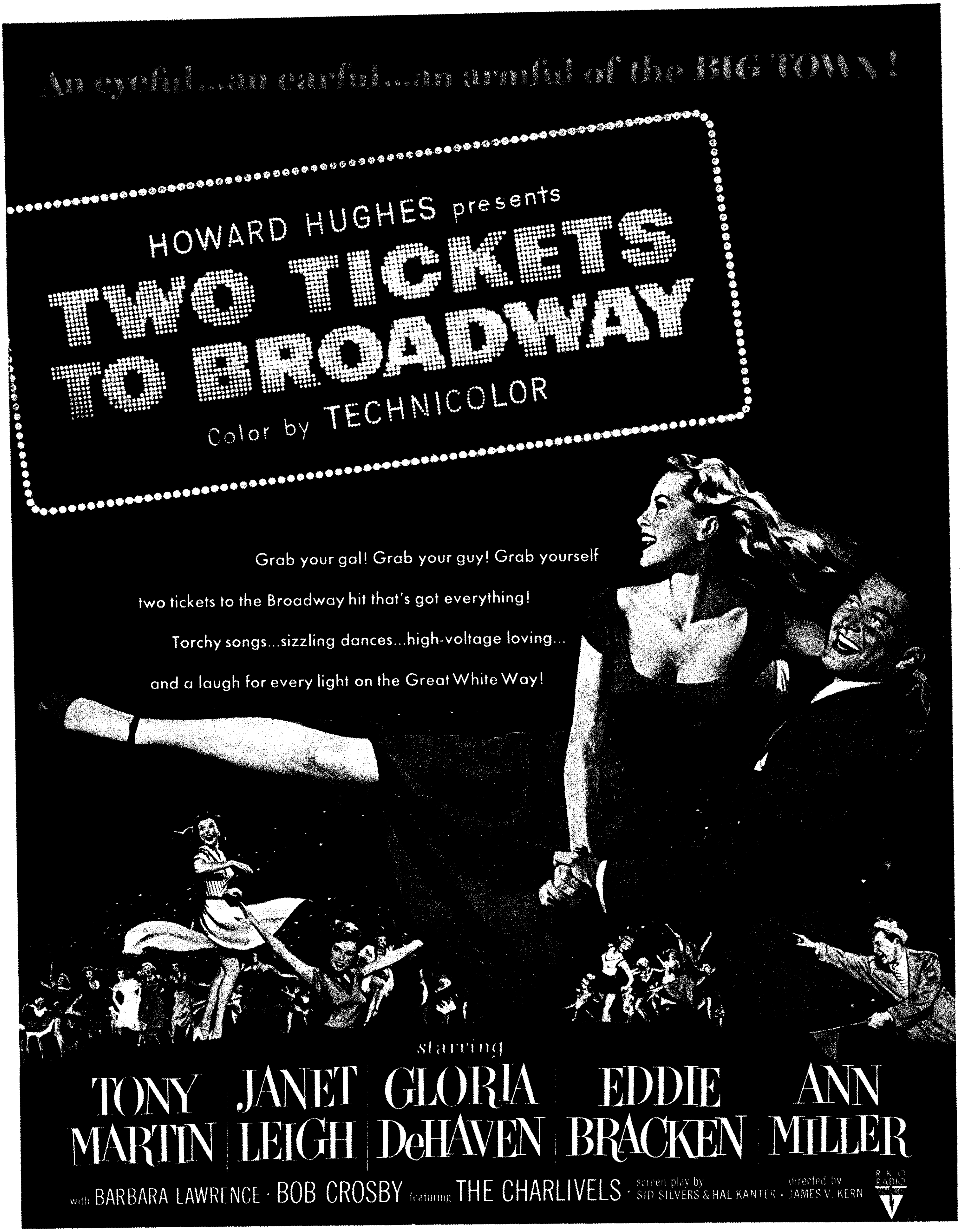
Perhaps some of the ladies who wear B-G No. 9 will be interested to know the story behind its nomenclature. There's a town in the Pennsylvania coal fields named Hazleton. That's where Sally Freed grew up, behind the counter of her parents' dry-goods store. She still remembers the periods of poverty when the mines were shut down and the machinery for breaking coal was idle, the times of plenty when the mines were going and the breakers humming. The biggest of them all was Breaker No. 9 in nearby Landsford.

"When Breaker No. 9 was going," says Sally, "man, there was meat on the table for every family in town. Number nine is the big number in my life!"

And it's a big number at Bergdorf's—at $15 an ounce. THE END



COLLIER'S "It was a wonderful party, Jane. You certainly owed a lot of people" MARTHA BLANCHARD



An eyeful...an earful...an armful of the BIG TOWN!

HOWARD HUGHES presents

TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Grab your gal! Grab your guy! Grab yourself
two tickets to the Broadway hit that's got everything!
Torchy songs...sizzling dances...high-voltage loving...
and a laugh for every light on the Great White Way!

starring

TONY MARTIN | JANET LEIGH | GLORIA DeHAVEN | EDDIE BRACKEN | ANN MILLER

with BARBARA LAWRENCE · BOB CROSBY featuring THE CHARLIVELS · screen play by SID SILVERS & HAL KANTER · directed by JAMES V. KERN

RKO RADIO

The Day He Got Fired

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

sneered at grandly a few short years ago.

Though he allowed the crowd to herd him through the station door and down the ramp, he suddenly knew that he wasn't going home after all. On the upper level he found an empty telephone booth, and when Carol answered, he told her the lie.

"Well, come home before the break of dawn," she said, taking his unexpected business appointment in her stride. "Those big fat out-of-town executives have to get their sleep too, don't forget."

Three minutes later he was telling a cabdriver to head down Fifth Avenue toward Washington Square. He didn't know where he was going. He just leaned back, stretched out his legs, and let his mind wander uncertainly through the emotional underbrush of his past, skirting the biggest landmark, a girl named Joan Erickson, but settling finally on one connected both with her and with his days of freedom. He knew his destination now.

"Driver, you can drop me at Ernie's Bar on University Place."

SLAMMING the cab door behind him, he walked under the neat little green awning that said simply *Ernie's*, and down those three familiar steps into a world he had all but forgotten.

As Boyd squeezed in at the end of the bar, he remembered the last time he had been here: to have a drink with Joan Erickson the afternoon before she sailed for Europe. There were a couple of reasons why he had never been back since that day. Maybe the best one was that he had met and married Carol while Joan was away.

"It's a funny thing," Ernie said, wiping off the bar in front of Boyd. "I was just thinking about you the other night, cousin. Where you been hiding out?"

"I didn't think you'd remember me, Ernie," Boyd said. "I'm living up in Connecticut now. I don't get down to this part of town much any more."

"Still like lemon skin in your Martini?"

"Onion," Boyd said, and Ernie, who prided himself on never forgetting a customer's preference, looked up at him, probably remembering now that it was Joan who'd taken lemon peel.

"Seems I recall," Ernie said, pouring the drink, "there was always somebody with you."

"Seems you could be right," Boyd said, feeling suddenly uneasy.

But Ernie was too smart a bartender to probe any further. All he added was, "She hasn't been around in a long time, either," and went off to take care of some empty glasses.

Boyd was left alone to entertain an old, unfamiliar acquaintance: himself five years ago. One week, he remembered, had been a really big one. He'd quit one job on Tuesday, started another on Wednesday, and quit that one too on Friday—all without a tremor. And he and Joan had spent his last ten bucks on a bottle of champagne here that Friday night to celebrate. She'd had to buy the dinner afterward, and he'd made her pay the waiter and collect the change and leave the tip, too, which she had done with a certain aggressive flair, as if it were the usual thing for her.

He could also remember a few times when she hadn't been so magnificent—the time, for instance, when she'd boiled over because he'd refused to go to a cocktail party given by people who were friends of hers but only bores to him, and gone storming out of here, leaving him sitting ridiculously alone and exposed at that table over there in the corner.

But it was more than just the cocktail party, he thought. Even then she knew I wasn't going to marry her, and so did I.

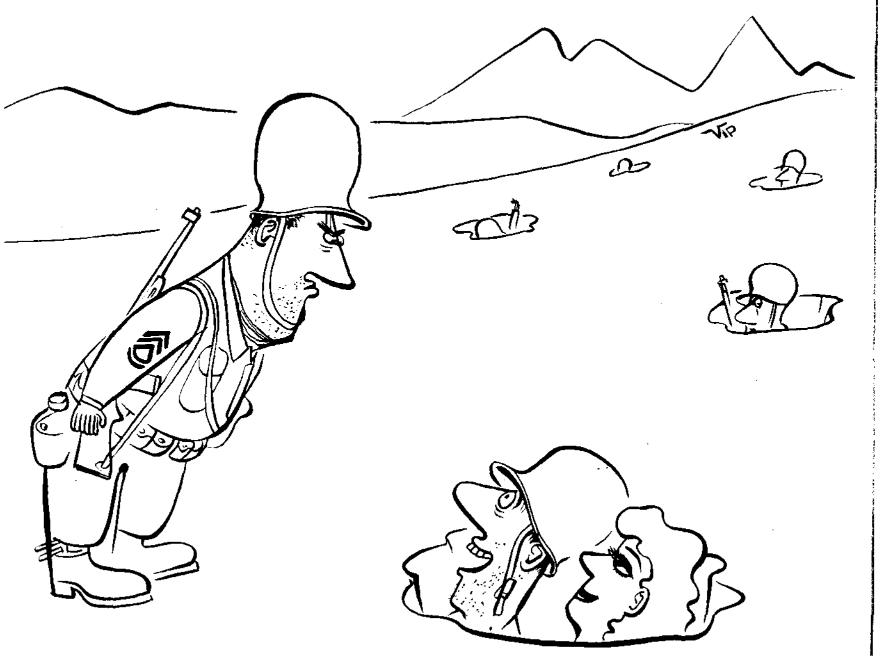
Why didn't I? he wondered. We seemed like the right kind of people to be together. We went everywhere and saw everything and looked down our noses at the world. In those days I'd have quit this job with Electroparts or got fired without thinking twice about it, and we'd have pocketed the month's free pay and taken off for Florida.

But I didn't quit the job, he thought. Instead I quit her and married Carol, and here I am. He looked around him, wondering if he knew just where he was. There was something phony about this place that he'd never noticed in the old days, something palling about this contrived atmosphere of intimacy between strangers off the street. Nobody ever made a friend here, Boyd thought. I never did, anyhow.

He left abruptly, saying "So long" to Ernie and climbing the three steps again.

It fitted into a way of life, he decided, and I'm the one that's changed. The bar used to mean something to me because I used to bring something to it, and now I don't.

VIP'S WAR



"Sergeant, I would like you to meet Miss Jones—last year's winner of the-girl-I'd-like-most-to-be-pinned-down-with-in-a-foxhole-by-heavy-artillery-fire contest"

COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH

Wanting, with a real physical ache in his chest, whatever that something had been, he thought of Joan again, her exact address appearing in his mind. And without even the excuse of being drunk, he started walking toward West Eleventh Street.

But her name was gone from the mailbox slot in the vestibule. In its place was a new name, Burling.

HE WENT outside and looked at the street number, thinking he had the wrong house. But this was it, all right. She was gone. Hesitating, built up to this moment of seeing her again and reluctant to turn away, he thought: My God, it really has been four years. People moved a dozen times in four years; or they died; or they retired into the country, as he had done.

He went back into the vestibule and pressed the bell marked Burling, waited a moment, and pressed it again. When the door buzzer sounded, long and loud, he went through to the downstairs hall (the violent crimson of four years ago had been changed to cream) and climbed the stairs—two flights.

Joan Erickson was standing in the doorway of apartment six, as casually as though no time at all had elapsed since he'd come to call on her here.

"Joan. I thought you didn't live here any more."

She seemed too surprised to speak; her long, slightly slanted eyes were full of unbelief. At last she said, "I couldn't imagine who it was."

"I had a big hankering tonight to see you again, Joan."

She smiled her tight, twisted little smile. "How nice. And after all these years, too."

"But I couldn't understand why your name wasn't on the bell any more."

"You couldn't?" She made no move to invite him in. "Well, it just so happens my name *is* on the bell."

"But I saw Burling—"

"Yes," she said, "that's my name."

He stood looking at her, not quite willing to believe. "Then you're married."

The smile remained. "Why, yes, I'm married, Boyd. Wouldn't you like to come in and have a drink on it?" She stepped back into the apartment, leaving the doorway free for him to pass. "I suppose that's what you came up here for—a drink for old times' sake."

He was the hesitant one now. "Well, I don't know. You mean a drink with you and your family?"

"The family doesn't happen to be home—if you're talking about Roger. Of course, it may be that you won't want to have a drink with a married woman. Might be compromising."

He smiled at the challenge and walked by her, into the living room, surprised to find that the entire place had been redecorated. Except for the couch, that couch he and Joan knew so well, even the furniture was different. As she turned away from him, taking his hat and coat into the hall, he saw that she still had the same long body, the same slender but well-defined hips, the same rather quick walk with the pinched-forward shoulders that had always seemed deliciously feminine to him. But wasn't she thinner now? Or maybe he only imagined that because he was used to Carol's rounder body.

"Will you be just as manly as ever and make the drinks?" she asked, coming back into the room. "I'll get the ice."

Holding their clear, beaded drinks, each with its oval of lemon peel, they sat at either end of the flowered couch, as naturally as if it had been only a day or a week since they'd seen each other last. But the three feet of space between them told a different story.

"How long have you been married, Joan?"

He watched her hunch forward a little to take her first sip.

"Not quite as long as you have," she answered with the smile. "It'll be two years in February."

"But no little voices in the nursery yet?"

"No little voices, no nursery. Have you added to your responsibilities?"

"We have a little girl," Boyd said, wondering why mentioning it should make him uncomfortable. "Nine months."

"Well, then you're a real family man these days, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I guess you could call me that. And I have news for the family, too—I lost my job today."

"At Electroparts?"

"Yeah."

"And so you thought while the world was crumbling, you might as well come down and see me and make it crumble some more. Isn't that right?"

He felt his face grow warm. "I hadn't thought of it that way," he said lamely. "But if you want to think of it that way, okay." He tried to turn it all into a joke: "I mean, if you want to think of yourself as part of the ruins."

"I need another drink," she said.

They both had another drink.

"We forgot to toast anything with the first one." She touched her glass to his. "To the ruins."

"You seem pretty bitter, Joan. What's the matter?"

"Why, I'm bitter because I lost you, darling—isn't that what you want me to say?"

AS HE regarded her tight little smile, he decided he would finish this one and go. "But, darling," she said, "I'm no more bitter tonight than I've always been. You just never noticed that I wasn't the gayest, happiest girl that ever lived. You were always too busy talking about yourself to notice me very much at all, weren't you?"

"Did I talk a lot about myself in those days?"

"Yes, 'in those days,' as you put it, you most certainly did talk a lot about yourself. But I liked it—I liked the talk. Although I suppose it was just talk, wasn't it? I remember one of the first things you were going to do was quit Electroparts. Or have you forgotten how much you hated Tremel—how much he liked to make you take the blame for all his own silly mistakes?"

"I haven't changed my mind about him."

"No, but you did hang around until he finally fired you."

"You hang around places when you're married."

"Depends on who you marry. You've also forgotten all about that little plan of yours to buy into a small-town paper, haven't you? It was going to give you a greater sense of contact and commitment with your fellow man, or some such thing. A fuller life, I believe."

"I haven't forgotten it," Boyd said. "I've just never had enough money ahead to buy into anything." He was tired of being reminded of his failures. "And what about you? Are you still writing copy for Gilmore?"

"No, I'm writing copy for myself these days, Boyd. I have several accounts that I handle. And I've taken my husband in as a partner."

"Ah, yes, your husband. Isn't he due home any minute?"

"He had to go down to Washington today. He won't be back till tomorrow. You did come on the right evening, you see."

"I thought for a minute there you didn't think so."

She smiled, then stood up abruptly and left the room, returning with a loud yellow

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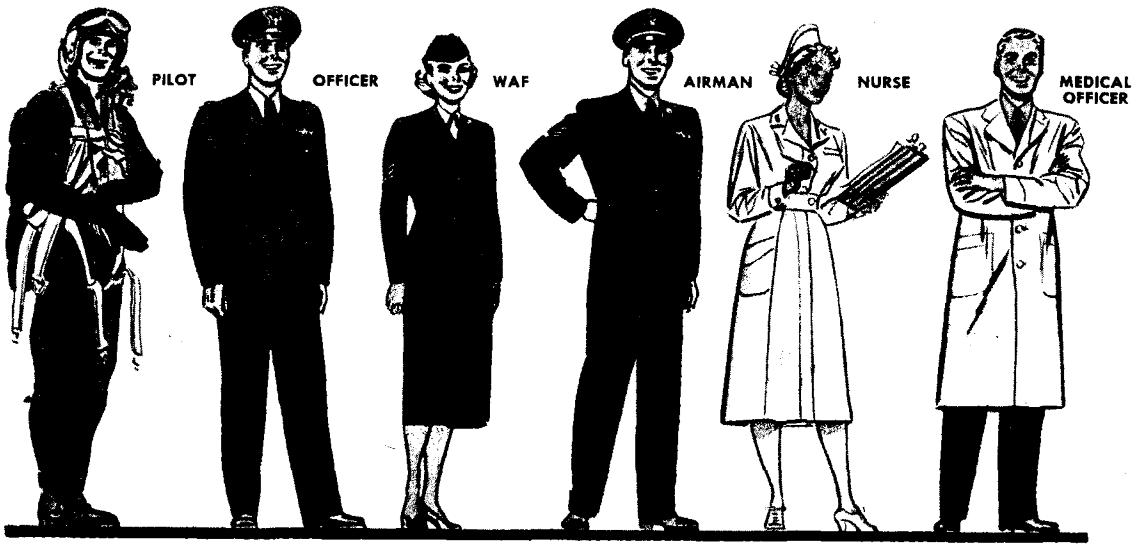

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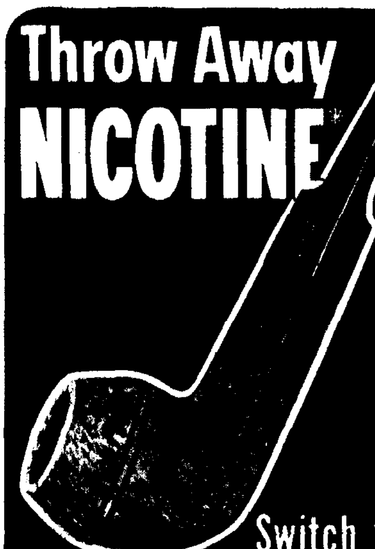

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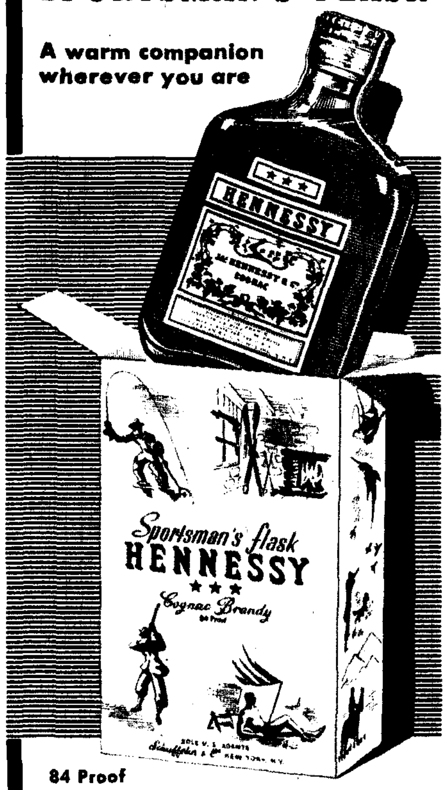

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necktie dangling from her index finger. "I just remembered it," she said. "I found it among my souvenirs when I came back from Europe. And—can you imagine—I've kept it all this time, waiting to give it back to you."

"I don't even remember it." But he saw with a shock that only a real clothes clown —or an ex-GI reacting violently to three years of olive drab—could have worn something like that.

"It's yours, believe me." She folded it three times and put it in his pocket, then stood studying the conservative blue tie he wore now. "I'm glad to see your taste has improved, although there *is* a happy medium, you know."

"You didn't like much of anything about me, did you, Joan? I talked all the time and I wore ties like that."

"You were good raw material," she said. "You could be a lot of fun, and you were always good at the important thing."

"Yeah—well, I guess that helps."

"You should have married me," she said, still standing, still looking down at him. "If you had, you wouldn't be worrying about losing a lousy job with somebody like Tremel and you wouldn't be living—where? Where are you living these days? Out in the suburbs, I imagine."

"Out in Connecticut."

"Gawd—the commuter's life." She smiled the bitter little smile again. "It could have been different, Boyd. It could have been better."

He finished off his drink and stood up.

"You wouldn't have come back to see me tonight," she added quickly, "if you didn't think it could have been different."

Her vanity begged to be fed with his own disappointments, but he refused to feed it. "It couldn't have been any different, Joan," he said, "and I wouldn't *want* it any different. Not now that I've found out what kind of guy I really was."

She came over close to him. "You weren't so bad, Boyd. Maybe I've been too hard on you." She was a good deal taller than Carol. "Would you kiss me now? You always were good at that."

"I've got to go," he said. "Gotta get back to those suburbs."

A LAMP was burning in the living room when Boyd got home, but the rest of the house was dark. He was taking off his hat and coat when Carol called out.

"Boyd?"

"That's me," Boyd said.

By the time he reached the bedroom, she had turned on the bedside lamp and was sitting up—small and glowing and amber in the shadowy room.

"Home early," Carol said. "I didn't expect you for hours and hours. I even put on an extra blanket to make up for your absence." She gave him a long, searching look. "What's the matter, darling? You look so tired."

"That's the word for it, all right." He took off his tie and hung it on the back of the door. "I had what you call an exhausting day."

But she continued to look at him closely —even leaning forward on her elbow to see his face when he sat down on the bed to take off his shoes. "Has something happened, Boyd?"

"No," Boyd said, "nothing's happened. Nothing really important."

"The way you say it, you make me think it *is* important."

He found himself taking his clothes off in the wrong order. Standing up in his bare feet to remove his coat, he felt the bulge in the pocket.

"What's that?"

"Just an old school tie of mine," Boyd said, tossing Joan Erickson's souvenir into the wastebasket.

"You're so vague tonight, darling." She touched his arm. "I'm almost scared to ask why."

"You only live once," Boyd said, feeling a little crazy. "But you work more than once. And your work shall be rewarded, it says here. That's from the Bible."

Carol tried to laugh. "I feel kind of drunk," she said. "Wait a minute now—let me get a better look at you. You *are* Mr. Boyd Baxter Hays, aren't you?"

"Who, me?" He laughed, and gripped the bedpost. "You know, Carol, I hated the damn' job and I still hate it. But now that it's gone, it's just like somebody took away my name, my identity, stripped me down clean to nobody." His voice was getting thick. He walked over to the window and stood facing the night outside. "I can't tell you whether I'm Boyd Baxter Hays or not, Carol—you'll have to ask somebody else. Maybe Harry Tremel could tell you."

The room was very silent for a few moments before Carol said, "The job's gone?"

Now, instead of the night outside, he saw the windowpane and his own dark reflection in it. He felt himself harden. He saw his fist go forward and he saw the dark pane tremble and splash outward in a silver spray of glass.

"Boyd!"

Autumn air, clean and cold, rushed into the room.

"Boyd, you're bleeding." She was beside him, holding his bleeding hand. "Why did you do that? Who cares about that horrible job? Your wrist—no, your wrist isn't cut. Maybe I ought to call a doctor."

He looked at the hand, and it seemed neither the hand of Harry Tremel's old employee nor the hand of Joan Erickson's old lover. Whose hand was it, then?

"It's okay, Carol," he murmured.

"Well, come on into the bathroom. It *is* bleeding—terribly."

Waiting beside him with the iodine while he held his hand under the faucet, Carol said, "I can't understand why you did that, Boyd. That's no way to treat the hand I love."

"I've got to get out," Boyd said, through teeth clenched with pain. "I can't commute any more and I can't work for any more Harry Tremels. I can't be a salesman any more, either. I'd rather farm hogs or work as a carpenter or any damn' thing.

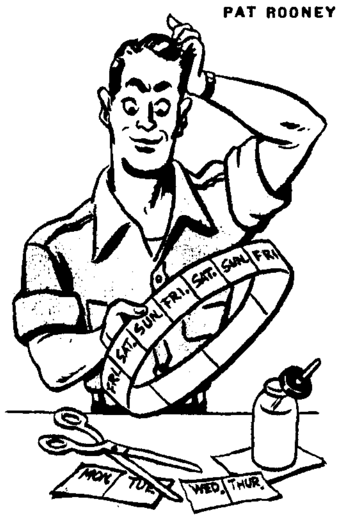
"My romance with New York is over," Boyd said, turning off the water. "It's all over, Carol."

"Yes," she said. "Now grit your teeth. Your romance with this iodine is just beginning."

The iodine hurt him all the way to the top of his head.

"When I married you, Carol," Boyd said, "I finally quit being the ex-GI with the big talk and the easy sneer and the flashy clothes. But something worse happened to me. Something died. And I began walking through my days like a zombie."

PAT ROONEY



Happy Ending

This I'd consider
A splendid feat:
If I could only
Make week ends meet.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

She concentrated on wrapping the bandage.

"I'm going to quit being the zombie now, Carol, if you don't mind."

There was a long silence, during which Carol worked patiently, sealing the bandage with strips of adhesive.

"What are we going to do, Boyd?" she asked at last.

"I don't know what we're going to do in particular," he said. "I once had an idea that I'd like to run a paper in some small town. Not around here—in the West. Maybe this is the time to do it. We sell this house, that might be enough to buy in somewhere."

She was going to answer, when the telephone rang. It rang again, with the endless ring that meant a long-distance call, and they stood there staring into each other's eyes, as if answering it or not was a decision of tremendous importance. Then Carol said, "That must be New York. You had a call this evening."

"Who was it?"

"The operator didn't say."

TURNING on lights as he went, he walked through the dining room and into the hall. Harry Tremel's voice made him stiffen. "Boyd, this is Harry."

"Yeah, Harry, how are you?"

"Well, I'm not so good, Boyd. As a matter of fact, I'm pretty embarrassed."

Boyd gripped the telephone hard to make his hand stop shaking. "What's the trouble?"

"That dope I got on Glass yesterday," Harry Tremel said, "turned out to be wrong. It was the Greene outfit down in Philadelphia that filed for bankruptcy."

Boyd didn't say anything.

"Are you still there, Boyd?"

"Yeah, I'm here."

"Well, I guess this kind of changes the picture, doesn't it?"

"What picture is that, Harry?"

"Well, I've been thinking it over, and maybe I was a little bit hasty this morning. I've really been in a pretty upset state the past couple of days, Boyd—this new federal tax going through and everything."

What the hell was he talking about?

"I want you to forget everything that was said this morning and we'll just go on as if nothing had happened."

Boyd spent another dime of Harry's long-distance money before he answered. "But that's going to be kind of hard to do, Harry, since something actually did happen."

"I don't follow you."

"I got fired this morning," Boyd said. "That's what happened. And since then I've decided I like being fired."

It was Harry Tremel's turn to be *silent* now, although he was really not the silent kind of man. He came out of it to say, "Are you coming in tomorrow, then? I wanted to go over the McDowell order with you."

"I'll be in tomorrow," Boyd said, "at nine. Every weekday at nine for the next two weeks, Harry."

"Fine. Now look here, Boyd, I can tell by your voice that you're as upset as I've been recently, and I guess I can't blame you. But you sleep on it tonight and we'll talk about it in the morning. All right?"

"There's nothing to talk about, Harry," Boyd said. "I'm through."

Walking back through the house, he felt a way he could not remember ever having felt before. He saw that until today he had never had very much to do with what kind of man he was or what went on in his life. He felt that from now on he was going to have a whole lot to do with both.

Before he got to the bathroom, Prim started crying, and he turned and went into Prim's room, Carol right behind him.

"It's the new tooth," Carol said anxiously. "It's been bothering her all day."

Boyd picked Prim up, in spite of his hand, and gave her a couple of bounces. "I know just how she feels," Boyd said, looking into his baby's eyes. "A new tooth can be a hell of a painful thing." THE END

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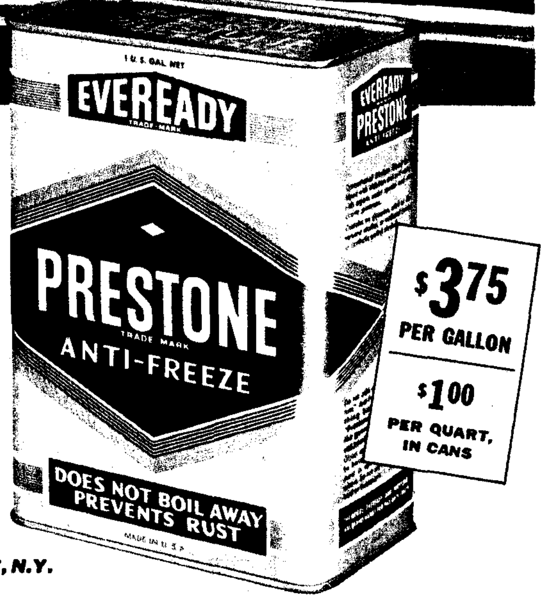
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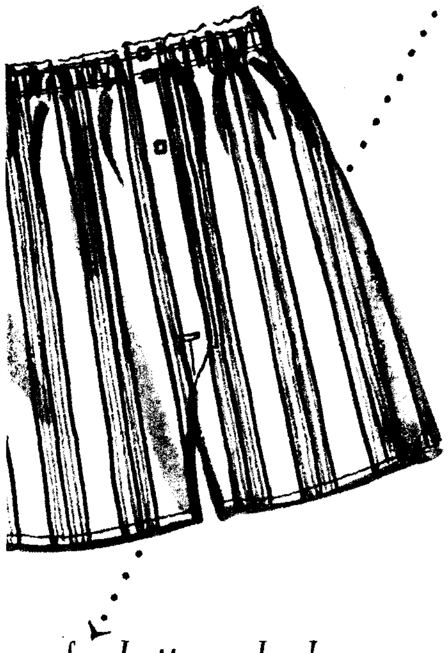

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Phantom of the Metropolitan Opera

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

doctor was rushed backstage and his hasty patchwork on the lovely Kirsten toe enabled the blonde singer to get through the rest of the performance without collapsing.

Ceroni resolved another kind of crisis for Lily Pons when the tiny coloratura did the famous Mad Scene in Lucia di Lammermoor, a couple of seasons ago. Miss Pons had sung her way down a big staircase to the front of the stage, then whirled around and headed back. Suddenly she found herself as immobile as the battleship Missouri during its notorious sojourn on the mudbank.

"My flowing skirts had caught on a nail in the floor and I couldn't budge," she recalls. "I was in a frightful quandary—if I bent down to free my dress, the audience would have howled, and the whole dramatic effect of the scene would have been ruined." As Miss Pons hesitated, an arm visible only to a few people in the upper balconies reached out for her train. Suddenly the star felt a great "release," and nearly toppled on her face.

"Is delicate thing to lift lady's skirts," says Ceroni, with a shy smile. "But I see Miss Pons is in trouble, and I am only one who can help, so I stretch out my arm. At first, I cannot reach her, so I stretch farther and farther. Finally, I tear skirt from nail, and Miss Pons, she is free woman once more!"

The prompter's excellent vantage point at the edge of the opera stage has its occupational hazards. In the first act of Gounod's opera, Faust, the evil basso is supposed to smash his sword in anger. One night, an overexuberant performer attacked the weapon with such vigor that he nearly cost Ceroni the sight of an eye. The broken blade bounced up through the air toward the prompter's box, missed Ceroni's right eye by a whisker, but gashed his cheek.

"It happens so quick I cannot move," Ceroni told me. "The blood begins to drip down my face, so I mop it with a handkerchief. I keep mopping and mopping till the end of the act, then they fix me up in the back of the stage."

Witch's Broom Causes Injury

During a performance of Hänsel und Gretel, soprano Thelma Votipka, as the witch, had to pick up a heavy broom and chase the two children who played the title roles. As she swung the broom, she knocked a heavy cup off a table in the middle of the stage. It zoomed through the air and hit Ceroni square in the mouth.

"I want to scream in pain—but I remember the opera is going on, so I keep quiet," said Ceroni. "I think the cup must have knocked out two or three teeth, but when I put my hand to my face to see what's left, I find I am luck—all my teeth are still in the mouth. But again I am covered all over with blood, and again I have to mop and mop."

When he doesn't have to worry about opera stars pelting him with props, the prompter has to be on the lookout for stray animals. When members of the Metropolitan Opera Company were singing Boris Godounov in the San Francisco Opera House a couple of years ago, one of the horses used in the production became fascinated by the sight of the little man in the hole. He jumped at Ceroni, and the frightened prompter, in an attempt to dodge the animal, whacked his head against the edge of the stage and keeled over. He had to be helped to his dressing room, where he spent the rest of the performance while an assistant conductor was rushed into the breach.

As a measure of self-defense, Ceroni has written a memo to himself on the scores of those operas which expose him to physical danger. At the appropriate place in the score of Faust, he has inscribed in big, black letters the words, "Watch Sword!" "Now whenever the basso is ready to break sword in two, I bury my head under stage and do not look up till sword hits floor," Ceroni told me with a broad smile. Similarly, the prompter has the danger signals, "Watch Cup!" and "Watch Horse!" posted in the scores of Hänsel und Gretel and Boris Godounov.

He also has the warning "Watch Toreador!" scribbled above the notes of the Toreador Song in Carmen. This is to protect him against the onslaughts of toreadors like Robert Merrill, who once whirled his cape around with such abandon that he swept a load of stage grit and dust into Ceroni's eyes, momentarily blinding him.

His years beneath the tin hood have taught Ceroni a lot about opera stars. A long while ago in his native Italy, Ceroni's face went black with anger one night when a contralto pulled a particularly unfortunate boner. The singer became so unnerved she made a hash of her entire aria. "Ever since that time," says the gentle Ceroni, "I try always to wear big smile on face when artists look at me. That way, they see the prompter is happy, so even if they make mistake, they don't get worried and nervous so they spoil whole opera."

Despite the advance cues the prompter gives them, singers sometimes launch into the wrong rhythm or otherwise get off on the left foot. Usually, however, Ceroni diagnoses trouble in advance and heads it off by alerting the artists with a squeaking noise, a wild wave of the hands, or a bobbing of the head. His foresight is traceable not to psychic powers, but to psychology. He has made such a minute study of the stage personalities of various opera singers that he knows each one's foibles and can predict when their blind spots are coming on.

"Soon as artist opens mouth, I look inside and see right away whether he will do something wrong or not," Ceroni points out. "If he is going to be wrong, I must help and quickly. Nobody is perfect—each artist has some weakness. Which artist has which weakness? That is Ceroni's secret!"

Sometimes, a principal will seek out the prompter in advance of a performance and tell him confidentially, "I had all kinds of trouble at home today and I'm not feeling too well. Will you keep a special eye out for me tonight?"

Ceroni always smiles and says, "Do not worry. I will watch you like a baby," and the star walks off, breathing a sigh of relief.

A prompter must be all-seeing and he must also work in a rapid-fire tempo, particularly during scenes which fill the stage to overflowing with as many as 150 principals and choristers. At an extremely busy moment during a performance of Parsifal some years back, the prompter noted from the corner of his eye that Kirsten Flagstad, whose part called for her to lie quietly on the side of the stage before starting to sing, had fallen asleep! He banged hard on the stage and Miss Flagstad awoke with a start, in the nick of time.

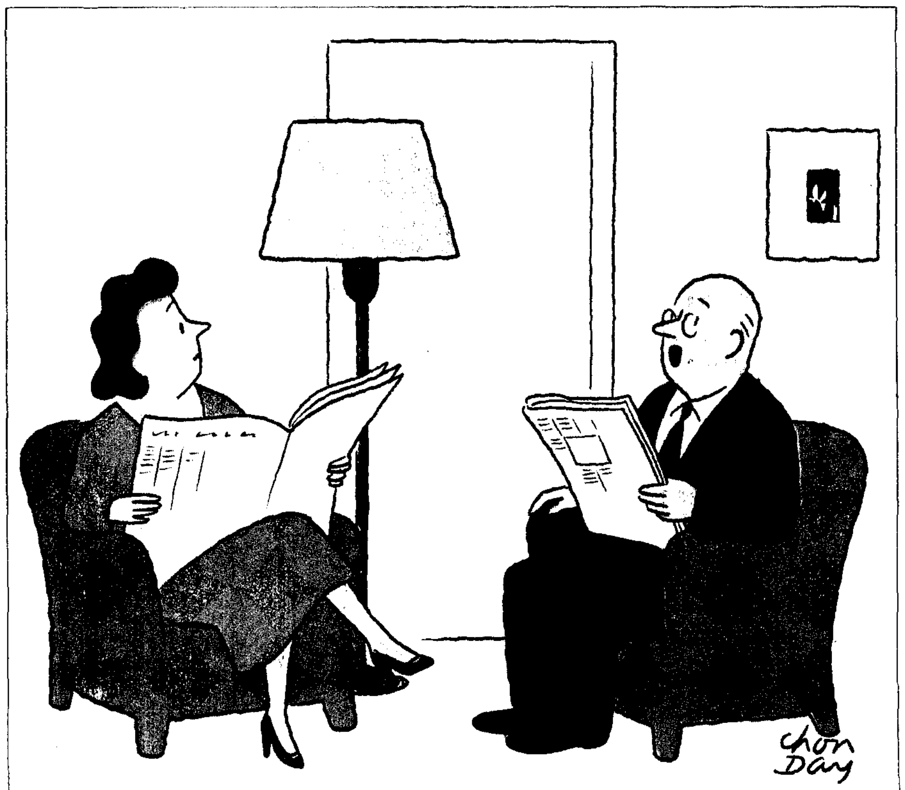
Pinch-Singing for a Tenor

On another occasion, when a large number of artists were singing a passage at a very fast pace, the tenor suddenly lost his tongue. The quick-thinking prompter sang the tenor's part at the top of his voice, the others picked up their cues, the harassed tenor found himself again, and the day was saved.

Normally, a prompter tries desperately to keep his voice from being heard by anybody but the singers on stage. Radio broadcasts of operas have caused extra hazards because coaching that escapes the ears in the house may be picked up by ultrasensitive microphones. When the Metropolitan troupe performed in Boston a few seasons ago, Ceroni had to sing out a line to a faltering baritone while the orchestra was playing a delicate pianissimo passage. The next day, one of the Boston critics noted that "the Metropolitan's prompter was in excellent voice last night." That was the only time Ceroni has ever been mentioned in a newspaper review—even then, it was not by name but by title.

When comedian Jack Gilford was brought in for a special nonsinging role in Die Fledermaus last fall—thus becoming the first Broadway comic to play the hallowed Metropolitan—the importance of the opera prompter was brought home to him emphatically at his first performance.

"On Broadway, the prompter stands in the wings and we rarely, if ever, use him," Gilford explained. "In some shows I've done, we didn't even have a prompter. So, when I got out on the stage of the Met and



COLLIER'S

"By George, Carrie; what do you know! . . . I'm at the dangerous age!"

CHON DAY

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saw this little man in the tin box waving at me and shooting me lines in advance of my turn, I became so flustered I blew my first speech. I noticed, though, that the singers watched him like hawks and depended on him to an amazing extent.

"During intermission, I begged the prompter to please stop helping me, because I didn't have a singing part and I hadn't learned how to work with him. He seemed a little hurt, but he agreed. The next night, he shut up like a clam when I came on stage and, sure enough, I had one of those moments when your mind suddenly goes blank for no reason at all. I hemmed and I hawed and finally found myself, but all night I could see the prompter smiling at me as if to say, 'You're a big deal from Broadway and you don't need a prompter like the others, eh?'"

In spite of the satisfaction he gets from helping to put over a flawless production, Ceroni's working conditions are usually grim. He squirms into his cramped station, where he endures the furnacelike heat of the footlights, the dust from musty curtains, the understage drafts, and the chatter of the electricians, who have a box nearby. When he tours around the country with the opera company, improvised prompter boxes have to be installed in many of the auditoriums they play. These are generally even tinier than the permanent one at the Met, and their tin domes are often incredibly low. "Sometimes I must keep the head bent way down as if I am animal in cage," says Ceroni mournfully.

At that, the bigger prompter's box in New York affords a clearance of an inch or less on each side and Ceroni stands just five feet five inches tall, weighs only 155 pounds. "In North America, there is not one opera house that takes care of prompter's comfort," he says, shaking his head.

Music Serves as His Doctor

No matter how exhausted he feels and no matter how his body aches after a performance at the Met, Ceroni climbs down his iron stairway and goes home to his bachelor apartment in the Hotel Alamac with a happy glow inside him. "The music is like a doctor," he says. "It takes away the aches and pains, makes you feel very, very good in all the bones."

When the Metropolitan season ends in May each year, Ceroni goes to Buenos Aires for five months, where he works as senior prompter at the Teatro Colón. There, in addition to the French and Italian operas, he also prompts in German and Spanish, and sometimes in Russian, even though he doesn't know a word of the language. He has to transcribe all the Russian words into phonetic equivalents in Italian.

Opera began to mold Ceroni's life even before he was born. For in 1891, a week before his birth in Ravenna, Italy, Ceroni's father was so impressed by a performance of the famed Verdi opera, Otello, that he ran home and told his wife their child would have to be called Otello.

The elder Ceroni was a tailor and a part-time trombone player in the Ravenna Symphony. After a period of musical schooling in Rome, young Otello succeeded his father in the orchestra as a French horn player. His life as a musician took Ceroni to nearly all the capitals of Europe, and through the Middle East. For a time, he played under Toscanini in Rome, but then returned to the Ravenna Symphony. One night in 1923, the conductor found himself without a prompter and asked Ceroni to fill in for a performance of Tosca until he could get a permanent replacement. Ceroni found the prompter's box so thrilling, however, that he never left it again.

"I was tired of French horn, anyway, because always it seems I am just another instrument in large orchestra," he recalls. "I wanted to do something by myself, not just be one of many."

Ceroni had once wanted to be a singer but didn't have the voice, and extreme shyness prevented him from becoming a conductor, a job that demands a commanding personality.

Ceroni decided to learn everything he could about his new job. He spent long hours memorizing the notes of score after score, and he worked intensively to perfect a method of handling large ensembles without confusion.

A few weeks after Ceroni was launched on his new career, he was called on to prompt a performance of Boito's Mefistofele. At one point in this opera, the basso who plays the title role sings The Globe Song, and then throws a large globe on the floor. On this occasion, however, as the orchestra wound up in a rapturous torrent of music, the inspired basso lost control and hurled the globe at the footlights. It knocked over the prompter's tin hood and sent it rolling out into the aisle. Ceroni had to leap out of his hole and chase it. The audience broke up the performance by howling and jeering at the red-faced prompter. That was the only time in Ceroni's prompting career that an audience has seen his face, and he remembers the incident even today with a good deal of mortification.

In 1924, Ceroni was prompting this same opera at Capri when he ran across the son of a Ravenna carpenter, a boyhood friend who was coming up fast as an opera singer. The friend's name was Ezio Pinza. The two men resumed their friendship and Pinza was instrumental in having the prompter hired by the famous Teatro Costanzi in Rome. Later, when Pinza went to America, he induced the manager of the Metropolitan to bring Ceroni to New York.

In 1929, the prompter joined his basso friend at the queen of the world's opera houses. The Met was then at the peak of its glory. Its company read like an all-time Who's Who of Opera: Beniamino Gigli, Giuseppe De Luca, Amelita Galli-Curci, Lucrezia Bori, Rosa Ponselle, Lawrence Tibbett, Gladys Swarthout and, of course, Pinza. Ceroni's first assignment was to prompt Gigli and Ponselle in L'Africaine.

"The first night I put head out of prompter's box and look at great Metropolitan stage, the thrill is so great I almost faint," Ceroni recalls. "That night, whole new world opens up for Otello Ceroni." Eventually, Ceroni became senior prompter and he has stayed with the Met ever since, except for a two-year period when he returned to Italy to see relatives and put in a spell of prompting over there.

For many years, Pinza and Ceroni lived in adjoining rooms at the Ansonia Hotel in New York and had all their meals together. Even today, the handsome, celebrated singing star and the quiet, unsung phantom of the opera are the most devoted of friends and they are often together when Pinza is in town. For that matter, all the principal artists at the Met are extremely fond of Ceroni, and when a spell of flu kept him bedridden for a while recently, his apartment was swamped with bouquets of flowers and get-well wires.

It is difficult to imagine the mild-mannered Ceroni getting into a temperamental stew, yet on rare occasions he has been known to storm at some of the Metropolitan's standout performers.

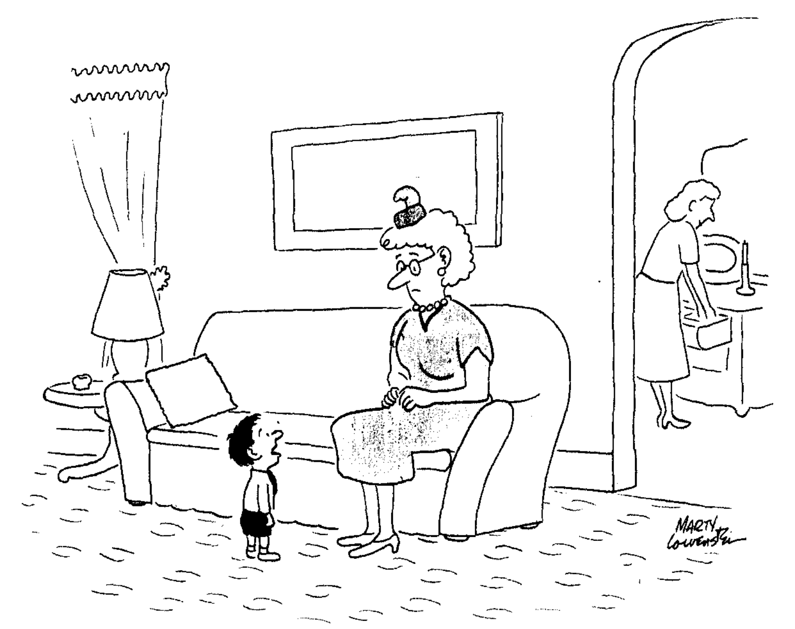
As Pinza Sees the "Phantom"

"If an artist makes a mistake, Ceroni always tries to excuse him and to help him," says his good friend Pinza. "But if you keep making mistakes only because you do not pay attention to the prompter, ah, that is something else. Ceroni is so intense about his work that if this happens, his face will get red with fire and, during intermission, he will give you a severe scolding. Sometimes, when I have forgotten to watch him, and made mistakes, he would come and scream at me, 'Ah, even you, my old friend, I cannot trust! Why do you spoil the opera?' What could I say when I know he is right? Ceroni is always right. He never makes a mistake. He is truly the Toscanini of all the prompters."

Aside from his work, Ceroni's interests are few. He likes to take long walks, or sit for hours on end in the blazing sunshine. He also has a weakness for color photography. Never married, Ceroni has no immediate family in this country, and has only one great love apart from music: neckties.

"Sometimes I go crazy and buy neckties in dozens—all colors, all shapes," he says. Each night of an opera performance, he arrives backstage with a bright new necktie, which Risë Stevens, Dorothy Kirsten, Marguerite Piazza and the other lady members of the Metropolitan family never fail to admire. Then he dons a painter's smock which completely covers the florid tie, solemnly wishes each artist "Good luck," takes up his score and his convex mirror, and goes off to his dusty hole at the edge of the stage.

"Operas may change, there may be new styles in staging and direction at the Metropolitan, but Ceroni goes on forever," says Jussi Bjoerling, one of the world's greatest lyric tenors. "The audience may not see the prompter or even know that he exists; but believe me, when we artists go out on stage and see him waving a greeting to us from his little box, we feel a great flood of confidence. Then we tell ourselves, 'Ceroni is on the job, as usual. We'll have a fine opera tonight.'" THE END



"I'm going to be a man when I grow up. What did you think I was going to be—a rabbit?"

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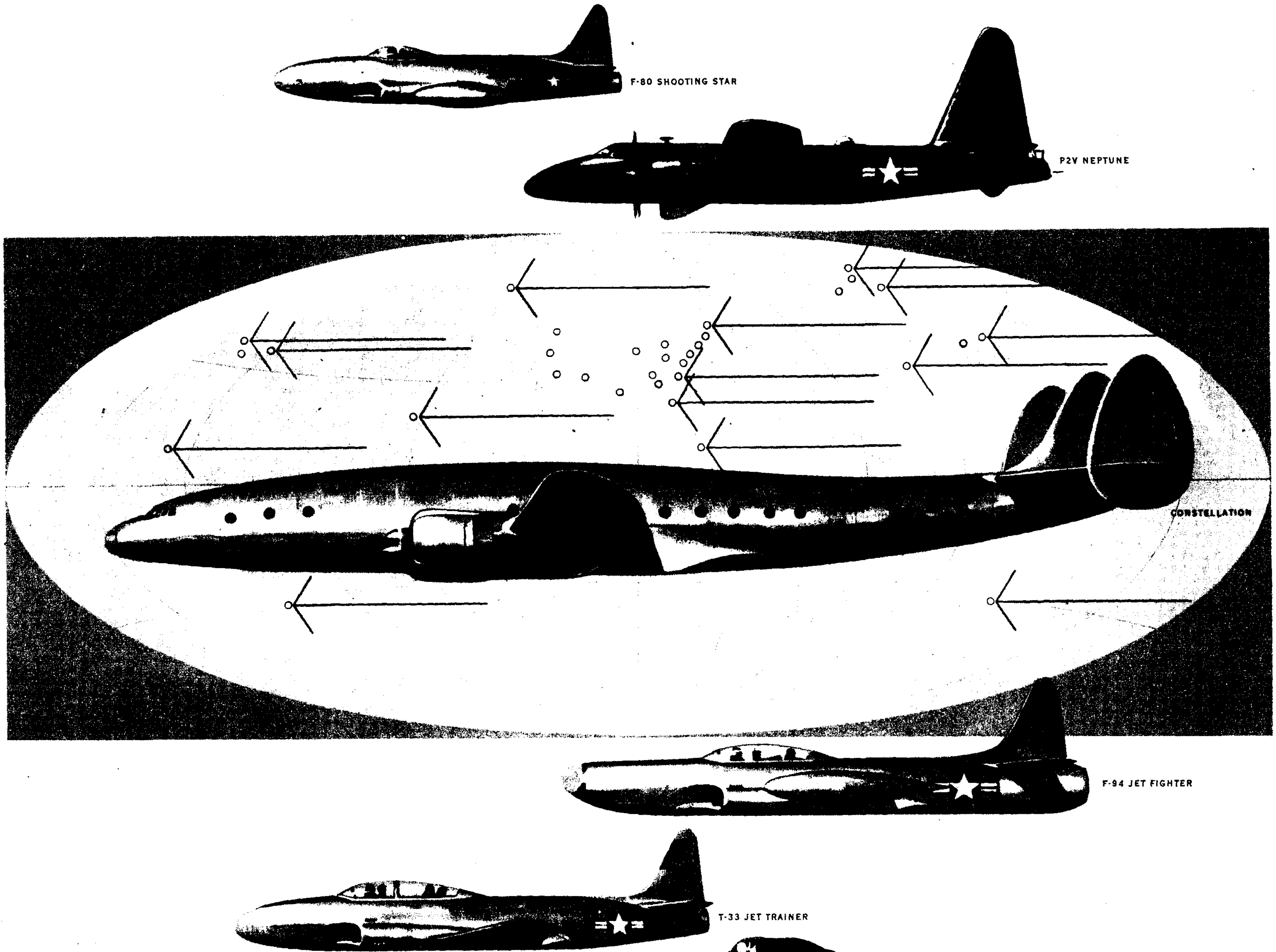

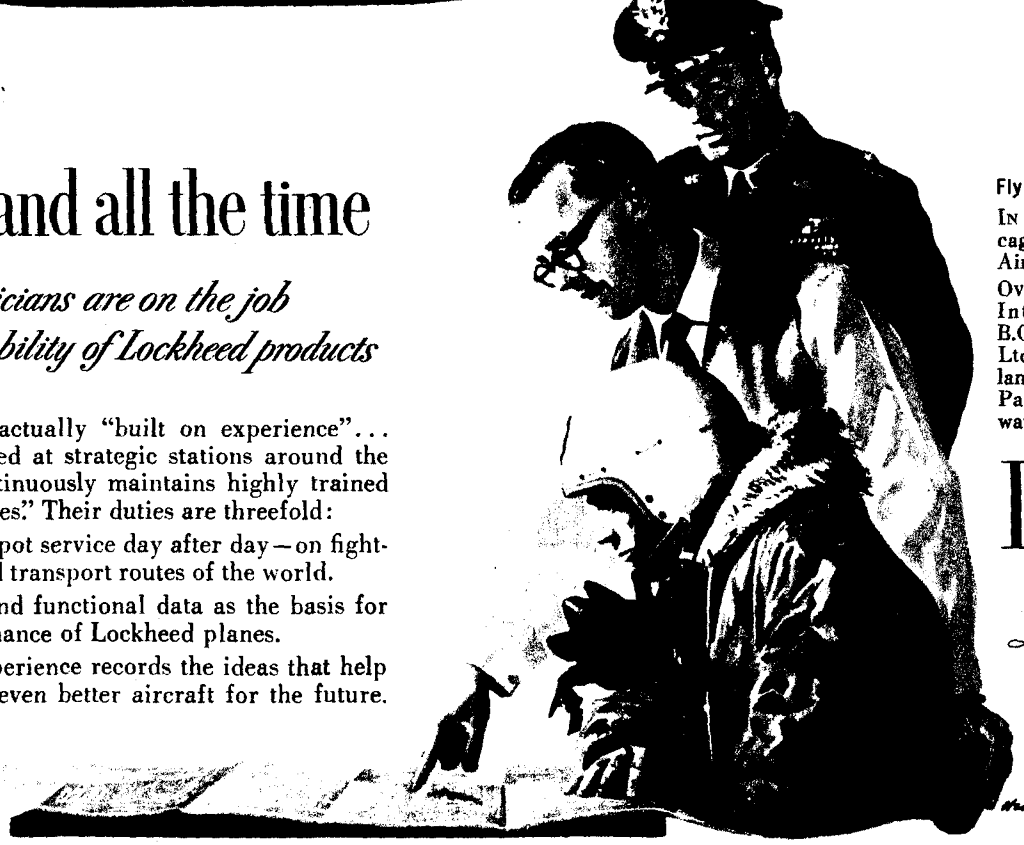

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Reclining Figure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

"You know that this is basically an affair of forgery," Grandi said, lightly. "Then you know a great deal."

"It seems to be now an affair of robbery," Blaise told him.

"Of murder, too," Grandi said. "But the robbery, and the murder, are incidental. The main theme is one of forgery."

"You say that with great conviction. Why?"

"Because I am an arbitrary and opinionated man," Grandi said. "Because Lucas Edgerton has a crushing effect on every ego but his own and I am glad of a chance to give mine an airing." He turned and started up his walk. "Drop in whenever you're in the mood for a lecture, Mr. Blaise."

BLAISE went slowly back up the driveway, his eyes down on the road, so deep in thought that he walked into Cass Edgerton, who was planted in the middle of the drive watching his approach.

"This is California," she said. "Very rough on pedestrians. You ought to watch where you're going."

"If I knew whether I was coming or going, I would."

She fell into step with him. "I had a lamp burning in the window for you last night. Remember your promise as you sailed away to seek your fortune?"

"I met a man with a hammer," Blaise said. Walking slowly to the house, he told her briefly the events leading up to the blackout. "And as if having my skull creased wasn't enough in itself, it also turns out that my bright, brave theory about Simon was the work of a congenital idiot, none other than your present correspondent."

"I know," Cassy said soothingly. "Uncle Lucas told me about the paintings." She stopped in the driveway. "The night he died, when I called you, what made you so certain that Simon wasn't in any trouble?"

"That's becoming my favorite question," Blaise sighed. "In a nutshell, Cassy, I didn't think he had stolen any paintings."

"You said you'd been talking to him. Was it something he said?"

"Something he said, or implied, or his attitude—I'm damned, Cassy, if I know what it was. But I said it and I'm stuck with it. I wouldn't have told you he was in the clear that night if I didn't believe it."

"Yes, I know."

Blaise led her away from the house, toward the beach. "Were you here all yesterday, Cassy?"

"Yes."

"Last night, too?"

"Waiting and waiting and waiting," Cassy said.

"Was Miriam here all the time?"

"So far as I know, she never left the premises. They couldn't go on with the inventory until this morning because the police were all over the gallery and the grounds. She spent all the time in her room, but she came down for dinner."

"Did Simon have any money of his own?" Blaise asked.

"Just his allowance. He got ten thousand a year."

"Why did he need money so badly, Cassy?"

"He didn't really need it. You have to understand about Simon, and his relationship with Uncle Lucas, and all sorts of psychological mix-ups. Simon didn't need money; he needed a sense of power. Gambling for very high stakes was one way of getting it. Poor Simon, he was quite bad at it."

"You've got money of your own, haven't you, Cassy?"

"Some." Gravely, she added, "You'll probably be given the details when you ask for my hand."

Blaise laughed. "I was thinking of you as a possible source of income for Simon."

"Oh, that. I'm a soft touch. Anyway, I didn't need it."

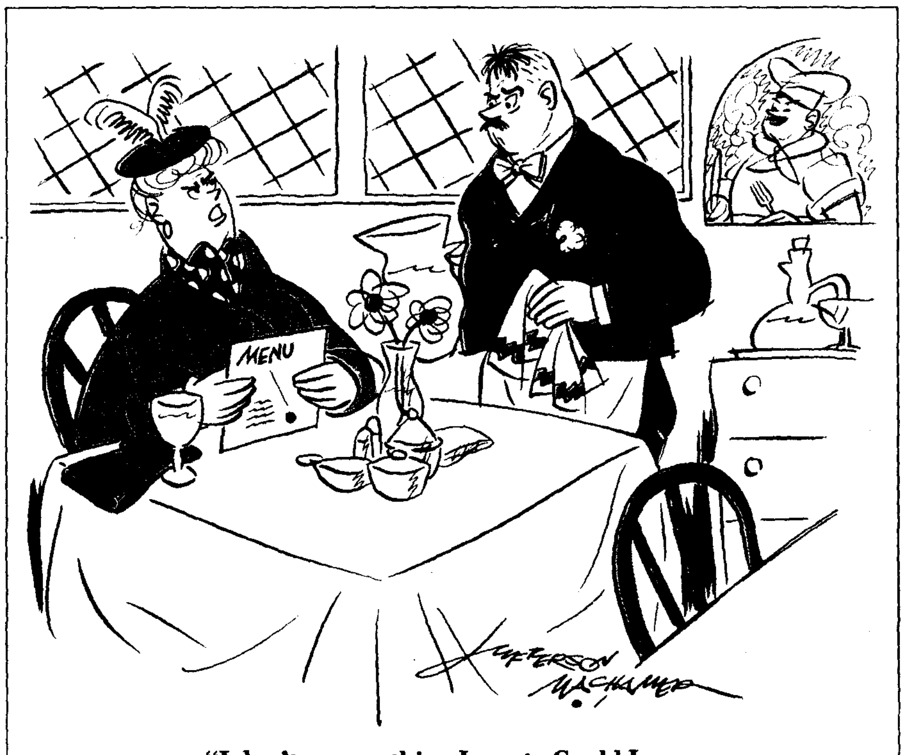
"How much did Simon borrow?"

"All told, quite a bit. We called my money the Fresh Air Fund for Needy Edgertons. The last couple of years Simon got most of it, so it must amount to quite a sum. I was always glad to let him have it. If only to avoid the hair-raising scenes that went on with his father."

Her voice was troubled. "Until today I thought I knew. Remember I told you that, more than being fond of Simon, we were a sort of united front?" Blaise nodded. "That was true. We were children together in an atmosphere that didn't have much time for us. I defended Simon and hated anybody who was hostile to him. I raged at Uncle Lucas because of what he was doing to Simon. I never dreamed of raging at Simon. As I grew up, I think I knew the truth but I wouldn't admit it."

"Did you tell your Uncle Lucas today?"

"He knew," Cassy said. "He's a smart



COLLIER'S

"I don't see anything I want. Could I go to the kitchen and fix some leftovers?"

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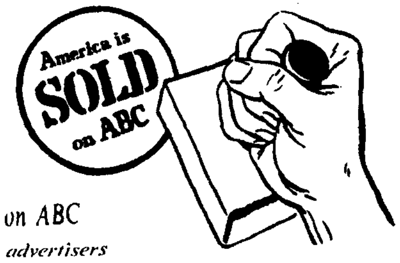
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old man. Just you be as smart when you're his age."

"I hope I have as pretty a niece."

"You did get hit on the head!"

"It's a good head. It's packed with interesting thoughts."

"About me?"

"There's quite a cast of characters churning around up there, but you come boiling to the surface now and then. How much money do you have of your own, Cassy?"

"It's quite a chunk. You'll never have to work again."

"That's what you think," he said, looking off toward the library. Miriam Wayne was standing between the two buildings. "I'm going to work right now. When I've earned my pay, I'll seek you out."

As Miriam saw him coming alone, she walked through the library door, leaving it open. Blaise followed her in and closed the door. The curtains were drawn and the gloom was only faintly relieved by one lighted lamp on the desk. Miriam stood against the cabinets, the pallor of her face set like a cameo in the dark, shadowy room.

"Very dramatic setting," Blaise said.

"I've got a headache."

"We can share our headaches." He sat down near the desk in the little pool of light. "Mine dates back a bit. I acquired it yesterday afternoon."

"Yes, I know," she said. "Do you know why you were attacked?"

"Someone wanted that drawing—the beautiful forgery I showed you—and didn't care whose head was in the way. Make me a drink, will you, Miriam?"

She started across the room to the cupboard that served as a bar. "The problem," Blaise mused, "is that quite a few people knew I had the drawing, and, of course, anyone here could have telephoned to a confederate on the outside. Without the drawing, my theory of a great forgery ring goes all to pieces." He waited for some comment from Miriam.

"Ice?" she asked from the bar, in her constantly even voice.

Blaise laughed. "Yes, thank you."

When she brought him the drink, he tilted the lamp so that it threw more light on her. "You're a very beautiful girl."

"Please, Mr. Blaise."

"I'm being rather more forward today. Cassy thinks it did me good to get hit on the head. So, for the record, put down that I think you're a very beautiful girl."

"Thank you."

"Now, can I ask one delicate question?"

She faced him. "If you like."

"Here goes." He reached out for her hand and drew her close to his chair. "What's your racket, Miriam?"

Her eyes betrayed only momentary surprise. "My, you *are* aggressive."

"My theory," Blaise said mildly, "is that if I'm going to be slugged like a private eye, well then, why not act like one? You're the first chance I've had. I repeat, what's your racket, Miriam?"

"I presume," she said, "that you have some reason for talking to me this way."

"A lot of people seem to have covered up for Simon Edgerton, you among them. I don't see how Simon could have stolen any paintings without your help—at least, without being able to count on you."

She laughed indulgently. "You came in late. When we discovered the loss, Mr. Edgerton didn't want to notify the police. I was the one who insisted that Lieutenant Ives be called in. That was to expose myself, naturally."

"Quite candidly," Blaise said, "that puzzles me. Perhaps I'm stupid."

"Let's say," she suggested delicately, "that you're out on a limb."

"Very charitable of you. But what I said still goes. If Simon stole those paintings, he had to be able to count on you somehow—I don't care if you urged the old man to notify Scotland Yard."

"A few hours ago," she reminded him, "you were quite positive that Simon hadn't stolen any paintings. Now, you're just as certain that he did, and that I helped him."

"Bear in mind," Blaise said, "that I was hit on the head. Hard, too."

"I work here," she said. "I'm responsible to Mr. Edgerton for anything I've done or failed to do. You should certainly tell him what you suspect at once."

"I would," Blaise assured her, "except that it sounds so dopey." Wistfully, he added, "I was hoping you'd confess."

"Another time, if you don't mind."

"You'll feel better for it," Blaise said. He finished his drink and stood up. "You won't? Well, then, short of the third degree—not that it might not be fun—I don't see what I can do about it." He studied the girl. She had an intent, concentrated air. "If Simon stole those paintings before you came to work here, Miriam, your catalogue wouldn't show them at all. After that, any check you or his father made would show the theft. Simon wasn't equipped for that kind of a strain; just plain didn't have the nerve. Nerve is what counts in these coups. Some have it, others don't. You've got it," he finished bluntly, "and to spare. I admire you very much."

"It's comforting to know that, Mr. Blaise." She started out, erect and dignified.

"A source of much concern to the police," Blaise said, "is how Simon managed to open that window"—he pointed to one of the windows—"without touching off the alarm. It indicates an intimate knowledge of the premises. When they know that he was forbidden ever to be here, they will be even more concerned."

She nodded, as if he had given her the most casual, everyday information.

"Thanks for listening," Blaise said.

Cass was reading a magazine in the sunroom when Blaise slid back the door. "Want to break a law, Cassy?" he asked.

She looked up. "In broad daylight?"

"Just a law," Blaise said, "not a commandment." She followed him behind the house to the row of garages.

"Which is Miss Wayne's car?" he asked. When she pointed to a neat blue sedan, he said, "Keep an eye peeled for intruders."

"I'll whistle the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth," she promised. "That only takes about eighteen minutes."

"Plenty of warning," said Blaise. He examined the interior of the car, picking up the seats and replacing them, then took the keys from the ignition lock and opened the trunk. There were only the usual tools and a spare tire. He lowered the lid and replaced the keys. Then he took Cass to a spot on the beach that gave him a view of the house and gallery.

"Any questions?" he asked, grinning.

"I'm seething with curiosity."

"So am I, Cassy. But a bright girl like you can gratify most of mine. Were Miriam and Simon kicking it around?"

"Yes, I think so, and almost from the day she got here. It bowled me over because if ever I saw a deep-freeze dish, it's Miss Miriam Wayne."

"I happen to know the possibilities of the quiet, brooding type," Blaise said, "because I'm one myself."

"When you stop talking," Cassy said.

"Who jilted who?"

"I think it finally got too intellectual for poor Simon. And then Molly Dann came along to take the pressure off his brain."

"How did Miriam take the heave-ho?"

"So far as I know, she didn't bat an eye."

"I think she batted both eyes," Blaise said thoughtfully. "And maybe more. By the way, does she live here?"

"She has a room. A flat in Santa Monica too—I don't know just where."

"Do you know why Dr. Corum was helping to take the inventory?"

"I imagine," she answered thoughtfully, "because he understands a lot of the original records—the notebooks Uncle Lucas kept before he had a catalogue." She looked at him curiously. "What fascinates you so much about the inventory?"

"Here's a list of the missing paintings," Blaise said. "Read the names."

She read them: "Whistler, Renoir, Van Gogh, Sisley, Turner, Redon, Pissarro."

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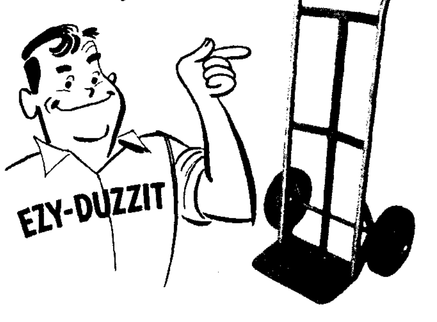

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"Excellent," Blaise said. "Do the names mean anything to you?"

She looked at the list again. "What is it—a code?"

"Don't they all have something in common?"

Cassy handed him the paper. "I don't know how you got so bright suddenly, but it's obviously not contagious."

"The catalogue," Blaise said, "is in alphabetical order. When I got here with the fake Renoir drawing, about half of it had been checked and nothing was missing. The inventory then went on into the second half of the catalogue, and now look at this list again. What these names have in common, Cassy, is that they're all from the second half of the catalogue. No Degas, Cézanne, Manet, Corot—or any other painting that would have been in what had already been checked."

The girl nodded slowly. "I think I know what you mean."

"A smoke screen," Blaise said, "to prevent any investigation of the forgery. I don't believe Simon stole those paintings." He stood up. "I'm going to find out how the inventory was taken. I want you to watch the gallery and give me a whistle if Miss Wayne leaves the premises."

"Okay. The Ninth Symphony again?" . . .

DR. CORUM confirmed that he'd been asked to participate in the inventory because many of the original records of the collection were his own. He himself had checked the catalogue cards against the old, scattered records; then the cards were checked against the actual canvases. All the missing paintings were from the vault.

He remembered clearly and firmly that when Blaise arrived with the Renoir drawing, the index had been checked through the letter "M" and that the police activities in the gallery prevented any resumption that day. He himself had spent the night in town, returning at nine in the morning.

"Was anyone in the gallery when you arrived?" Blaise asked.

"Oh, no. It had been locked up after the police finished. Lucas thought it best that he alone should have the keys until the inventory was quite finished. At any rate, Lucas came down at about nine thirty and finished the inventory. Then Grandi was called in to make sure that none of the missing paintings were in the shop."

"Was there much talk about the drawing I showed you?" Blaise asked.

"Oh, yes. We were all stunned. I wish," Dr. Corum sighed, "that I might have had another look at it. I was jolted hard by what you told me."

"I flashed it on you rather unfairly," Blaise said. "Under normal circumstances, I'm sure you would have spotted it."

"I'm an expert," Corum said sadly. "I'm supposed to be one thousand per cent correct all the time. The trouble is," he added plaintively, "the forgers keep getting better all the time. I saw a newspaper spread on Utrillo recently. He was posed with a row of paintings, presumably his own. Some were forged, some were real. He himself could only guess which was which."

Blaise laughed. "He drinks quite a bit."

"I'll be taking to it myself," said Dr. Corum. "To think that there should be a forger with sufficient skill to produce a Renoir portrait of that early period. It is staggering."

"It staggers me," Blaise said.

"I hope," Dr. Corum said, "that you'll tell me of any further developments."

"The drawing was the vital clue," Blaise said. "Without it, I don't know if there is much, or anything, I can prove."

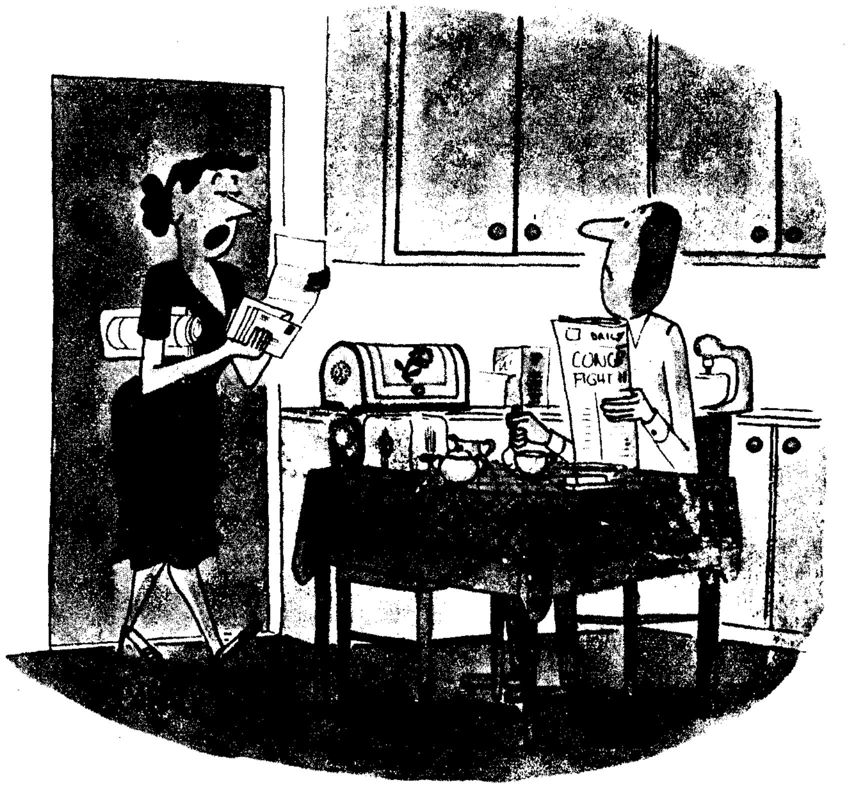
Staggering was the word, Blaise reflected on his way out to the beach again. What was especially staggering was that the distinguished critic should have referred to a forgery—the existence of which had not been proved—specifically as a portrait. . . .

"Operator X reporting," Cassy said briskly. "Stayed on post, did not fall asleep. Subject appeared in driveway over twenty minutes ago. Whistled Beethoven Ninth, switched to Schubert Unfinished, tried selections from Bach B-minor Mass. No sign of you, so followed subject up to house, trailing stealthily as taught in basic training with Brownies, Troop B, Santa Monica Patrol. Subject changed into dark gray suit, copy of last year's Christian Dior model with flared waist and large pockets. Subject wore with this white, candy-striped blouse, shade too flashy in my opinion, but then am not subject's keeper. If was, would have clouted her months ago. Subject then returned to gallery, made telephone call. Doors and windows closed, couldn't listen. Subject then left premises in own car, empty-handed. Over."

"Pretty fair report," Blaise said.

"What did I omit—nylon content of subject's panty-girdle?"

He pulled her to her feet from her cross-legged position on the sand. "Want to go down in the cellar with me, little girl?"



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"You're supposed to offer me candy."

"I'm the more frugal type of sex fiend."

Blaise left her in the driveway, and borrowed the keys to the gallery and the vault from Edgerton. He explained that he wanted to assemble the paintings for the sale, then came back to the gallery.

"When was this gallery added?" he asked, and Cassy said, "About eight years ago. The insurance appraisers had the value of the collection up to about ten million, and the fire and flood rates out here, with no city fire department, came to a big annual bite. So it was agreed to store most of the paintings here in air-conditioned, fireproof splendor. This is all steel and concrete."

"How does the burglar alarm work?"

CASSY pulled the curtains at the window nearest to the driveway door, revealing a black box with a protruding handle. "Right here. The alarm goes on automatically at six o'clock at night, and after that, even if the door is opened with a key, the alarm sounds at the patrol station in the city. Within two minutes after the door is opened, a registration signal in code has to be flashed to the office. If they don't get it, they hotfoot it out here."

"Very sound," Blaise said. "Do you know the code?" When she shook her head, he said, "I suppose that eliminates Simon, too."

"Miriam and Uncle Lucas are the only custodians. I've been wanting to ask how Simon managed it."

"He had his own methods. The real mystery is how he learned enough about the system to outguess it. But he may have had help," Blaise said dryly. He led the way to the vault and opened one of the double doors. On the gallery side, these doors were of stained light walnut, but the inner lining was gleaming steel. The lock was a delicate cylinder device and the heavy doors were beautifully balanced to move smoothly and to close tight. A short flight of concrete steps led down into the vault. Fluorescent light bars flickered for a moment, then blazed up brightly. There were eight aisles made by triple-tiered stacks, all bulging with paintings. The canvases, most of them unframed, stood on end, and thin strands of steel separated them to give each its individual compartment. The compartments were numbered, and there was a movable ladder in each row to give access to the upper tiers.

"Glad you came?" Cassy asked dryly.

"Not so far." He looked around the bare, ugly room. "Suppose you wanted to hide nine paintings in a hurry, Cassy? A simple way," he mused, "might be to put them in a portion of the vault in which the inventory had already been checked." He moved back to the first row of shelves on the right. "Here we go, Cassy. You want the high road or the low road?"

"I'm not dressed for standing on ladders," she said delicately.

"I am. Just crawl along down there on the bottom and see that the numbers on the paintings and the shelves agree."

For an hour, they worked up and down row after row, until Cassy announced, "I'm up to P, for Pissarro. Also," she added, with both hands in the small of her back, "for punchy."

"It was rather a good idea, don't you think?" Blaise said sheepishly from the ladder, on which he was resting.

"On paper."

He climbed down with some protest from aching muscles. "Being a detective, I thought, would involve nothing more physical than occasionally belting a beautiful girl one in the beezer. Now I find it's hard work. Not only that; my beautiful theory is cut to ribbons." He sank down on the ladder. "I don't think Simon had anything to do with the missing paintings. They were removed in a fast, desperate effort to sidetrack investigation of the forgery."

"Can you prove any of that?"

"Not one word."

"Blaise!"

"Present," Blaise called.

Then Lucas Edgerton came down the steps into the vault. He seemed surprised to see his niece in these surroundings.

"Cassy's helping me," Blaise explained.

The old man nodded. "Where are you putting the paintings?"

"The paintings?" Blaise echoed stupidly. "Oh, yes, the paintings."

"The stuff you were in such a hurry to assemble for the sale," Edgerton said bitingly. "That's what you told me when you asked for the keys."

"*Those* paintings," Cass said sagely.

Edgerton didn't wait for an explanation. "Telegrams came for you," he said, handing Blaise two envelopes. He turned and stamped up the stairs to the gallery.

"Any uncle with a grain of decency," Cass said, "would have demanded to know your intentions on the spot."

Blaise was intent on the first of the two telegrams. It was from a customs agent, a go-between who handled the clearance of paintings and antiques for dealers and importers. It stated that, some six months ago, Jonas Astorg had imported a group of six paintings, "including two Renoirs, three-quarter portrait young girl in negligee, 1874, size 42 x 33, and landscape with figures, 1877, size 47 x 26, both unknown, new on market."

The second telegram was from his own secretary in New York: "Museum states Andrew Kullman, Hollywood, queried them on unknown Renoir, 1874."

Blaise stuffed both telegrams in his pocket. Cass was watching him. "I'm getting to know that glazed look of yours. I'm about to be put back in my play pen while you go whirling off on some hot lead."

"I must learn to mask my feelings," Blaise said. "The fact is, Cassy, I think I am tottering on the brink of a good idea."

"Well, here we are, in a nice, cool cellar."

"The idea," he went on firmly, "concerns significant revelations in the field of modern art." He lifted her to the second step on the stairs leading to the gallery so that she was standing slightly above him. "A time for everything, Cassy."

She put her hands on his shoulders. "Take me with you."

"Not now. Come to the inn later and I'll take you to dinner." He looked at his watch. "Give me about two hours' start."

IT WAS seven o'clock when Blaise reached the Andrew Kullman studio. A gateman directed him to the office.

Kullman was a small, slender man, almost invisible behind the heaps of books and papers on his enormous desk. He pushed them aside and in a few moments the secretary brought in a tray with coffee.

Blaise produced the letter about the Degas which Kullman had, at one time, been interested in buying from Edgerton to give to a museum. Kullman glanced at it, then nodded. "Ah, yes. In those days I was a patron of the arts."

"In those days? It was only a year ago."

"Television," Kullman sighed. "Have some coffee, so you won't have had your trip for nothing."

"No sale?" Blaise said, folding the letter.

"To be truthful," Kullman said, "I had forgotten my offer to the museum. When my secretary said that you were calling on behalf of Lucas Edgerton, I thought it was something else."

"What?"

"If you don't know," Kullman said, "then I was wrong."

Kullman went to an old break-front secretary. He unlocked a drawer and came back to Blaise with IOUs dated back some six months, totaling thirty thousand dollars. They were made out to Andrew Kullman and signed by Simon Edgerton.

Blaise handed them back. "Want me to give them to Edgerton?"

"Edgerton," Kullman said, "is a mean old tyrant, but he doesn't deserve that. Or, if he does, I won't do it to him." He tore the papers up.

"You could have collected," Blaise said.

Kullman smiled thinly. "Just between you and me, the boy wasn't much good, but there were likable things about him."

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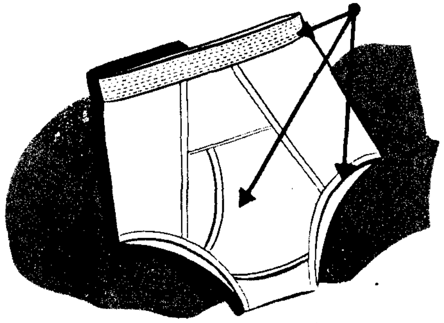

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Blaise looked down at the ragged bits of paper. "Was that a gambling debt?"

Kullman nodded. "A week end in the mountains. The game went on all day and all night. Simon hit a bad losing streak and, being that kind of a gambler, he stayed with it. I was a big winner," he said casually, "so it doesn't really matter."

"Was it Simon who offered you the Renoir?"

Kullman looked startled, and didn't answer right away, and Blaise added, "I know he had a sense of honor about gambling debts. If he couldn't pay in cash, the Renoir would have made it up to you."

"What line are you in?" Kullman asked. His voice was flat, no cordiality left in it.

"I'm a dealer," Blaise said. "I'm not out to avenge anybody or anything, and I'm not running for any office, least of all sheriff. If I'm a busybody it's because I'm an art dealer and I want to remain one. I think the painting you were offered is a fake." At Kullman's quick look of surprise, he added, "A great fake. So good that it becomes a threat to everyone who buys or collects paintings. What television is to you, that kind of a forgery is to me."

"I didn't buy it," Kullman said. "But not because I thought it was a fake."

"You thought it was hot?"

"Of course. I knew Simon pretty well, and I just took it for granted that it belonged to the old man."

"You were interested," Blaise pointed out. "You checked it with the museum."

"I'm a collector. It was an unusual offering. Besides, I was curious to see if the kid had stolen it. I sent the museum a photograph. They didn't tell me a thing. It certainly looked good to me. What makes you think it's a fake?"

"I've never laid eyes on the painting," Blaise confessed and, at Kullman's astonished look, he told him about the loss of the forged drawing. "I'm building up a theory the way they build up a dinosaur," he finished, "just from a tooth, or an inch of the tail. What made you decide not to buy the still life?"

"I don't exactly know," Kullman said. "It was too good. I had the impression that I was looking at a perfectly baited trap."

"Did Simon give you any history on the Renoir?" Blaise asked.

"Naturally. Even that was perfect. The owner was Roger Vernet, a refugee whose grandfather supplied paint and materials to Renoir himself; that's how he was supposed to have acquired this painting. And Vernet is right here in Los Angeles to back the story up."

"It gets better and better," Blaise sighed. "I'd like you to see my paintings," his host said. "Come in tonight, if you can. I'll send a car for you."

"Thanks. I've got a car."

As they walked to the door, Kullman said, "Astorg is coming, and a local man named Kenneth Lurie."

"Know them both," Blaise said.

"I thought you would. Since you're so keen on Renoir." Kullman's expression was bland. He wrote an address on a slip of paper and handed it to Blaise.

"What did Simon offer you—a portrait or a landscape?"

"A still life," Kullman said. "Apples in a dish, a bottle of wine with two glasses."

Blaise could not restrain a grimace.

"What's the matter?" Kullman said.

"We're on virgin soil," Blaise said. "I knew there were portraits and landscapes. The still life is a surprise."

"Why not?" Kullman shrugged. "You could get one Renoir a week until you had a complete set. The way we used to give away dishes."

"That's a lovely thought," Blaise said sadly.

"Come in tonight," Kullman said. "Perhaps I can help you with your second act."

THE terrace restaurant, jutting into space from the beach side of the Ocean Inn, was the handsomest part of the establishment. The lighting was soft in the booth where Cass Edgerton and Blaise were finishing their dinner.

"Did the laird object to your going out, Cassy?"

"He was delighted. Dr. Corum stayed, and they can talk proofs, states, formulas—gibberish that makes my head spin."

"Mine, too. That's etching talk. I've memorized some of the jargon, for emergencies, but I'd just as soon avoid being put to the test."

"Uncle Lucas sent you a message," Cassy said. "He said, and I quote, 'Tell that soft-headed idiot I didn't bring him three thousand miles to make passes at my niece.' Dr. Corum, on the other hand," she continued, "said you were an extremely able and intelligent young man."

"I hope he's right," Blaise murmured earnestly. "I think I'll know soon. The trouble is, Cassy, that I'm the only one who really believes my tall tale about the great Renoir forgeries, and I myself, at times, take it with a grain of salt. Dr. Corum knows I'm right but he won't let himself believe it."

"Uncle Lucas trusts him," Cassy said. "That must mean something."

"I think Corum feels his critical reputa-

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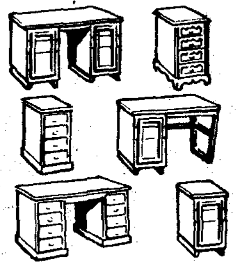

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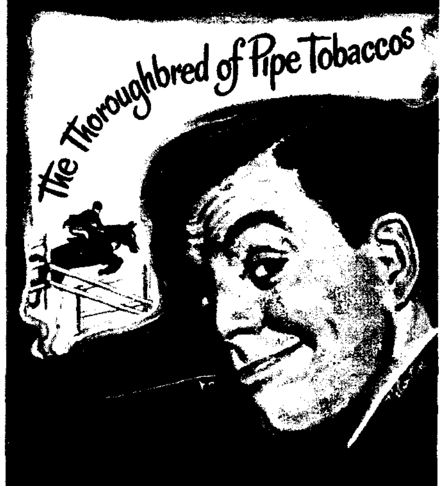
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tion is at stake. The experts always get a rough going-over when some great fake passes as the real thing." He signed the bill, adding the waiter's tip, and pressed some money into the hand of the captain.

"Why are we going to Andrew Kullman's?" Cassy asked. "He's made some bad pictures, but none of them were forgeries."

"I promised to drop in," Blaise said. "Do you mind?"

"Oh, no. I like him. Once he offered me a screen test."

"Did you pass?"

Cassy sighed. "For all my vast and compelling physical attraction, I knew that he was just hoping for a look at Uncle Lucas' collection. I invited him to lunch. That solved his problem and left my amateur standing intact."

"You'd be good in pictures," Blaise told her on the way out. "Mother parts, or the older sister who keeps the heroine pure for the fade-out." At the car, he said, "Kullman lives in something called Brentwood."

"Drive on down the road a piece," Cassy said. "I will direct you and point out the homes of movie stars and places of interest as we pass them by. On your left at this moment," she intoned, "is the refreshment stand where, in 1908, Dr. Rupert Nutburger invented the delicacy which now bears his name. On your right, the Bayside Beach Club, which provides outings at the seashore for rich shut-ins. On your left again," she said, more demurely this time, "a motorcycle cop who is about to give you a ticket for driving without lights."

ANDREW KULLMAN hated a quiet dinner. His working day was a long, taut struggle with other temperaments, and the evening meal bored him unless it offered excitement. Other hosts fell back on after-dinner specialties ranging from chamber music to animal acts but Kullman delighted in the subtle fanning of a feud. He never brought together wives and mistresses and husbands and lovers, a pastime which delighted some jaded entertainers. But if he could invite the author of some recent book and the critic who had flayed it, or a new idol of the screen and the executive who had advised him to go back to the laundry, then Kullman was the ideal picador, prodding the antagonists into fighting pitch.

Tonight, with Jonas Astorg and Kenneth Lurie as his only guests, Kullman had been expecting only clinical chat about art. Now, however, excited by what Blaise had confided, he was in a mood of high anticipation. He barely listened as Astorg analyzed a recent auction.

"Utrillo," Astorg said, "has become the official painter of the decorators' union. The Utrillo over the fireplace must be figured in the budget like the sofas or the piano."

"And faking them," Lurie said, "is right now the fourth biggest industry in France."

"Ellis Blaise is coming in later," Kullman murmured. He looked straight down the table between his two guests and was rewarded by a moment of silence.

"Nice chap," Lurie said.

"Did he talk to you about the paintings Edgerton is going to sell?" Jonas Astorg asked.

Kullman considered this, and finally said, "No," leaving it up to them to wonder just what Blaise had talked about. He was enjoying himself already. "I also asked Roger Vernet to stop in. Oh, by the way, Lurie, what you said about the faking of Utrillos reminded me of something."

"Yes?" Lurie said quietly.

Kullman was busy with the butler. "Coffee in the library," he was saying.

Lurie was still waiting, but Kullman ignored him. "What were you saying?" the dealer asked finally.

"About what?" was the bland reply.

"Something I said about the faking of Utrillos reminded you of a story."

"Oh." Kullman looked blank. "Well, it couldn't have been very important." He pushed back his chair, and, as he led the way out of the dining room, he could sense the barometer falling.

The butler came in with the coffee. While it was being handed around, Blaise and Cass Edgerton arrived.

Astorg bowed low over her hand. "You were a little girl when I used to come to your uncle's home, Miss Edgerton."

"I remember. One Christmas you sent me a scooter. I meant to send you a thank-you note as soon as I learned to write."

"It was my pleasure."

"Gold digger," whispered Blaise. He left her at the coffee with the others and moved around the room to see the paintings. Kullman's collection was small but, as Blaise had anticipated, chosen with great taste.

Kullman went into the hall to greet two new arrivals, Molly Dann in the company of a tall, good-looking foreigner whom Kullman introduced as Roger Vernet. Vernet was all charm and good manners, but Molly was seething. She nodded to Blaise, then whirled on Kenneth Lurie.

"Listen, mister, you'd better keep Paul Weldon under lock and key or he'll be taken away in a butterfly net."

Lurie shrugged, showing only what seemed to be honest surprise, and Molly continued angrily, "I had to chase him away from my house this afternoon, and tonight, damned if he didn't follow Roger and me to the Beachcomber and try to start a fight there."

"I'm only his dealer," Lurie said, "and not his doctor." He turned to Kullman. "He's a young painter I handle—you've seen his work. He's crazy about Molly."

"Understandably," Kullman smiled. He handed Molly a large snifter of brandy.

"Hello, Molly," Cass said. "I wondered when you were going to notice me."

"I'm sorry," Molly muttered. "I shouldn't have come tearing in like that." She was groping for some expression of condolence. "I'm sorry about Simon," she said.

"Thanks, Molly." Cassy reached for her purse. "I'm off to the boudoir. Shall we girls stick together?"

The men rose as the two girls went out. Kullman's butler moved from cup to cup with fresh coffee.

"Oh, Lurie," Kullman said. "I remember now what it was I wanted to say when you were talking about the fake Utrillos. It was a story Blaise told me this afternoon."

Lurie's eyes met Astorg's briefly. He turned to Blaise. "Really?"

Blaise nodded. "The Renoir drawing I showed you yesterday was a forgery."

Lurie was obviously taken aback. "How can that be? True, I only saw it for a minute, but it was perfect." He looked across at Astorg. "Don't you agree?"

Astorg said, "Go on, Blaise."

"Not much more to tell. The drawing *was* perfect. But it was done on modern paper, made right here in Los Angeles."

"Well, then," Lurie said, "it exposes itself. No question that it is a forgery."

"Not to me," Blaise said. "Unfortunately, it is lost. When I went to my hotel, someone was waiting for me. I was knocked out and relieved of the drawing."

"In his hotel, mind you," Kullman emphasized. "In the room right next to yours, Jonas."

Astorg was pale. "Extraordinary!"

"You've got the makings of a real thriller there," Lurie said.

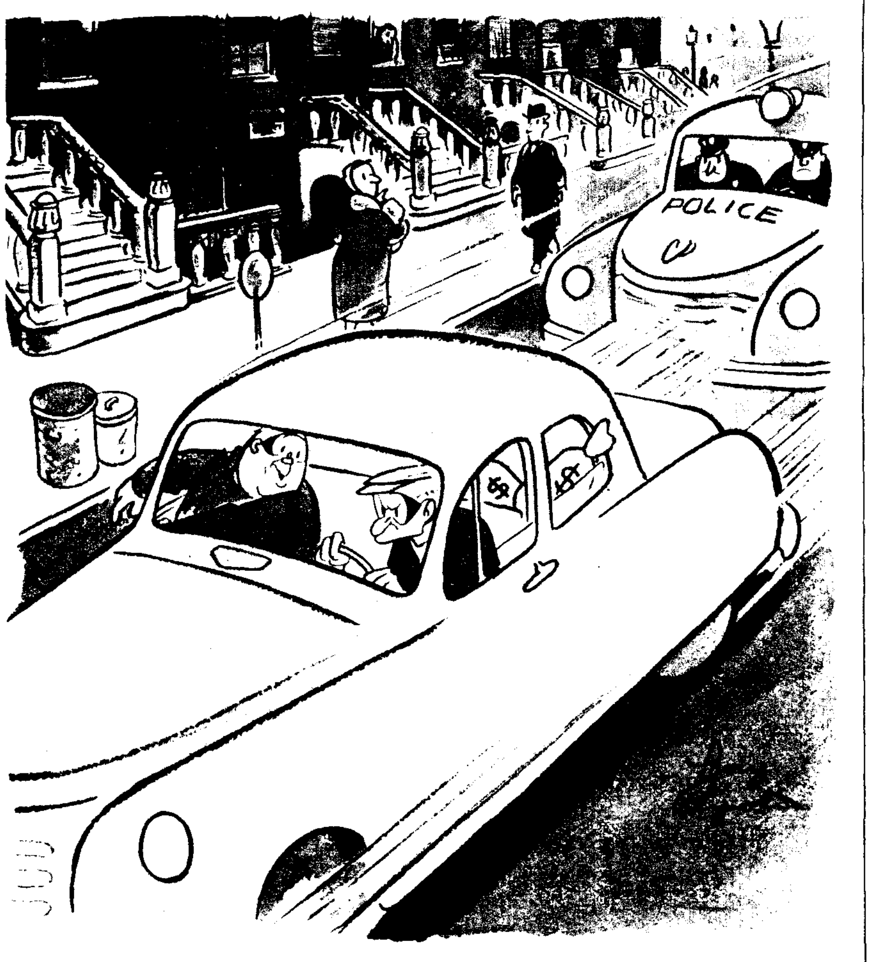
"I thought so. I'm not sure it impressed the police," Blaise said.

THE discussion was diverted as Molly and Cass came back into the room. A cozy powder-room chat had done a lot to restore Molly's hearty good nature, and she now spoke pleasantly to all.

"We're talking about forgery," Kullman said gaily. He turned to the young Frenchman. "You'd better have another look at that lovely Renoir still life of yours. Chances are you'll find the canvas was made in Jersey City within the year."

"I doubt it," Vernet said. "You see, the painting has been in my family for many years. Besides, paints and pigments are my own business." Vernet was warming to his subject. "Every great painter has had his own unique way of blending his colors. Another means of identification is the age of the paint itself. Long ago, when a faked painting was being prepared, cracks would

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "Toot th' horn when you pass th' next house. I told Daisy I'd wave when we came by" LARRY REYNOLDS actually be drawn into the canvas with a sharp instrument. Then the forgers learned how to cover the paint with a lacquer that would burn off under heat and crack the painting underneath. But even that can be proved false in the laboratory."

"Suppose the forger used an old painting with a cracked surface?" Blaise said.

Vernet indulged himself in an impatient gesture. "Technically," he said, "such a forgery might present difficulties."

"The thing to remember," Blaise said, "is that the books about how the masters mixed their paints and prepared their canvases are not sold only to experts. In any big city, anyone with a library card can find out just what made up Renoir's palette."

"You're wide of the mark," Kullman said delicately. "This started out as a discussion of Vernet's painting, something that's been in his family for many years. Probably acquired from Renoir himself."

"Perhaps," Vernet said pleasantly. "My grandfather knew most of the impressionists intimately. This canvas was found in his house in the country. He may have bought it when Renoir had no reputation, and it was forgotten."

"You ought to show it to Blaise," Kullman urged. "He might pass it on to Lucas Edgerton."

Before Vernet could answer, Kenneth Lurie said, "Not if it's that early. Edgerton doesn't care for those."

"Who said it was early?" Astorg asked.

Lurie hesitated, but only for a moment. "He just said, Jonas, that it was bought before Renoir had a reputation." He said this gently, as if to a backward child.

As Astorg subsided, Blaise said, "I'd like to see the painting."

"Of course," Vernet said.

"Count me in," Astorg said heavily.

"Don't sound so grim," Lurie said brightly. "It isn't threatening the foundations of art yet. I don't mean to belittle what you say, Blaise; I'm sure it's all true."

"I may be taking it too seriously," Blaise conceded. He yielded to Kullman's proposal that he see the rest of the collection. As the host went on ahead, Blaise found himself standing with Cass and Molly.

Molly didn't seem disturbed by the other girl's presence. "The cop told me about the drawing," she said. "I figured there must be some reason why you didn't mention me in there."

"Just playing it safe," Blaise said. "If somebody has to be conked, I might as well be target for tonight."

THE others came drifting in. Kullman beckoned from the hall, but Blaise hung back as he saw Astorg slow his steps.

"I brought in two early Renoirs this year," Astorg said in a low voice.

"I know."

"Both unknown, but from a very reliable source, Blaise."

Blaise grinned. "Still think so?"

Kenneth Lurie turned in the doorway to wait for them. In Astorg's eyes, as he regarded his West Coast associate, was cold suspicion. "I was just mentioning to Blaise," he said, "about my own Renoirs."

Lurie's smile was meaningless. "You picked the right man," he said.

The arrangement of the paintings in Andrew Kullman's house was beautifully planned, so that the guests finished the tour confronted by the front door and the butler standing in readiness at the coat closet. The house was only slightly set back from the quiet street, and Blaise's car, with the others, was parked outside.

"I take it," said Cassy, as they went down the driveway to the street, "that the mumbo-jumbo about forgery was the principal business of the evening."

"Obvious, wasn't it?"

"Except for the fact that I didn't understand a word—yes."

Blaise helped her into the car. "The explanation will be forthcoming. One of the principals will bring it to me all written out on vellum, with hand-illuminated borders and in a rich binding. Thieves are about to fall out, Cassy."

He headed to the corner, and Cassy said, "These streets run around in circles. The one you want *is* Hillcliff Drive."

Blaise turned on the spotlight, manipulating the beam to catch the street sign, and as he tilted the light it played across a man walking swiftly up the block toward Kullman's house. Cassy caught Blaise's arm. "That's Paul Weldon. The fellow Molly said was making all that trouble."

Blaise was halfway across the intersection, but he slammed on the brakes. He turned and started back, jumping out of the car just as Weldon moved up out of the dark and clutched at Molly's arm. Weldon was obviously drunk, and Molly's reaction was more annoyance than fright:

"How did you get out here?"

"Got to talk to you, Molly," Weldon said thickly.

"Go on home," Molly said wearily. Vernet had succeeded in detaching Weldon now and held him off at arm's length. "Don't hit him," Molly said. "He's too drunk to be any trouble."

ASTORG was still standing in the driveway, alone now because the other dealer had moved to the scene of conflict.

"Paul!" Lurie's voice was like a whip.

Weldon peered at Lurie in the uncertain light. "Oh. Oh, it's you. I came to talk to Molly. Don't want to talk to anybody else."

Lurie's chauffeur had come down from the car and now approached the group. "Wait a minute, Sully," Lurie said. "We'll take Mr. Weldon home."

"No." Weldon ducked under Lurie's arm and made for Molly again. "And don't anybody get tough with me because—"

That was as far as he got. Lurie swung him around easily and as he was still turning, clipped him deftly on the jaw. Weldon sagged, but the chauffeur caught him.

"Very neat," Blaise said. "Do you two work together?"

"Put him in the car," Lurie said to his chauffeur.

"Oh, hell!" Molly said, in a troubled voice. "Why'd you have to do that?"

"You held me responsible for what he did earlier," Lurie said. "I barely touched him. He was just about ready to pass out." He turned to Astorg. "We'll take the boy home, Jonas."

"I'll go with Blaise," Astorg said.

Lurie looked at him, the fingers of his right hand opening and closing mechanically. "Very well," he said mildly.

It was a silent ride to the Ocean Inn. At the door of the hotel, Astorg got out quickly and trudged into the lobby.

When they were on the highway again, Cassy asked, "Do you still expect it all written out on vellum, in a rich binding?"

"More than ever," Blaise said.

"From Jonas Astorg?"

"In collaboration with person or persons unknown." He covered Cassy's hand with his own. "A special providence watches over honest art dealers, Cassy."

"Oh, I don't know," she said modestly. "I dare say I have faults like other girls."

"One of them," Blaise said, "is your brazen assumption that I'm referring to you." He pulled her closer to him and she put her head on his shoulder. "What all-seeing providence has decreed," he continued, "is that it takes quite a cast of characters to turn a great forgery into ready money. If it was a game that one or two could play, it could go on indefinitely. Not that I'm against games that two can play," he hastened to assure her. "Not even if they go on indefinitely."

She nodded sleepily on his shoulder. "Check."

"Are you going to sleep, Cassy?"

"Just looking serene."

"Very effective. Do you have to do it with your eyes closed?"

She nodded vigorously.

"I've never driven up here at night," he said. "I'm not sure I know where to turn off to go to the house."

A slow smile appeared on her face. "Drive on," she said softly.

(To be continued next week)

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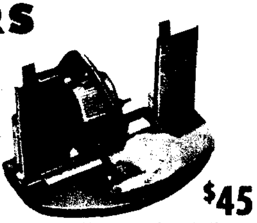

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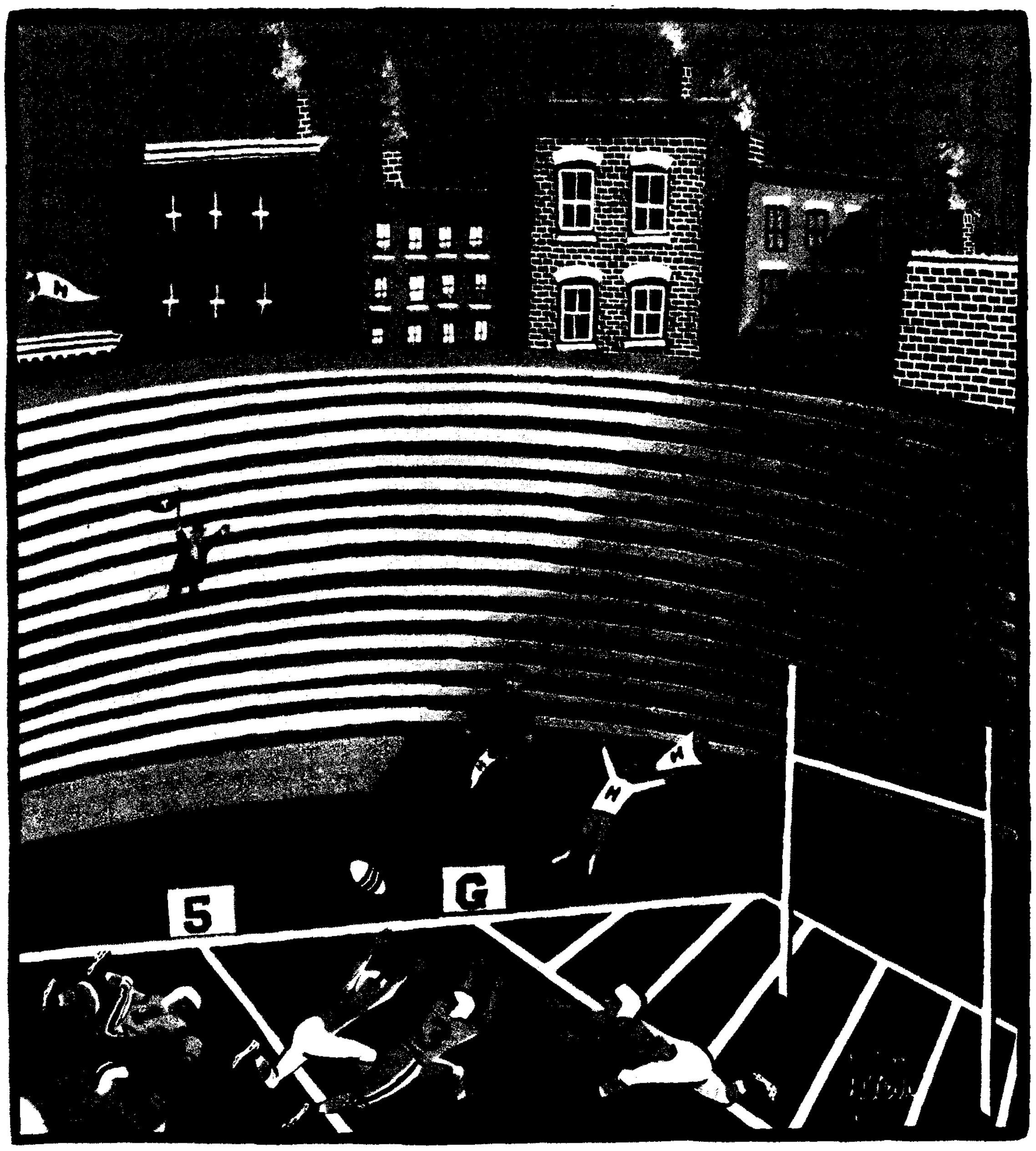

JOHN FISCHETTI

Regulation or Strangulation?

THERE IS A STORY by John Lardner in The Best Humor Annual* called How They Played the World Series of 1955. In it Mr. Lardner envisions a not-too-distant day when the Yankees and the Dodgers, owned and sponsored respectively by Murphy's Date Syrup and Atomic Anchovies, battle for the championship in Studio B, on the former site of Ebbets Field.

The games, played indoors with a dead ball, are attended by a small audience which has been enticed to the studio by gifts of convertibles and other expensive presents. But the working press covers the series, via TV from the Stork Club. The commissioner and his official party see it from the Copacabana, and the general public from the comfort of their own living rooms or the corner saloon.

It was, and is, a pretty funny story. But now it frightens us a little, since the Department of Justice brought suit against the National Football League on the charge that restriction of radio and TV coverage of its games constitutes a monopoly. For if the government gets its case heard and wins it, we shall have to face up to the possibility that Mr. Lardner's amusing fancy may be pretty close to fact. The boys in the Antitrust Division of Justice have their eyes on more than pro football. And in the event that the league's restrictions are held to be in restraint of trade, they have indicated they'll go after college football, professional baseball and boxing, and other athletic events.

The government's quarrel, of course, is with the practice of "blacking out" broadcasts and telecasts, particularly the latter, in the city where a game is being played, and in the adjacent territory. And the gist of the complaint, as explained by Assistant Attorney General H. Graham Morison, has this department in a state of beautiful bewilderment.

"If any sport sells a ticket," Mr. Morison said, "it is offering a commodity on the market. The public should be able to buy what it wants free of any monopoly and free of any restraint. This is not so now. We feel that the American people are entitled to have free of monopoly the right to see or hear what they want."

We haven't yet been able to figure out whether Mr. Morison is talking about what the public buys or what it sees for free. We can understand that a ticket to a sports event is a commodity on the market. But we can't see how restricting radio or TV coverage interferes with the public's ability to buy that commodity.

What Mr. Morison seems to be saying is that a club owner or sports promoter has an obligation to take steps which would keep the customers away from the box office in droves. He is asking that the owner or promoter go into competition with himself. He is seeking to penalize the owner or promoter by stimulating the customer's reluctance to pay for something when he can get it for nothing. Of course the sponsor pays for the broadcast rights. But it is seldom that the fees equal the total of a sold-out house.

Mr. Morison is also threatening the destruction of the minor-league baseball system, which trains the DiMaggios and Fellers and Musials of the future, as well as the elimination of intercollegiate football in many smaller schools. As regards baseball, a case in point is the story of the Newark and Jersey City teams in the International League. They were once valuable franchises. Then came radio, and later television, from nearby New York. The result was that the ball teams of those two populous cities died from pernicious anemia of the box office.

Now, with the advent of network TV, the Justice Department wants to blow up such local situations into a national problem. Very soon there will be few if any communities which can't be reached by countrywide television. More and more people will pass up the local team in favor of big-league video, and there will be no place to shift the money-losing minor-league clubs. And very soon football fans may be saying, "Why sit out in the cold to watch Siwash play Slippery Rock Normal (or the local equivalent) when we can stay home, snug and warm, and see the Pennsylvania-Cornell game?"

If this giveaway philosophy can be forced on sports by court decree, it might later be applied to the theater, publishing, advertising and elsewhere. For once it is legally established that the public has an inherent right to free entertainment, even though the man who provides the entertainment loses his shirt or his competitor is driven out of business, as happened in Newark and Jersey City, a whole new field of possibilities opens up. It might lead to the point where a radio or TV sponsor could be compelled to buy time on a coast-to-coast network for his show, no matter how undesirable such an investment would be from a business standpoint.

It seems to us that the present arrangement which the government is trying to destroy is sensible and workable. There is no dearth of sports events on the air, in spite of a few local blackouts, and there will be wider sports coverage under the existing setup as new TV stations come into operation. But if the sports business is forced into unrestricted radio and television, the evils we have cited are bound to spread. And if government edict should impel sports enterprises to abandon all broadcasting, both radio and TV will be hurt, and the public will be the big loser. So we can't feel that the government will be contributing anything to the general welfare by upsetting this particular applecart.

**We pause here for a commercial announcement: The Best Humor Annual is the top skimming of the most amusing pieces published in books, magazines and newspapers from May, 1950, to May, 1951. We are happy to say that Collier's, with six selections, provided more material than any other source. The book, edited by Louis Untermeyer and Ralph E. Shikes and published by Henry Holt, is worth keeping in mind as you start thinking about special Christmas gifts for special friends.*

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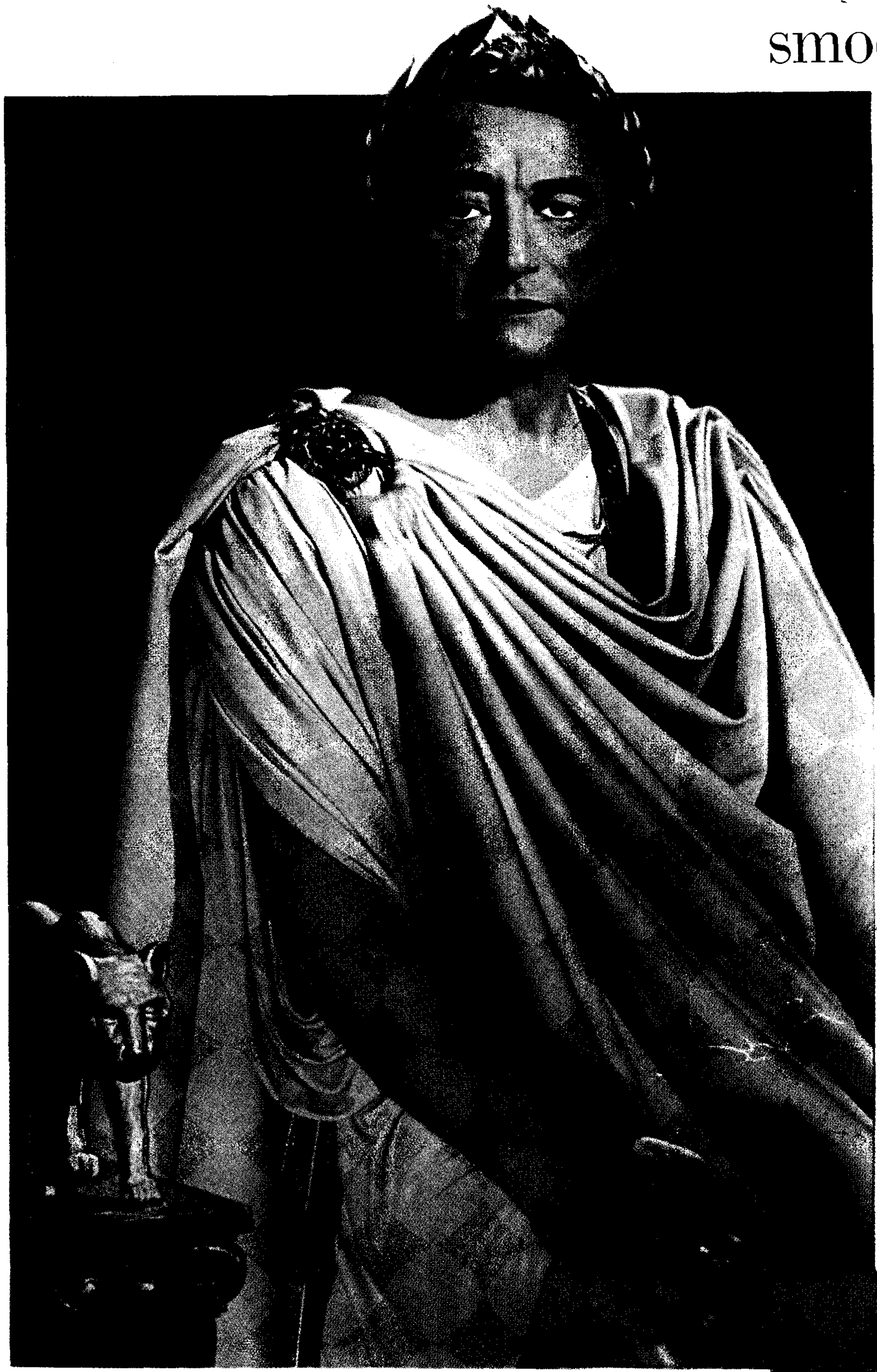

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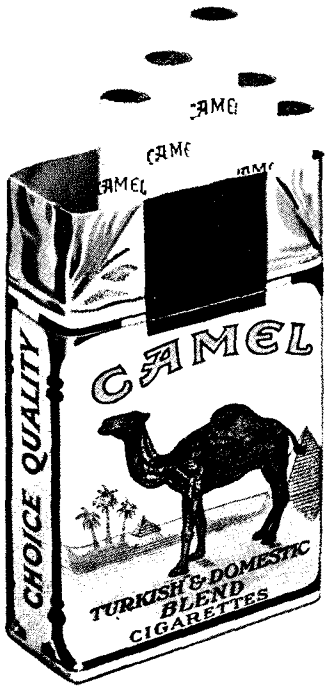
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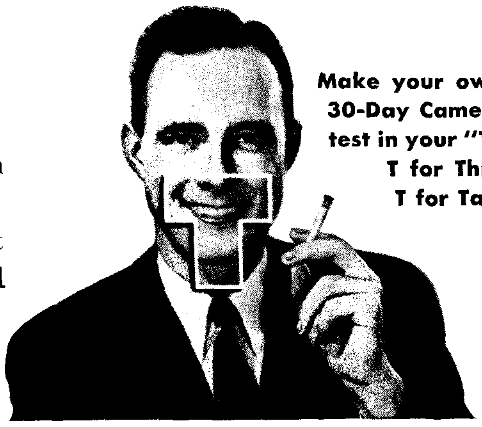

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